THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

JULY, 1914

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Exploitation

A GREAT deal of comment has been caused by a recent bit of literary exploitation. There is a novel dealing with New York life and a certain feminine type which is just now exceedingly conspicuous. That novel is reviewed in this month's BOOKMAN and its author was the subject of a "Personal Portrait" in the June issue. Almost simultaneously with the publication of the novel in book form one of the largest American department stores announced a new gown giving it the name of the novel, and from various recreation resorts throughout the country there came to the newspapers accounts of the triumphs being scored by the gown in question. All of which has been accepted as a strategy startlingly new.

• • •

As a matter of fact, the device is not entirely new, and we Americans still have something to learn from Europe in matters of literary ingenuity. It was about ten years ago that eccentric methods of exploitation in France and England reached a point that made it necessary for the authorities to interfere. Most of those schemes were launched for the purpose of building up the circulation of newspapers. You were in the railway station at Strasbourg, let us say, with a copy of the *Temps,* of Paris, in your hand. A stranger of distinguished appearance approached you. *"Monsieur, je vois que vous lisez le Temps,"* and so forth. I beg you to accept this little present, and so forth. Then the editor of another Paris newspaper came out one day with the statement that six bronze medals, each good for six thousand francs, and one good for seven thousand francs, had been hidden, and that they would become the property of any one who could find them. Soon thousands engaged in the search and the circulation of the progressive journal went up by leaps and bounds, until the Government stepped in and stopped all hidden treasure competitions on the ground that they were lotteries.

• • •

Then London tried the scheme, with even more spectacular results. An enormous number of adventurers and persons of moderate means roamed about the city at all hours of the day and night. One man following a given clue—"a fair lady"—went to Margaretta Street and was digging a hole when he was arrested. He declared he worked chiefly in the mud in the gutters. Late one night another was found scraping the ground with a stick while holding a lantern in his other hand. Certain suburbs were invaded by London roughs engaged in the search. In one case a witness declared that a friend of his who had been arrested was merely touching the loose stones with a latchkey. "Oh, yes," commented the magistrate. "I see. He was trying to let himself into the pavement."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Case for the Editor

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for April there appeared an article by Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison entitled "Adventures with Editors" which attracted much attention and has been very widely quoted. It was an interesting paper, containing a great deal that is unquestionably true, but the impression that it was likely to leave on the reader without special knowledge was not quite a fair one. Briefly the argument in Mr. Harrison's narrative is this: Several years ago he wrote certain short stories and sent them to various magazines. As a rule these stories came back with the conventional line of formal thanks, and there was little evidence that any serious consideration had been given them. Then, in the course of time, came *Queed* and its success. Some of the very editors who had rejected Mr. Harrison's work before wrote to him asking him to send them stories. There is the case, and what are the deductions to be drawn from it? That editors are almost invariably careless or incompetent. Either they did not read Mr. Harrison's stories, or if they did read them they were utterly unable to recognise quality. When, however, others had detected the pure gold they were eager to follow. In a word, there is no use sending a masterpiece to an editor. He will not know it as a masterpiece. Anything that is not commonplace will either mystify or frighten him.

• • •

There is a certain note running through Mr. Harrison's article that is likely to bring a grin to the lips of the observant reader. From Mount Olympus on occasion gods descended to the earth and assumed mortal guise. Haroun Al Raschid, wearing the garb of some humble calling, nightly walked the streets of Bagdad that with his own eyes he might see the condition of his subjects. The great Alfred was rebuked for allowing the cakes to burn. Perhaps, in some playful moment the War Lord has donned a workman's blouse and studied at close range the latest raw recruit at the barracks at Potsdam. Jove sharing a repast of figs with some Thracian shepherd, the Caliph listening to gossip in the shop of Fitbad the Tailor, the Saxon king dreaming of brighter days in the peasant's hut, the Hohenzollern strolling arm in arm with Hans or Fritz! How easy it is to picture the amusement at the situation in the minds of the mighty! If their companions of the moment only knew! Ah, if they only knew! And there is perceptible just a little suggestion of that Olympian merriment in "Adventures with Editors." Throughout the paper Mr. Harrison seems to be chuckling when he thinks how much the joke was on those men of the magazines. If they had only known that this volunteer whose services they were dismissing so lightly was destined to be the author of *Queed* and *V. V.'s Eyes*—so soon to be standing in the fierce white light that beats about the throne. We call attention to this note with the friendliest feelings for Mr. Harrison. But it did amuse us, and it must have amused others. In the same amiable spirit we call Mr. Harrison's attention to the fact that he has not quite yet a M. Honoré de Balzac, a Mr. William Makepeace Thackeray, or a Mr. Rudyard Kipling. He is to be congratulated upon having written two novels that proved successful. *Queed* was all right. *V. V.'s Eyes* was accepted as all right because *Queed* was all right. It showed that Mr. Harrison had made a careful study of the methods of Mr. Winston Churchill, but in the estimation of a good many discriminating readers, it was, as a narrative, unutterably dull.

• • •

Not for a moment do we contend that editors do not make mistakes, many of them; that they are not lacking in perception, that they are not every day letting something worth while slip through their fingers. But in this case the joke is not quite so uproarious a joke as Mr. Harrison seems to think it. For a magazine may have declined a story by the comparatively unknown Henry Sydnor Harrison, and later desired to acquire the same story when it was by the author of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Queed, and been entirely justified in each case. The early rejection may have been sound editing, and the change of heart may have been sound editing. Suppose, for example, the story was just an average good story, and that the magazine in question had a number of similar stories already accepted. There would be no reason for taking the story from an obscure author, whereas the same tale, as the work of a man whose name had come to mean something, would naturally have a vastly augmented value. It would be a feature, a "circulation builder." Of course, there is the occasional short story which is the exception to the rule, the story that no editor can afford to reject. There is a legend to the effect that many years ago Rudyard Kipling went about magazine offices in Philadelphia and New York, carrying a Gladstone bag filled with wonderful short stories that he wanted to sell. Everywhere he was told that nobody knew anything about India or wanted to read anything about India. That was not good editing. A good editor would have bought those stories and published them at once. But a better editor (from his own and his publisher's point of view) would have taken the stories, paid for them then and there, and held them till the day when their publication would have meant the most to his magazine. One New York editor did just that thing. But he deserves no credit. He took a story and then forgot about it completely until Kipling himself, who had in the meantime reached the full flush of his fame, recalled it to his mind.

• • •

Indeed, quality in a story does not necessarily assure its success. An editor may believe profoundly in a tale and yet be quite justified in rejecting it if he feels that its flavour is not exactly suited to his audience. A long time ago Mr. Booth Tarkington, then entirely unknown, and, figuratively speaking, like his hero John Harkless, sitting on a rail fence in Indiana, wrote the whimsical and entirely delightful *Cherry*. He sent it to *Harper's Magazine,* and there it was accepted. But it was a long time before it appeared. Its acceptance was regarded as a kind of editorial "bad break." Not that any one questioned its charm, but it was felt that the topsy-turvy humour, from an unknown writer, might prove puzzling to many readers. Then Mr. Tarkington came into his own and *Cherry* was brought out with the certainty of success. For the same reader who would have turned away before, baffled and annoyed by the tone of the first few paragraphs of the story by an author of whom he had never heard, could now be trusted to read on until he caught the spirit and found the flavour of the romance when that romance was by the man who had written *The Gentleman from Indiana* and *Monsieur Beaucaire.*

• • •

One of the silliest and most persistent fallacies about editors is that selection goes by personal favour. Another is that a manuscript has a much better chance if the author is able to present it personally. The first idea assumes an altruism on the part of the editor which he does not possess. That is expressing it politely. There is another and better way of expressing it. That is to say the idea assumes that he is both a fool and a cheat. If he accepts a manuscript without regard to its value simply because it is the work of a personal friend he is a fool because he is necessarily working himself irreparable harm. He is a cheat because he is spending the money of those who employ him for something that he knows to be valueless. If you are contemplating asking an editor for a favour of this kind modify the request. Do not ask him to buy a worthless manuscript from you simply because it is temporarily in his power to do so. Ask him to rifle the firm's safe of the amount you expect for the article and present it to you. Of the two actions the latter would be much the manlier on his part.

• • •

A. R. Hope Moncrieff, in his recently published *A Book About Authors,* has a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chapter dealing with editors in which he discusses that other idea of authors who think that all might go well with them if only they have an editor by the ear. He recalls the tale, told before by Anthony Trollope, of the aspirant to fame who spent his last three shillings and sixpence for the privilege of imposing his acquaintance upon an editor in the nakedness of a Turkish bath. Fleet Street, Mr. Moncrieff tells us, has many such tales and legends. There is one of the journalist whose hatter, in pressing him for payment, had hinted that he would cry quits to his bill if the customer could name his establishment in a leading article. Promising to do his best, the journalist scribbled an article on Hats, beginning with the days of Herodotus and working round to our own time, so as artfully to bring in his creditor's name. This he kept by him till, as will happen in a newspaper office, an article had to be dropped in haste, and he was called on to fill the gap with a kind of literary fagot for which the paper had no small reputation. In went his article on Hats, and he stayed after the editor to make sure that the main point had not been deleted. Next day he betook himself to his hatter, who received him with an unexpectedly frowning countenance, explained when he saw his article marred by one slight alteration. Another contributor, perhaps in debt to his own hatter, had stayed behind to change the important name to that of a rival over the way.

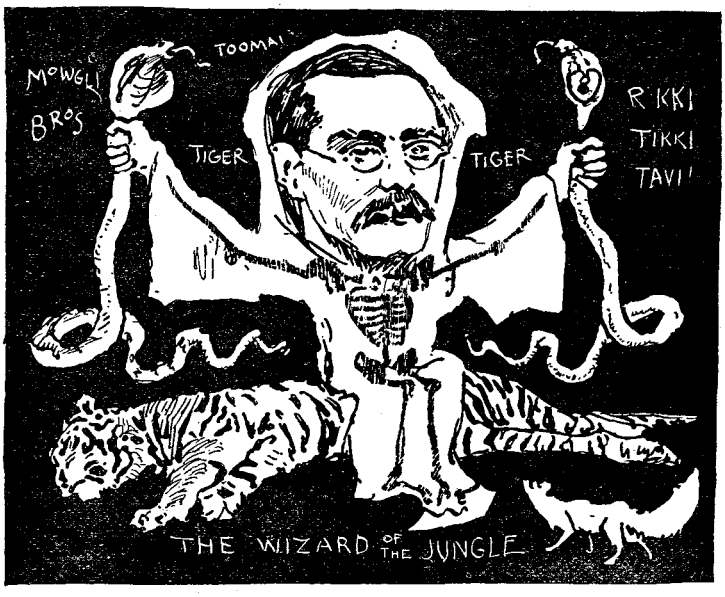
• • •

There have been in the BOOKMAN frequent allusions to the always interesting subject of the author and his earnings. Mr. Moncrieff touches upon this in his chapter "The Trade of Author." He tells of a clergyman commissioned by a certain princess to write a short letter to the London papers stating the part she had played in three coronations. For this communication one paper sent him an honorarium of eighteen pence, which the clergyman pocketed with pride, and exhibited as the first money his pen had ever fairly earned in three score and ten years. Mr. Moncrieff estimates Lafcadio Hearn's earnings as about one hundred pounds a year. James Payn, modestly reckoning himself among the first dozen or so of popular story-tellers of his time, reported that for more than thirty years he made an average income of fifteen hundred pounds. The case of the poets is worse. Tennyson was the exception—the phenomenal exception. He was such a keen man of business, or so well advised, that he could afford a coronet, after ruining three publishers, as the jibe went. Herbert Spencer toiled in poverty for years. Such a leviathan of literature as Carlyle made out of it for the best part of his life less than two hundred pounds a year.

• • •

But there is the reverse of the shield upon which Mr. Moncrieff does not put so much emphasis. Dickens made his ten thousand pounds a year, Trollope in prosperity his three thousand pounds a year, Thackeray was paid one hundred pounds apiece for the "Roundabout Papers." But Sir Walter Besant, in *The Pen and the Book,* calculated that there were some thirteen hundred English writing novelists at work, of whom some dozen at the most gained large incomes, and sixty or seventy might reach four figures in their return, while rather more than twice as many made four hundred pounds a year and upwards, two hundred had to content themselves with one hundred pounds a year or so, and the rest with "little or nothing." Since then, Mr. Moncrieff comments, Mr. Arnold Bennett has furnished a more cheerful estimate. He states that more than a hundred novelists get three hundred pounds for every novel they write; that a certain number count their gains in thousands of pounds, and that a handful run into five figures. One popular story-teller he mentions as being paid at the rate of three shillings a word, or thirty shillings a line, an advance upon the sixpence a word Stevenson could command at the end of his career.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Seventy years ago Thackeray in Paris found hugely amusing certain French men of letters expressing opinions on political matters. M. de Balzac, writing in approval of such a Government measure, or Victor Hugo discussing it in hostile terms were alike objects of his derision. His contention was that the novelist or the poet should stick to his *métier*. Yet a little later Thackeray himself had diplomatic ambitions, and would have been quite willing to have stopped story spinning for all time and dawdled with sealing wax as an underling in the British Embassy at Washington. Nowadays there are many English writers who seem to be taking themselves quite seriously as political factors. Mr. H. G. Wells has ideas without number for the improvement of the world at large as well as the British Empire. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is inclined to believe that his greatest contribution to literature is his *History of the Boer War*. But foremost among them all and almost continuously in the political limelight is Mr. Rudyard Kipling. In younger years he thought it his duty to rouse his country to the realisation of the Russian menace. Then he talked of the white man's burden, and then became an apostle of the Greater England. Recently he has been speaking quite plainly, and seems effectively to have stirred up matters. He does not like the present Government and has been denouncing it, with particular reference to the situation in Ulster, with characteristic vigour.

Then and Now

• • •

Is it not about time for Mr. Kipling generously to redeem a half promise made by him back in the nineties of the last century? A young American woman who had been reading *The Jungle Book* and *Soldiers Three,* wrote to him deploring the return of Mowgli to the "man pack," which jarred upon her artistic sense, and begging that Terence Mulvaney might be allowed to die some worthy death on Indian soil, and not go back to England. Mr. Kipling wrote a letter in reply, in the course of which he said that he had done all he could for Mowgli, in that he had shown him a married man, and in service under the Indian government. "But as to Mulvaney," he went on, "his fate cannot be altered. If you

Where is Mulvaney?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

remember the curse of Shielygh laid on him by old Mrs. Sheehy, he was 'to die quick in a strange land, seeing his death before it came *and unable to stir hand or foot.*' Some day I may tell how that came upon him."

• • •

The Books of Yesterday

Mr. Burton Egbert Stevenson, in addition to being the author of ingenious novels, is the librarian of the public library of Chillicothe, Ohio, and in that capacity has ample opportunities for comparing the reading taste of the generation that is just growing up with the taste of readers of ten and twenty years ago. A bitter regret of his is that he cannot, try as he will, interest the young men and young women of to-day in Du Maurier's *Trilby*. That story, which took America by storm in 1894, seems strangely to have lost its appeal in 1914. It is not that people do not like it; they will not be persuaded to read it. A few readers have an acquaintance with Anthony Hope's *The Prisoner of Zenda*, which, after Stevenson's *Prince Otto*,

✻ The Achievement of George Du Maurier. ✻

A REMINISCENCE OF "TRILBY'S" DAY. THE DU MAURIER COAT OF ARMS. DRAWN BY JOHN LEIGHTON, F.S.A.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was the father of a long and prosperous line of romances involving imaginary kingdoms and principalities in southeastern Europe, but ten times as many claim intimate friendship with the Graustark novels of Mr. George Barr McCutcheon. Chimmie Fadden, whose "wot'ell" rolled glibly from the lips of the débutante of twenty years ago, is almost a forgotten hero. Mr. Richard Harding Davis's Van Bibber seems to have survived as a name, but merely as a name. One and twenty will be quite mystified by any questions about Van Bibber's exploits with the swan boats of Central Park, with the burglar, with the runaway couple, or with the chambermaid and the elevator boy.

• • •

Speaking of Van Bibber, we came across, the other day, the story of the origin of that once renowned and always agreeable young gentleman, as told by the woman whom circumstances and Mr. Davis made Van Bibber's godmother. The name, by the way, was said to have been suggested to Mr. Davis from the sign of a well-known physician of Baltimore (where Mr. Davis once studied), whose name was Van Bibber, and who was obliged to spend a great deal of valuable time in assuring enthusiastic young ladies that he was not the original of the Davis hero. Here is the story of the godmother.

When Mr. Davis and I were together on the *Evening Sun,* and before he had written any of the stories that have since made him famous, he handed me one day a short paragraph for the column of which I had charge at that time. It was about the Yale-Princeton football game, and recounted in the first person the amusing bewilderment and incompetence of a young girl who found herself looking for the first time at the scrimmage. "I asked Van Bibber," she said, "why the umpires hung their whistles on chains about their necks as we did our lorgnons, and he said it was to keep from swallowing them in their excitement." This, it is to be observed, is not at all the way in which the full-grown and finished hero would have answered a young girl's questions.

A few days after that, Mr. Davis wrote a short sketch for what was known in the office as the "Saturday page," in which Van Bibber's name, but not his personality, appeared. A few days later he wrote another, and then Mr. Davis conceived the idea of writing a series of short stories centring about a single personality. With this idea in mind, he wrote the sketch which stands really as the first Van Bibber story, "How Van Bibber Fed the Tramp." It was quite to be expected that Van Bibber's advent into the *Evening Sun* office, where a good story never went unpraised, should be hailed with great delight. In a few days Mr. Davis again challenged envious criticism in the office, which he did not get, by writing "Van Bibber and the Swan Boats," "Van Bibber's Burglar," and a half a dozen others, each one adding a firm and meaning stroke to the characterisation of his "champion lightweight hero," as one of the staff once called him. It was some time later, after "Gallagher" had made Mr. Davis famous, that the Van Bibber stories were digged out of the pit of the *Sun's* file room for the additional circulation which book form would give them.

• • •

A New Whistler Portrait

Mr. A. E. Gallatin collects no new anecdotes in his brochure entitled *The Portraits and Caricatures of James McNeil Whistler,* but he does catalogue a new self-portrait of the artist in his iconography, which contains over two hundred items, including photographs. It is an early study, according to Mr. Gallatin, executed about 1860, which only came to light in the spring of 1913. It shows the artist, whose head and shoulders only are visible, smoking. To quote the more extended description in the catalogue notes: "A straw hat, about which is a grey ribbon, is perched upon the artist's long, black, curly hair. The painter wears a black coat, and about his neck is a loose scarf with white spots. In the right hand, which is just indicated, is a cigarette; smoke issues from his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mouth. The background of the portrait is dark. The face is carefully modelled, the rest of the picture freely painted. . . . Oil on wood. Signed 'Whistler' (in red, lower right-hand corner)." It is now the property of H. R. Ickelheimer, Esq., of New York, and was acquired, through dealers, from a French family.

• • •

A Link

With the death of Robert Bruce McClure there passed a man who, in a way, was the first link between Rudyard Kipling and his American audience. For, as told in THE BOOKMAN last autumn, it was Mr. McClure who, representing the McClure syndicate in London, was "tipped off" by Edmund Gosse to the possibilities in a young Anglo-Indian writer with a queer name; and found Kipling in the Embankment Chambers with the result that "The Man from Nowhere" soon began to have an American market. Representing the syndicate in London, Robert McClure had a wide circle of acquaintances among English men of letters. He was on terms of especial intimacy with Conan Doyle when the creator of Sherlock Holmes was still a practising physician at Southsea, finding neither medicine nor literature especially profitable. It happened that Mr. McClure's death was coincident with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's visit to this country.

• • •

Doyle's First Visit

The recent visit of Conan Doyle was his second visit. How familiar that sounds. We think of Dickens's first and second visits, Thackeray's first and second visits, Stevenson's first and second visits. English men of letters have made third and fourth visits, but these do not seem to count. Doyle came here first in the autumn of 1894, when the earlier Sherlock Holmes stories were in the full swing of their popularity. He delivered a series of readings under the direction of the late Major Pond. These readings—forty of them—proved immensely successful. Had it not been for his invalid wife, with whom he had promised to spend Christmas, he could have continued his season and returned home with a small fortune in American dollars. He had an exceedingly good time, prowling about in all sorts of unusual places, taking his adventures in a spirit of boyish delight. The only fly in the ointment was the necessity of meeting people socially. A certain native diffidence and a secret feeling that he was a failure as a public entertainer made this part of his visit almost painful. Once he was told that a number of well-known society women had requested that they might meet him after the reading. His flurry was pathetic. "Oh, I cannot. I cannot! What do they want of me? Do let me get away. I haven't the courage to look any one in the face."

• • •

In connection with that first visit there is a story which has been told before in THE BOOKMAN, but which, we think, will bear repetition. Just before Dr. Doyle's departure for England the Aldine Club of New York gave him a farewell dinner. He began an offhand speech by giving an account of his arrival in Boston.

I arrived in Boston and alighted from the train almost into the arms of a dozen cabbies. One of them had a dog-eared book peeping out of his pocket, and I instinctively called him, saying as I got in: "You may drive me to Young's, or Parker's—perhaps."

"Pardon me," said the cabby. "I think you'll find Major Pond waiting for you at Parker's, sir."

What could I do but stare and acquiesce by taking my seat speechlessly? We arrived, and the observant cabman was at the door. I started to pay my fare, when he said, quite respectfully:

"If it is not too great an intrusion, sir, I should greatly prefer a ticket to your lecture. If you have none of the printed ones with you, your agent would doubtless honour one of your visiting-cards, if pencilled by yourself."

I had to be gruff or laugh outright, and so said:

"Come, come, I am not accustomed to be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROBERT BARR CONAN DOYLE ROBERT MCCLURE
MISS DOYLE MRS. CONAN DOYLE

This group picture was taken just twenty years ago in front of Conan Doyle's house in Surrey, near London. Miss Doyle later became Mrs. Cromarsh, and is herself an author.

beaten by my own tricks. Tell me how you ascertained who I am, and you shall have tickets for your whole family, and such cigars as you smoke in America, besides!"

"Of course we all knew that you were coming on this train—that is, all of the members of the Cabmen's Literary Guild," was the half-apologetic reply. "As it happens, I am the only member on duty at this station this morning, and I had that advantage.

"If you will excuse other personal remarks, your coat lapels are badly twisted downward, where you have been grasped by the pertinacious New York reporters. Your hair has the Quakerish cut of a Philadelphia barber, and your hat, battered at the brim in front, shows where you have tightly grasped it, in the struggle to stand your ground at a Chicago literary luncheon. Your right overshoe has a large block of Chicago mud just under the instep, the odour of a Utica cigar hangs about your clothing, and the overcoat itself shows the slovenly brushing of the porters of the through sleepers from Albany. The crumbs of doughnut on the top of your bag—pardon me, your luggage—could only have come there in Springfield, and stencilled upon the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON THE WAY TO WASHINGTON

very end of the 'Wellington,' in fairly plain lettering, is the name, 'Conan Doyle.'"

• • •

The Boy and the Colonel

As a rule THE BOOKMAN does not care to print illustrations of the kind presented on this page showing a very well-known personage (to every one except the editor of "The Rose of Dixie" of O. Henry's story) perusing, apparently with much relish, a recent popular book. We have two excuses to offer. The first is the unquestionable ingenuity of the idea, credit for which goes to the Baltimore *Sun*. The second is that the book in question is one that we are willing very heartily to endorse.

• • •

The Siege of Berlin

Readers who remember Alphonse Daudet's charming tale "The Siege of Berlin" will be interested to know that it has been made into a one-act play which was printed in *Les Annales* of Paris in the issue for May 3d. With the possible exception of Maupassant's "The Necklace" there is no French short story that is so widely known to Americans. Briefly it is the narrative of an old colonel, a veteran of the wars of the first Napoleon, who at the outbreak of the conflict of 1870 goes to Paris and takes an apartment overlooking the Champs Elysees in order to witness the triumphant return of the French troops. His granddaughter, who is living with him, is obliged, during the months of disaster, to invent for his ears imaginary victories won by the French arms and, during the siege to live herself on horseflesh while providing him with every delicacy. After the conclusion of peace the old man overhears some one saying, "They will enter to-morrow," and imagines that it means the French army returning after a victorious invasion of Germany. Secretly he dresses himself in full uniform and at dawn totters out on the balcony, amazed to find the long avenue so silent and deserted. But in the distance there is the

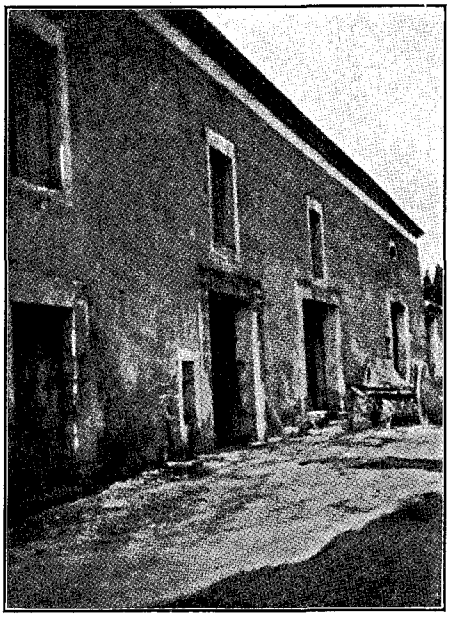
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

glitter of sun on shining cuirass and under the Arch of Triumph German trumpets blare out the triumphant march of Schubert. A cry, a terrible cry, "To arms, to arms, the Prussians," and Colonel Jouve falls dead. Miss Ellen Glasgow, by the way, made very effective use of the same idea in *The Battleground*.

• • •

Literary Necrology

Several conspicuous men of letters in Europe and this country have died during the past few months. First there was Frédéric Mistral, of whom Mr. Stuart Henry wrote in the May issue in an article under the title "The Last of the Troubadours," Then there was Sir John Tenniel, probably best known by his long years of service as the political cartoonist of London *Punch*, but also a man of strong literary affiliations, and the illustrator of a very charming edition of Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*. Early in April Mr. S. R. Crockett died in the south of France at the early age of fifty-three. Twenty years ago Mr. Crockett rose to his prominence as a member of the famous kailyard school of fiction; since then he has written some thirty novels. Late in May Mr. Jacob Riis died, after a singularly picturesque and useful career. He, probably more than any other man, was responsible for reclaiming New York City from the contamination of the slum. Mr. Riis's best known books were *How the Other Half Live, The Making of an American, The Battle with the Slum,* and *The Children of the Tenements*.



MISTRAL'S BIRTHPLACE

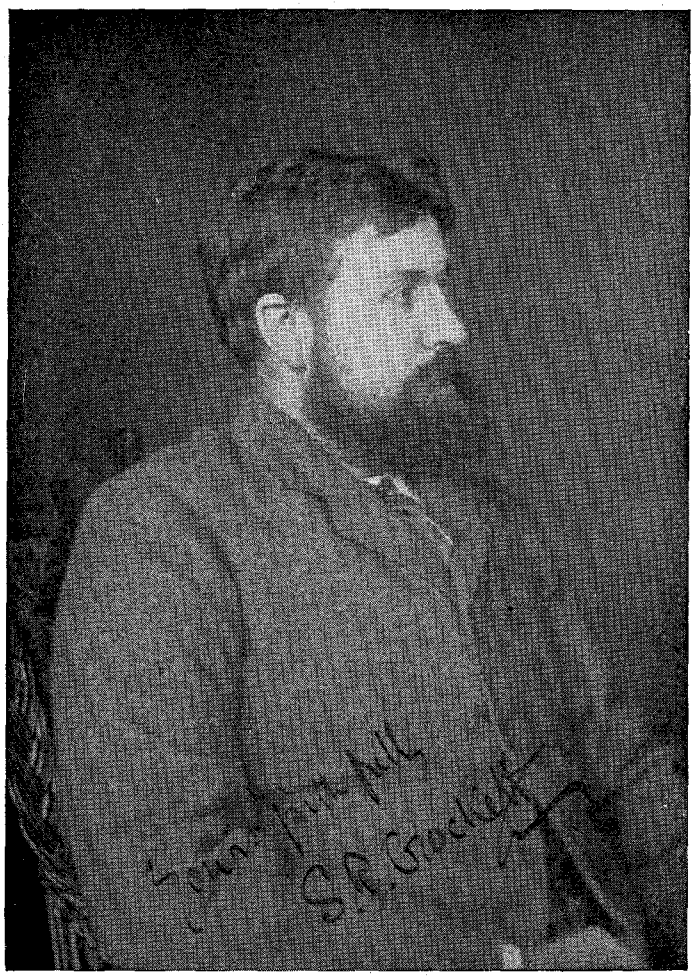
FRÉDÉRIC MISTRAL AND MADAME MISTRAL. TAKEN AT MAILLANE, APRIL, 1912

• • •

A fine tribute to Mr. Crockett's memory was paid by Sir William Robertson Nicoll in *The British Weekly* for April 30th. Sir William first knew Crockett when the latter was writing the series of sketches that afterward became famous under the title *The Stickit Minister*. Speaking of the over-productiveness of the later years, Sir William writes:

> When the great and sudden rush of popularity came to him, when his income in one year was multiplied by twenty and thirty times, when from all parts of the English-speaking world he received invitations to work, can it be wondered that he wrote too much and too fast? He had no fear of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE LATE S. R. CROCKETT

future. He was always in the very highest spirits whether in his library or out in the sun and storm and the thin air of the hills. In a sense he never scamped his work. His preliminary studies were made with patient thoroughness and serious intention. He would take any trouble and travel any distance to verify a small fact. But he wrote too quickly; in fact, at one time he used to talk to the phonograph, and though he revised the results very carefully, there were passages in his later books short of his high standard. Still, he retained round him to the last a large public, and of late years this public has shown an increase. In the last year of his life he was greatly cheered to find that both in this country and in America his sales were going up. He was, as I have remarked already, quite capable of starting a new career, for he was always feeding his mind, and he never ceased to be the keenest of students and observers. We need not predict the fate of his books. I for one believe that some of them are going to last, and there is not one of them in which his individuality is colourless and intangible.

• • •

Since the above paragraphs were written news comes of the death of Theodore

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Watts-Dunton, who was the intimate friend of Tennyson, Browning, William Morris, and Meredith, and the housemate of Rossetti and Swinburne. Mr. Watts-Dunton was born at St. Ives, Huntingdonshire, on October 12, 1832. He received his education from private tutors at Cambridge. In 1874 he became literary and artistic critic on the *London Examiner,* and from 1875 until 1898 he was associated with the *Athenæum.* The *Encyclopædia Britannica* contains many articles from his pen, but he did not publish anything under his own name until 1897, when *The Coming of Love* appeared, to be followed by *Aylwin* the next year. In fact, so much did he shun publicity that Mr. Coulson Kernahan, writing about him in an article for THE BOOKMAN for February, 1898, commented that the public, outside literary circles, had come to regard Theodore Watts-Dunton as a kind of literary "Mrs. Harris."

• • •

James Stephens

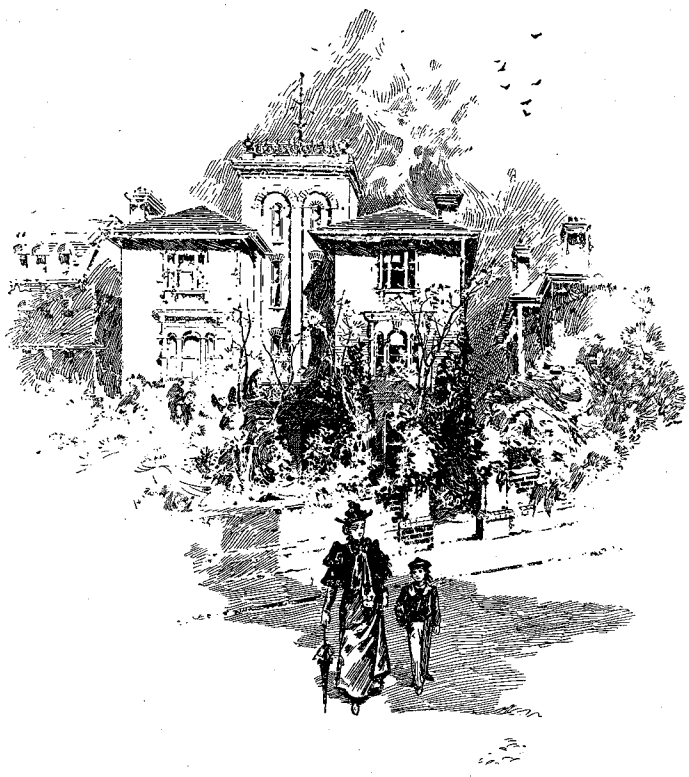
Outside of the continuing revelation of George Moore's own personality, that which has perhaps most of the interest of *actualité,* as the French say, in *Vale,* the third volume of his *Hail and Farewell,* is what this agreeably gossiping and acutely critical writer has to say of Mr. James Stephens. This is all too little concerning a delicious poet and *prosateur* who is chiefly known in this country by his two books entitled *Here Are Ladies* and *The Crock of Gold,* and is limited entirely to his early origins. Yeats having discovered Synge, so Moore's account goes, "A. E." was eager to make a discovery of his own (to discredit Yeats, who had denied the possibility), so every Thursday evening he and Moore searched the columns of *Sinn Fein.* Every lilt was considered, every accent noted: "But the days and the weeks went by without a new "peep-o-peep, sweet, sweet," until the day that James Stephens began to trill; and, recognising at once a strange songster, A. E. put on his hat and went away with his cage, discovering him in a lawyer's office. A grey head and two soft brown eyes looked at him over a typewriter, and an alert and intelligent voice asked him whom he wanted to see. A. E. said that he was looking for James Stephens, a poet, and the typist answered: 'I am he.'" The next Sunday evening he was admitted to the circle, and they were impressed by his wit and whimsicality of mind, but thought A. E. exaggerated

THE LATE JACOB RIIS

the talents of the young man. He was distressed at their apathy, for he himself was certain that James Stephens was a new note in Irish poetry. "Our visions," writes Moore, "were not as clear as his. I was conscious of little more than harsh versification, and crude courage in the choice of subjects." But Yeats was the blindest of all, and "it was with ill-grace that he consented to hear A. E. read the poems, giving his opinion casually; and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when A. E. spoke of the advantage the publication of a volume would be to Stephens, he answered: 'For me, the æsthetical question; for you, my dear friend, the philanthropic.'" A. E., Moore goes on to say, was hurt, but not discouraged, and to interest his friends in the lad told stories from the life of the new poet, who was a truer vagrant than ever Synge had been. "Synge had fifty pounds a year; but Stephens, a poor boy without education or a penny, had wandered all over Ireland, and would have lost his life in Belfast from hunger had it not been for a charitable applewoman." After that Stephens had somehow picked up an education, had learned typewriting and stenography, and got employment in the lawyer's office, where he was found, at five-and-twenty shillings a week, on which sum he had to support a wife and a child. We have seen elsewhere recently that when he published his first book, and achieved his first success, he and his wife went to Paris to enjoy a belated honeymoon. While there he came home one day to find that his wife had cut sharply into their small capital accrued from his royalty earnings by buying an expensive gown. Apparently he expressed something of the dismay felt by the husband of the heroine in Wells's *Marriage,* when he questioned that young lady concerning the purchase of a post-impressionist masterpiece. But Mrs. Stephens was enough of an Irishwoman to find a flattering retort in reminding *her* husband that the finest clothes in all Paris were not too fine for the poet's wife!



THE PINES, PUTNEY. THE HOME OF SWINBURNE AND WATTS-DUNTON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Zangwill's Opinion

A propos of Mr. Israel Zangwill's paper in our June issue, we recall an opinion expressed by him some fifteen years ago about the Jew in American fiction in the course of an interview with him by a contributor to THE BOOKMAN. Of course, that was long before the Potash and Perlmutter studies of Montague Glass, and the stories of Bruno Lessing and James Oppenheim. In 1898 Mr. Zangwill could find no Jew in American fiction. "The only Jew I have been able to discover," he said, "is the Jew of the comic papers, the caricature of all times. There is but one book descriptive of the American Jew, and that is the *Yekl* of Abraham Cahan, which describes the East Side portion of New York, resembling the European Ghetto in many particulars. Aside from this there is no picture of the Jew over here as he really is."

I. ZANGWILL. CARICATURE BY GINSBURY

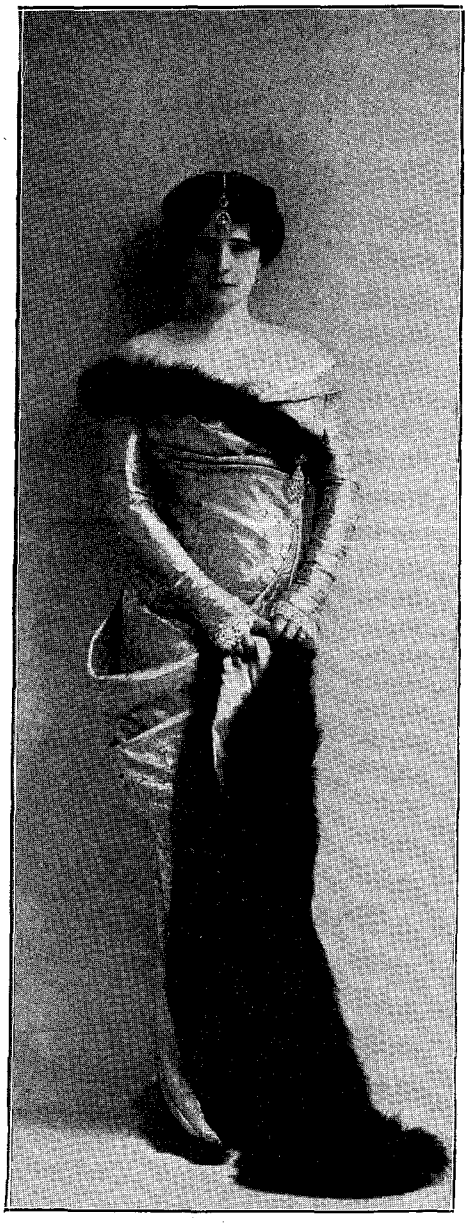
H. G. WELLS. CARICATURE BY GINSBURY

The May number of the English *Bookman* was a "Zangwill Number," and the leading article of the issue was a summing up of Mr. Zangwill's work both as a literary workman and as a practical reformer, from the pen of Mr. Holbrook Jackson. Speaking of Zangwill's cycle of Jewish stories, Mr. Jackson went on to say:

> Shakespeare, who had probably never seen a Jew, makes Shylock the mere symbol of an exacting business man who is permitted to claim relationship with the rest of humanity on the grounds of senses which are possessed in common. But there is nothing in Shylock's claims to human kinship which might not with equal logic have made him kin with cat or dog—nothing, save the claim that if a Jew is tickled he will laugh. It is clear that Shakespeare did not visualise the Jew as fully human. When he made Falstaff plead, "I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew," he associated himself with the popular conception of the Jew as rogue and outlaw. Dickens probably held a similar view when he created Fagin, but he sought to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

make amends in a later book by fashioning a Jew as impossibly good as Fagin was impossibly evil. Zangwill, on the other hand, having had the most intimate experience of Jews, and possessing both a sense of humour and a sense of fact, gives us a more convincing idea of his compatriots than we have yet had or are likely to have. But he does not give us only realistic portraiture, after the manner of the newer novelists of his early days; nor does he strive particularly to see the good and bad, and to apportion praise and blame, after the manner of pre-Meredithian novelists. He knows the Jew to be human, not only because he hath "hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions," but because he is capable of the same virtues and vices, the same splendours and the same littlenesses as other human beings; that he is in short compact of good and bad like the rest of us. But he does not commit the opposite folly of concluding therefore that the Jew is not different. That would have left us where Shakespeare and Dickens stood. He knows the Jew is different and that this difference is surmounted only by a genius for adaptability.



ELINOR GLYN'S LATEST PORTRAIT

• • •

Our Southern Highlanders

In one of Poe's minor tales, written in 1845, there is a vague allusion to wild mountains in western Virginia "tenanted by fierce and uncouth races of men." This, remarks Mr. Horace Kephart in the begining of his volume entitled *The Southern Highlanders,* is, so far as he knows, the first reference in literature to the mountaineers who inhabit the fastnesses of the Southern Appalachian system. And yet a little later on he refers to Arthur Lee, of Virginia, who told Dr. Samuel Johnson, in London, of a colony of Scotch who had settled upon a particularly sterile tract in western Virginia. He had expressed his wonder that they should do so, and Johnson replied: "Why, sir, all barrenness is comparative, the Scotch will never know that it is barren." A third source for the study of the literary origins of this region has been thought to be Defoe's *Moll Flanders,* with its account of the "Redemptioners," who settled parts of the Carolinas with the spawn of the London prisons. But Mr. Kephart denies that their descendants, in any considerable numbers, moved back up into the Blue Ridge and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alleghany mountains there to perpetuate the depraved characteristics of the race of criminals. Yet we have heard an educated mountain woman herself strongly assert the truth of this theory, and state that the historian who really wished to investigate the pedigree of this primitive people would do well to make prolonged researches in the Newgate Calendar and compare the names found there with those still commonly found in the Unakas and the Cumberlands.

• • •

Mr. Kephart further states that Poe's characterisation of the mountaineers stood alone until Miss Murfree ("Charles Egbert Craddock") began her stories of the Cumberland hills (1884). This is probably true, although there have been descriptions of their manners and customs and ways of living in much earlier writings by Audubon and others. Since Miss Murfree, of course, many writers have found their inspiration in the same general region which is, however, too wide and too varied for any single writer to compass, since it includes parts of some six or eight States, and present many local diversities of type and civilisation. Of these subsequent writers Mr. Fox is probably the best known, and has brought the peculiarities of Appalachian America home to the greatest number of readers, although there doubtless have been individual works of a wider circulation than any one novel he has written, as, for example, John Uri Lloyd's *Stringtown on the Pike*. Then there is that charming collection of stories dealing with the life of mountain children at a remote settlement school entitled *Mothering on Perilous*, by Miss Lucy Furman, which was reviewed favourably in these pages when it appeared last autumn.

• • •

Outside of fiction, however, there is certainly a great dearth of reliable information concerning this whole region: "The Southern Highlands themselves are a mysterious realm," writes Mr. Kephart. "When I prepared, eight years ago, for my first sojourn in the Great Smoky Mountains, which form the master chain of the Appalachian system, I could find in no library a guide to that region. The most diligent research failed to discover so much as a magazine article, written within this generation, that described the land and its people. Nay, there was not even a novel or a story that showed intimate local knowledge. Had I been going to Teneriffe or Timbuctoo, the libraries would have furnished information a-plenty, but about this

A PEN AND INK DRAWING OF DR. MARIA MONTESSORI

housetop of eastern America they were strangely silent, it was *terra incognita*." During these last eight years there has been a considerable change in this respect. Much publicity has been given to the region on one ground or another, and there has appeared more than one good article, notably that by America's leading geographer, Miss Ellen Churchill Semple, which was published in the English *Geographical Journal* in 1911, and to which Mr. Kephart later refers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HOME OF SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, UNDERSHAW, HINDHEAD, SURREY

NOTES ON CONAN DOYLE

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

I

ENTIRELY too much has been written about Conan Doyle as the creator of Sherlock Holmes, the most widely known character in all fiction, and entirely too little about him as the author of *Rodney Stone, The White Company, The Adventures of Gerard, The Refugees, Uncle Bernac* and *The Great Shadow,* not to mention the very delightful book of essays, *Through the Magic Door.* As a matter of fact we wonder how many persons there are, considering themselves familiar with his works, who will be just a little bit puzzled by some of these titles. How many of them will recall readily *Beyond the City,* or *The Doings of Raffles Haw?* Yet it is in these comparatively neglected books, and not in the Sherlock Holmes stories, that Conan Doyle's best work has been done. Not only that, but his heart was never in the making of Sherlock Holmes as it was in the making of Colonel Etienne Gerard. He loved Gerard for his dash, his daring, and his devotion, and still more for the very human shortcomings with which he endowed him. This partiality has always been marked, ever since the day, in *Uncle Bernac,* he first introduced a Gerard quite as different from the Brigadier of the later stories as the embryonic Sherlock Holmes of *A Study in Scarlet* was different from the Sherlock Holmes of "The Final Problem."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNDERSHAW. ANOTHER VIEW

II

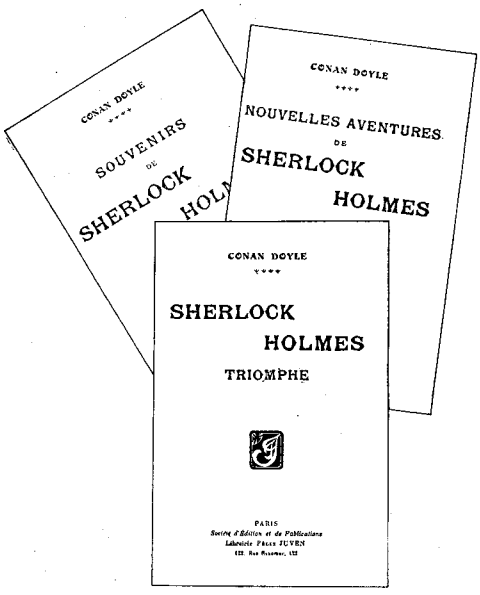
Keen as has been Conan Doyle's interest in the Hundred Years War between France and England (*The White Company* and *Sir Nigel*) the Rebellion of Monmouth (*Micah Clarke*), and the court of Louis the Magnificent (*The Refugees*), to him the surpreme dramatic chapter of all history is that which tells the story of the great Napoleon and the men with hairy knapsacks and hearts of steel whose tramp shook the continent for so many years. In the twenty odd stories which tell of the exploits of Gerard he has shown us every phase of that epic struggle. Throughout, if we except the brief appearance on the scene in *Uncle Bernac,* the Brigadier is always consistent. He is lacking in subtle perception, as became a dashing lieutenant-colonel of Hussars of the Napoleonic campaigns, but is by no means devoid of native wit. That he is brave and generous goes without saying. In the babble of his old age he is reminiscently vain of his early physical prowess and personal fascinations, although he is always discreet, and always stops short of mentioning the lady of the particular story by name. There was hardly a corner of Europe in which he had not served. He had been a prisoner in England and there engaged in fisticuffs, to his wondering discomfiture, with the Bristol Bustler. In the terrible retreat from Russia he had found shelter in the carcases of dead horses. At Waterloo, had not the face of history been against him, as the face of history was against Athos, Porthos, Aramis and d'Artagnan in their efforts to save the head of Charles I, his individual stratagem would have turned the fortunes of the day and made Napoleon once more master of Europe.

III

But it was in Spain that Gerard was at his best. Countless there were his performances of dash and intrepidity. To the end of his days he delighted in narrating the story of his uninvited participa-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion in the fox hunt of the English officers, outriding them all, cutting the fox in two with a sweep of his sword, and riding away with the profound belief that the yells of execration at the unhallowed deed were simply shouts of generous admiration. Perhaps as typical an exploit as any was that which brought him into the merciless hands of the Portuguese "Smiler." Massena was about to retreat and wished to apprise



SHERLOCK HOLMES IN FRANCE

another French army, that was seriously threatened, of his move. The beacon that had been prearranged for this signal was on top of a mountain held by the bandit. Two French officers had been sent to light it, and had apparently met dreadful fates. It was Gerard's turn. After various adventures the Brigadier fell into the hands of the "Smiler." The latter offered him his choice of deaths in return for certain information. Gerard had an inspiration. He gave the information and then made his conditions. "I choose to be burned on yonder beacon at the stroke of midnight." Even with the final fall of the Empire Gerard's activities do not cease. In a fast adventure we find him, some six years after Waterloo, on an expedition to St. Helena to set the Emperor free. It is too late. Gerard arrives only to witness strange ceremonies and to catch one brief glimpse of the dead face of the master he has served so long and so well. To Conan Doyle the story of the Napoleonic years is the story of all stories and Gerard is its personification.

IV

To say that in the veins of Arthur Conan Doyle are commingled the three bloods that flowed at Fontenoy and the battle of the Boyne is far from being a mere rhetorical flourish. It is in expressing it in just that way that the significance lies. When associated with his work it suggests the British sturdiness, tempered by the Irish wit and mellowness, and the French *finesse* and dash. It explains the catholicism of his personal enthusiasms, and his unvarying historical partiality whether the background of the story be Gascony during the Hundred Years War, or the Iberian Peninsula, when Wellington was grappling with Napoleon's marshals. Always the dominant note is one of generous appreciation of a valiant enemy. His British heroes who fought at Waterloo never fail in giving credit to that last intrepid stand of the Old Guard. His weather-beaten naval officers who served under Nelson cannot find epithets strong enough to express their hatred of the French and of the French leader. Yet that does not prevent them from being outspoken in the recognition of the prowess of a worthy foe. Gerard himself is contemptuous in speaking of those who are so blind as to imagine that the virtues of valour and fortitude belong exclusively to any one nation. "I who have fought in all countries," he tells us in one story, "against the Russians, the Prussians, the English, the Austrians, the Italians, the Spaniards—against all the world in short, tell you, my children, that the soldiers of all these countries are equally brave. Except," he adds with a touch of gorgeous Gascon naïveté, "that the French have rather more courage than the rest."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Sherlock Holmes upon one occasion imparted to Watson the information that his grandmother had been a French woman. Inevitably, some day, in a similar sudden burst of confidence, he will allude to another line of his ancestry which will carry superbly back to the Irish kings.

V

If a certain famous romance is called a novel without a hero, Conan Doyle may be regarded as a novelist without a heroine. For certainly, there has never been another writer of equal achievement in whose books woman has played so Oriental a part. The name of Conan Doyle conjures up a great number and variety of men, all distinct, definite, sharply outlined. Etienne Gerard swings lightly into the saddle. Buck Tregellis superbly crushes a bore's presumptuous familiarity. Sir Nigel Loring makes a knightly vow. Corporal Gregory Brewster shakes his head and mutters, "It wouldn't have done for the Duke." To ascribe to any one of these male characters the action or the words belonging to another would be a glaring inconsistency. But the women of his books! Is there a Doyle heroine who can be regarded as much more than a marionette? How many of them are remembered at all? In what story does Winnie LaForce appear? Who is the heroine of *The Firm of Girdlestone?* Of *Micah Clarke?* Of *The Refugees?* True, there is individuality in the historical characters, the Empress Josephine, Lady Hamilton, Madame de Maintenon. Doyle is too good a transmuter to have failed there. But out of the Doyle heroines in the strict sense of the term we know only that she is a well-behaved young person, fond of lawn tennis, and addicted to afternoon tea. Perhaps it is enough.

VI

Some Frenchman has said that the most dramatic situation in all literature is where Robinson Crusoe finds the human footprint in the sand. That is an opinion with which a good many of us will be inclined to take issue. To the modern way of thinking it is not enough for a writer to present a great situation. He must prepare the reader's mind to receive it in the proper spirit. The stage must be set. There must be the preliminary period of suspense. The finding of the footprint in *Robinson Crusoe* comes at the beginning of a chapter, out of a clear sky. It surprises but it does not thrill. It was precisely the same fundamental idea that Doyle used at the beginning of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. To point out that the modern writer made the most of it does not in the least imply any comparison of the two books. But in the Doyle story the reader listened to the strange old-world legend of the demon hound that tore out the throat of the evil Sir Hugo Baskerville. He caught the spirit of the lonely moor, and something of the fear that inspired Sir Charles. He heard the story of the Baronet's sinister death—the tales of the peasantry about the hound and the uncanny sounds coming from the Grimpen Mire—in a word, he was keyed up to just the proper pitch to receive the climax. Dr. Mortimer contradicted the statement that had been made at the coroner's inquest that there were no traces upon the ground near Sir Charles's body. He had seen some, fresh and clear. "Footprints? Footprints. A man's or a woman's?" "Mr. Holmes, they were the footprints of a gigantic hound."

VII

In contemporary fiction one must look far for a more dramatic incident than the rescue of Sir Nigel and Bertrand du Guesclin by the English archers in *The White Company*. Here again the basic idea is one of the conventional stock properties of fiction. It is the idea that found expression, for example, in verse when associated with the siege of Lucknow during the Sepoy Rebellion. Within the citadel, the hard-pressed little English garrison. Outside the merciless enemy. Hope practically gone, when a Scotch lassie, Jessie Brown, wakes from sleep, crying that she has heard the pipes of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Highlanders. The elation of a moment is followed by deeper depression.

The Colonel shook his head
And they turned to the guns once more.

Soon, however, others besides Jessie Brown start and listen, and a great cheer goes up.

It was the pipes of the Highlanders,
And now they played "Auld Lang Syne."
And it came to our men like the voice of God,
And they shouted along the line.

The last two lines may be very mediocre verse, but the situation is one of sound dramatic force. In *The White Company,* the castle in which Sir Nigel and Du Guesclin are guests is attacked by a savage peasantry. Side by side the Englishman and the Gascon hold the stair. There, too, hope is practically gone, and the flames are leaping high, when there comes to the ears of the besieged, borne on the night wind, the marching song of the rescuing archers:

What of the bow?
The bow was made in England,
Of yew wood, of true wood,
The wood of English bows.

VIII

In a decidedly lower key but no less essentially dramatic is an episode in *Beyond the City.* Again it is an old idea presented with surprising freshness. Admiral Hay Denver, after years of splendid service, is living in comfortable retirement. He learns that his son's honourable name is threatened by the defalcation of a rascally partner. At any cost disaster must be averted. The Admiral decides to sell his pension outright and go back to the sea for a living. He applies at a shipping office for a position as first or second mate.

The manager looked with a dubious eye at his singular applicant.

"Do you hold certificates?" he asked.

"I hold every nautical certificate there is."

"Then you won't do for us."

"Why not?"

"Your age, sir."

"I give you my word that I can see as well as ever, and am as good a man in every way."

"I don't doubt it."

"Why should my age be a bar then?"

"Well, I must put it plainly. If a man of your age, holding certificates, has not got past a second officer's berth, there must be a black mark against him somewhere. I don't know what it is, drink or temper, or want of judgment, but something there must be."

"I assure you there is nothing; but I find myself stranded, and so have to turn to the old business again."

"Oh, that's it," said the manager, with suspicion in his eye. "How long were you in your last billet?"

"Fifty-one years."

"What!"

"Yes, sir, one-and-fifty years."

"In the same employ?"

"Yes."

"Why, you must have begun as a child."

"I was twelve when I joined."

"It must be a strangely managed business," said the manager, "which allows men to leave it who have served for fifty years, and who are still as good as ever. Whom did you serve?"

"The Queen. Heaven bless her!"

"Oh, you were in the Royal Navy. What rating did you hold?"

"I am admiral of the fleet."

IX

If among the many literary influences which have moulded Conan Doyle's work any one influence is paramount, it is that of Macaulay. Doyle has always held that Macaulay could have written a great historical novel. "He could have made the multiplication table interesting reading." True, Macaulay was a great transmuter, and, in a lesser way, a great transmuter is Arthur Conan Doyle. The very heart of Froissart's *Chronicles* went to the making of *The White Company.* In addition over one hundred and fifteen volumes, French and English, dealing with the period, were mastered before he wrote one line of the manuscript. *Micah*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Clarke, which dealt with the Monmouth Rebellion, was the result of a year's reading and five months' writing. For the American chapters of *The Refugees* he drew freely from Parkman. To all kinds of obscure memoirs he turned for illumine it with the fire of his own talent, let him read through the stilted and grotesque pages of *Pugilistica,* and *Boxiana,* with the battered slang, the pompous jokes, the abominable verse, and then turn to *Rodney Stone.*

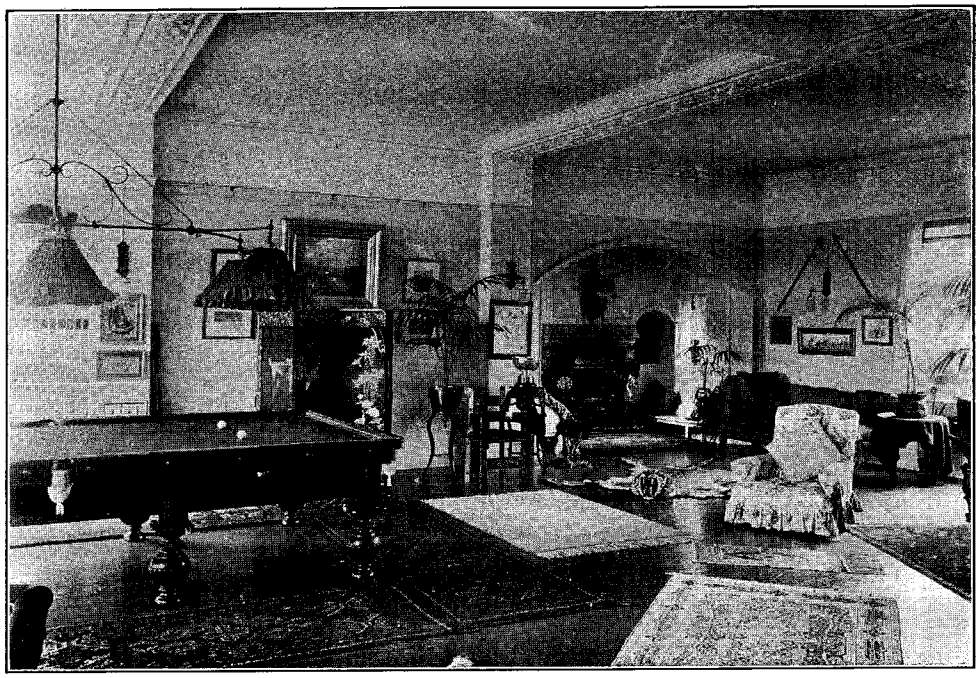
THE PRESENT LADY DOYLE

the building of his perspective of the Napoleonic legend. The inspiration of *Rodney Stone* is to be found in the several crude volumes dealing with the British prize ring when that institution was at its apogée—from 1795 till 1810—and if one would see how the master workman can take inferior material and

X

Rodney Stone has been called "the best story of the ring ever written." It is that and it is a great deal more. Designed, first of all, as a rousing tale, it possesses a plot that is almost flawless; and the manner in which event after event, with cumulative intensity, leads

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE BILLIARD ROOM, UNDERSHAW

up to the battle on Crawley Downs, and the interests of all concerned hang upon the issue of that struggle, raising it from a mere contest between two professional bruisers to an almost epic dignity, is real dramatic art. But above all is the atmosphere of the tale. The book begins as countless other books begin—the man of mellow age jotting down his story for the grandchildren that gather about his knee. But the triteness goes no farther. Contrast the simplicity and genuineness of the opening of this story with the stilted tone and the purely artificial style of even so fine a novel as *Lorna Doone*. The England that Rodney Stone recalls is still very near and vivid to him. Again in memory he feels the national dread of the Corsican—"that great and evil man." Again he sees the beacons on the white cliffs, and strains his eyes, peering out over the Channel for the war ships of the tricolour. He kindles with the reminiscent thrill of war, and his heart beats fast as he remembers the tales of splendid sea fights told in the village taverns. Once again he is a boy about to leave his mother's side and his simple home at Friars Oak, to go up to the great world of London, to meet the Prince, and the Corinthians, and the men of the ring, and the officers of Nelson's fleet in the company of his famous uncle, Sir Charles Tregellis. Had *Rodney Stone* no other merit, it would deserve a niche for this character alone. All that history has to tell of Brummel serves only to make him seem pale and colourless when placed side by side with the strange, preposterous, impertinent, yet wholly likeable fribble of Conan Doyle's book.

XI

One day some ten years ago the writer of these notes was discussing various bookish matters in the library of the Liverpool home of the late Dr. John Watson. The conversation ranged from the novels of Balzac to the shockers of Ponson de Terrail, a writer who has been called "the Shakespeare of secret murder." Finally it found its way to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fiction of Conan Doyle. The author of *The Bonnie Briar Bush* was emphatic in his appreciation. "Doyle is a splendid workman. He possesses a wonderful gift of narrative and he knows how to make everything that he reads count. But his books are entertaining to a degree that is at times unfortunate. People find his yarns so amusing as yarns that they are inclined to overlook entirely how well they are written." Commenting upon this verdict, it may be said that most persons considered Ian Maclaren during his lifetime so exclusively as a spinner of tales of the Scottish kailyard that they failed utterly to appreciate him as a sound judge of literary matters. Remote as Drumtochty was from the scenes of *Madame Bovary* and *Bel-Ami*, its historian was a close student of his Flaubert and his Maupassant. But if Conan Doyle has never been appreciated for what he really is, the case is far from being an isolated one. It is very seldom that a man who is regarded essentially as a story-teller is generally appraised at his real value as a literary workman. For his full mead of serious appreciation he has to look to a small circle of men of his own profession. To them Conan Doyle is not merely a writer who happened to stumble upon a character which has become the most widely known in all fiction. He is an author of unusual imagination, of fine constructive powers, the possessor of an effective style, in short, a craftsman to be placed, by virtue of many sturdy attributes, not very far below the apex among contemporary English story spinners.

CRUSOE'S REAL ISLAND

BY CLIFFORD HOWARD

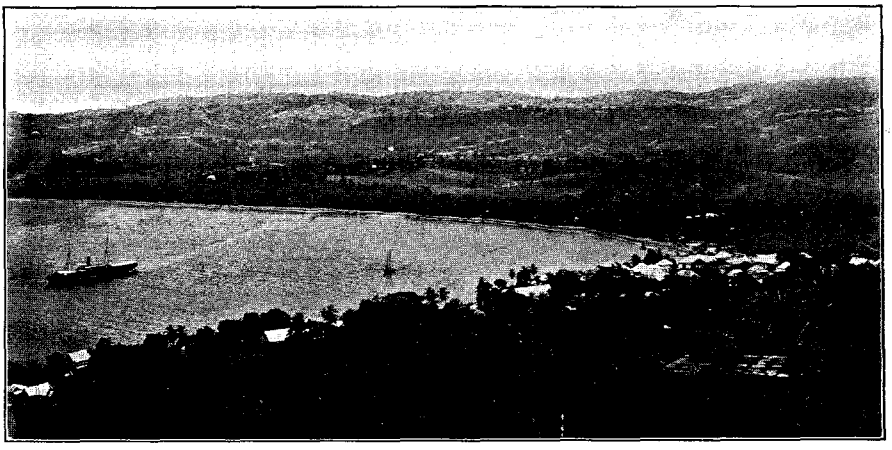
In the Windward group of the West Indies there is a small island called Tobago. It lies about eighteen miles to the northeast of Trinidad, and as there is nothing special to see on the place very few travellers take the trouble to stop there, being quite content to view it from a distance if they feel inclined to notice it at all. Perhaps if they knew that it is the island on which Robinson Crusoe was wrecked they might deem it worth while to pay it a visit; but the chances are that they have not the least suspicion that Crusoe's island is anywhere within eight or ten thousand miles of the place.

Tobago is about eleven degrees north of the equator, on the Atlantic side of America. The great majority of those who are acquainted with *Robinson Crusoe* (and there are very few civilised beings who are not) believe that Crusoe's island is about thirty-three degrees south of the Equator, in the Pacific Ocean, off the coast of Chili, and that it is called Juan Fernandez. It was on this island that Alexander Selkirk lived alone for a number of years; and as it is generally supposed that *Robinson Crusoe* is founded upon the adventures of Selkirk, it is taken for granted that the scene of Crusoe's lonely habitation is this little island away down in the Southern Hemisphere.

Accordingly, Juan Fernandez, off the western coast of South America, is popularly regarded as Crusoe's island; whereas the real island on which Defoe's hero was shipwrecked and where he lived by himself for more than twenty-eight years, is in quite another part of the world, many thousand miles distant.

This is not a matter of conjecture. Crusoe himself gives us the exact whereabouts of his island. He tells us very plainly, both in the title and in the body of the story, that the island on which he was wrecked is near the mouth of the Orinoco River and a short distance northeast of Trinidad. Evidently most

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PANORAMIC VIEW OF TOBAGO

of us skip that part of the story or have forgotten it.

Perhaps if the original title of the book were retained in the present-day editions we should not have fallen into the error of misplacing the scene of Crusoe's exile, for this is the way the full title reads: *The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner, Who lived eight and twenty Years all alone in an uninhabited Island on the Coast of America, near the Mouth of the Great River Orinoco; Having been cast on Shore by Shipwreck, wherein all the Men perished but himself; With an Account how he was at last as strangely delivered by Pirates.* And in the narrative itself, referring to the land that he saw in the distance from his lookout on the hill, Crusoe says that the land he perceived to the west and west-southwest was the great island of Trinidad on the north point of the mouth of the River Orinoco.

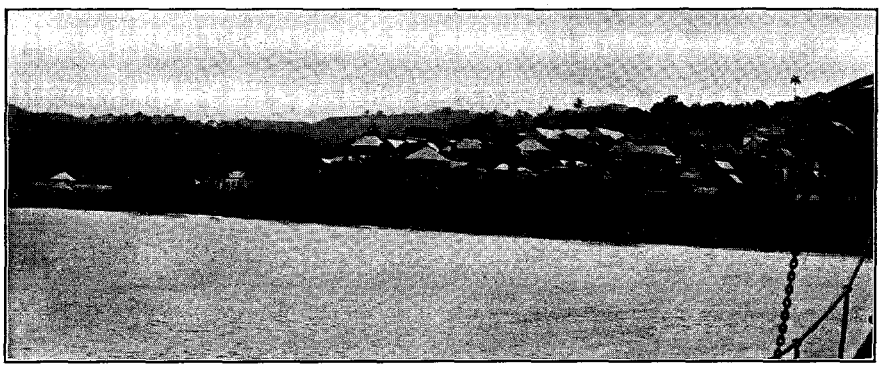
There can be no doubt, therefore, that the island on which he led his solitary life was one of the West Indies; and although its name is not mentioned in the book, no other conclusion is possible but that Tobago is the one Defoe had in mind when writing his book, for it is the only island from which a view of Trinidad can be obtained as described in the story.

Very likely Defoe did not himself know the name of the island. He apparently supposed it was a nameless and uninhabited bit of land. As a matter of fact it was discovered by Columbus on his third voyage; and in 1659, the year Crusoe was supposed to be shipwrecked, the island was occupied by a company of settlers from Holland, and for the next twenty-eight years, during which our hero was supposed to be living in solitude, Tobago was occupied at different periods by the Dutch, French and English, who took turns driving one another off and claiming possession of the place.

But these facts have no bearing on the identity of Crusoe's island. They simply serve to show that Defoe, like many another author, was apt to be careless in regard to matters of history. It is hardly to be wondered at in this case when we remember with what rapidity he dashed off his books. He was nearly sixty years old when he wrote *Robinson Crusoe,* in the year 1719, and in the ten years that followed its publication he wrote more than fifty other books, including a number of pamphlets. It is doubtful whether any other writer has ever exceeded him in his output of work. When he died he had to his credit something like two hundred and fifty books and pamphlets.

His fame, of course, rests on *Robinson*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE TOWN OF SCARBOROUGH, TOBAGO

Crusoe, which is undoubtedly his greatest work. Its popularity was instantaneous. Everybody read it; and it remains to-day one of the most popular and best-known books of the world.

But scarcely had it made its appearance when frowning critics came forward and denounced the author as a literary pirate. They asserted that *Robinson Crusoe* was simply an adaptation of a story that had appeared a few years before, reciting the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, who, in 1709, was rescued from Juan Fernandez, and two years later returned to England, where an account of his experiences was published in 1712; and to this day it is very generally believed that *Robinson Crusoe* is the story of Alexander Selkirk.

But there is no just foundation for this popular belief. Any one who will take the trouble to compare *Robinson Crusoe* with the life of Selkirk will see at once how dissimilar are the stories in their various particulars. Defoe's hero was shipwrecked; but Selkirk went ashore of his own accord, because of a misunderstanding between him and the captain of the vessel. Selkirk remained on his island a little over four years. Crusoe spent more than twenty-eight years on his. There was nothing in Selkirk's experiences that corresponded with that part of Crusoe's narrative in which Friday plays a part; and so, throughout the two stories—except in the main features of each leading a solitary life on a desert island and being obliged to resort to his native ingenuity for comfort and recreation—the points of dissimilarity are so numerous that it is somewhat remarkable that Selkirk and Crusoe should so long have been regarded as the same person.

It is undoubtedly true that Defoe was acquainted with Selkirk's experiences, and it is very probable that *Robinson Crusoe* may have been suggested by them. Defoe was always quick to seize upon strange incidents as subjects for his books; but at the same time Selkirk was not the only man who had lived on a desert island and with whose adventures Defoe was familiar. There was Pedro Serrano, for example, who was cast ashore on an island in the Caribbean Sea, where he lived alone for seven years, and the story of whose life was published in London several years before Selkirk came back to England with his tale of Juan Fernandez. Shipwrecks in those early days were not infrequent occurrences, and the nautical chronicles of the time contained many an account of castaway mariners, and served as a source of much of Defoe's remarkably accurate geographical knowledge.

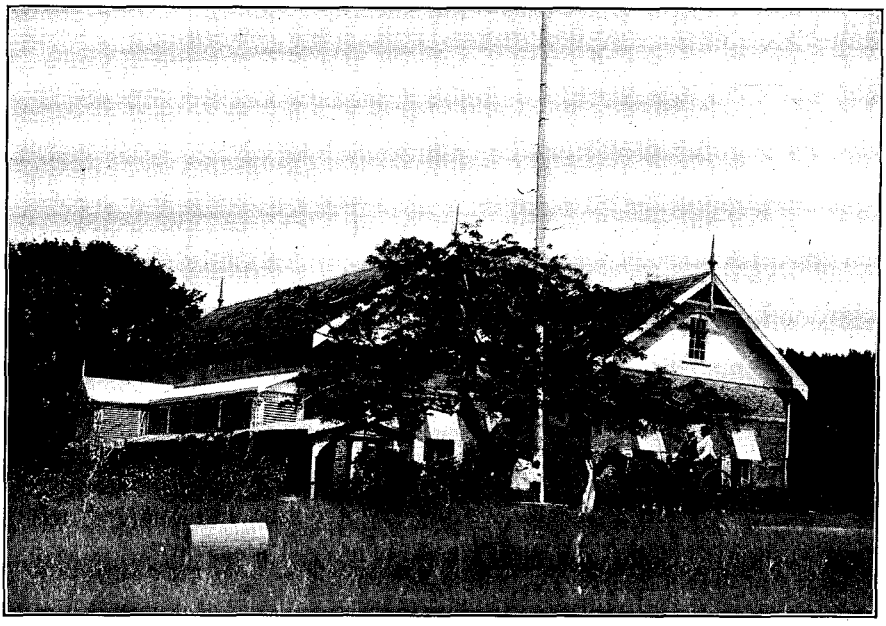
But from whatever source he may have gathered his material the fact remains that Alexander Selkirk was not the original of Robinson Crusoe. The real person represented by this lonely exile was Defoe himself. Not that he experienced the actual adventures of Crusoe. Far from it. But the story is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nevertheless a true one from an allegorical point of view; for the book was designedly written as an allegory, to represent the experiences and troubles of the author. Every one of the events described in the book has a special meaning and represents some real experience in the life of Daniel Defoe.

For example Crusoe's twenty-eight years of solitude on the island represent the twenty-eight years during which Defoe refrained from speaking to his wife or his children. It seems that his family were in the habit of finding fault with him, which, as he informs us, frequently put him into indecent passions and urged him to rash replies; so that he resolved finally to remain absolutely silent in his home, a resolution which he carried out so faithfully that it eventually drove his wife crazy and broke up the family.

Then there is the changing of the name, which had its counterpart in real life. Readers of this story will remember that the hero's name was originally Kreutznaer and that he changed it to Crusoe. Defoe's real name was Foe—Daniel Foe—and he was so called until he was forty years old. Then he changed it to the name by which he has ever since been known—a change suggested, perhaps, by his signature of "D. Foe." These are only two of the many interesting interpretations to be drawn from the story of *Robinson Crusoe,* but they serve to illustrate Defoe's purpose in writing the book and to emphasise the unreasonableness of the claim that he founded the story upon the life of Alexander Selkirk.



GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE, TOBAGO

We may finally dismiss, therefore, all thought of the island of Juan Fernandez as having any relationship to Defoe's story, and turn our attention to Tobago, in the West Indies, as the real island of Robinson Crusoe. Here we find, in its topography and climate and in its trees and plants and living things, added proof that Defoe had this particular island in mind, for his descriptions of the place, as contained in the narrative, are singularly accurate and indicate that he must have drawn his information in regard to it from some authoritative record.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is as Crusoe describes it, an island of much natural beauty; a bit of tropic landscape, visible at sea for a distance of more than forty miles, rising gently from the water's edge in folds of verdant hills. It is a little place, not as large in point of area as either Philadelphia or Chicago, for it does not comprise more than one hundred and twenty square miles of land. Yet it makes the most of it by stretching out to a length of nearly thirty miles.

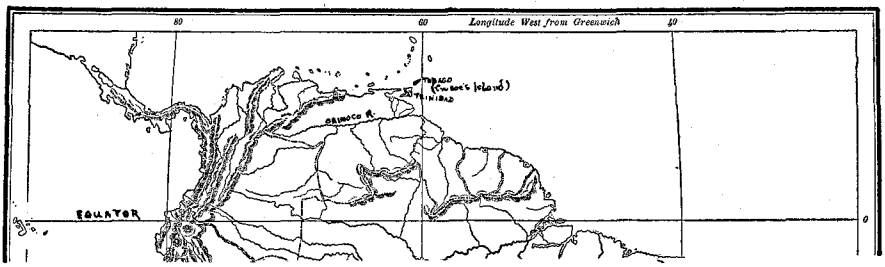
It does not lie within the regular course of travel and consequently attracts but little attention and is seldom visited. Once a week, however, its peaceful tranquillity is interrupted by the arrival of a steamer that puffs its way lazily around the island, calling at every little landing to receive from the native farmers consignments of vegetables and provisions, to be sold in the neighbouring island of Trinidad.

Aside from the farms scattered here and there throughout the island, Tobago is mainly devoted to the cultivation of sugar and cocoa, and it is this which affords a livelihood to the greater part of its population of about twenty thousand souls, of whom a very large majority are blacks. Most of them live on the farms and plantations. The only settlement that comes within the scope of our idea of a town is a small, picturesque place on the southern shore, called Scarborough. This is the capital of Tobago and is the chief port of the island. Situated on the edge of a bay it reposes in drowsy peacefulness amid a grove of palms at the base of a sheltering hill—its small frame houses grouped together in rambling streets and byways, and here and there poking their shingled roofs above the clumps of foliage.

THE HEART OF CRUSOE'S ISLAND

At the top of the hill, nearly five hundred feet above the sea, stands a fort—Fort King George. For many years it was garrisoned by regular British troops for the protection of the island. England has owned the island, off and on, since the early part of the seventeenth century; but it was not until 1814 that she finally came into settled possession of it; for up to that time, during a pe-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

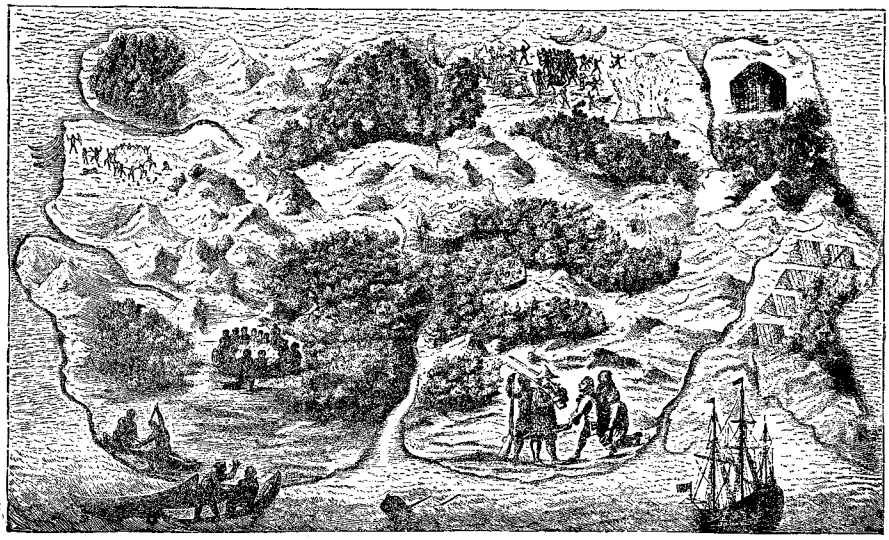


MAP OF NORTHERN SOUTH AMERICA, SHOWING WHEREABOUTS OF CRUSOE'S ISLAND

riod of nearly two centuries, it had been taken and retaken, claimed and reclaimed, by the Indians, and the Spaniards, and the Dutch, and the French, and the English; so that Tobago had a somewhat difficult time keeping account of her nationality.

During these changes of ownership the island was often entirely deserted for years at a time, and such settlements as were established every now and then were confined to the coast. In 1757, thirty-eight years after the story was written, a party of Englishmen wandering into the interior of the forest, came upon an old Frenchman, who for twenty-one years had lived by himself like Crusoe, upon this very island. Unlike his predecessor, however, he did not avail himself of the opportunity to leave his lonely confinement, for he refused the offer of the Englishmen to take him aboard their ship, saying that he had grown so fond of his home in the wilderness that he preferred to remain there until he died.

The picture that lies before the beholder to-day as he stands upon the hill overlooking the water's edge differs little from that which a real Crusoe would have seen two hundred and fifty years ago, except that fields of sugar-cane and farm lands now cover many of the valleys and mountain slopes. Like a great scimitar the beach curves to the right of the town and sweeps away to a point several miles distant. Along its edge are broad, dense files of cocoa palms—



MAP OF CRUSOE'S ISLAND. PUBLISHED IN 1720

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trees that revel in the sight and the breath of the sea, and whose clustered plumes mark the outlines of the shore with a waving fringe of green and gold.

It was on this beach that Crusoe set up his post bearing the inscription, "I came on shore here on the 30th of September, 1659," and by means of which he kept his reckoning of time by each day cutting a notch on it with his knife. It was near here, also, that he built his house in the rock; and hidden away amid the trees on a nearby hilltop was his bower—his country home, as he called it. And there, in the hillside, where the sweep of the shore comes to an end, is the cave in which he discovered the dying goat.

He tells us that upon entering the cave he saw lying upon the ground "a monstrous frightful old he-goat, gasping for life and dying indeed of mere old age," and that later he buried it in the floor of the cave. Strangely enough the skeleton of a goat was unearthed in this cave several years ago. The Tobagoans had all along maintained that their island was the real Crusoe island, so that the finding of this old goat was regarded as the most convincing sort of proof, and the skeleton was sent to the World's Fair in Chicago, in 1893. It may not be that everybody who saw it there believed it to be the very goat that is mentioned in the book, but it served at any rate to call attention to the island of Tobago, the real island of Robinson Crusoe.

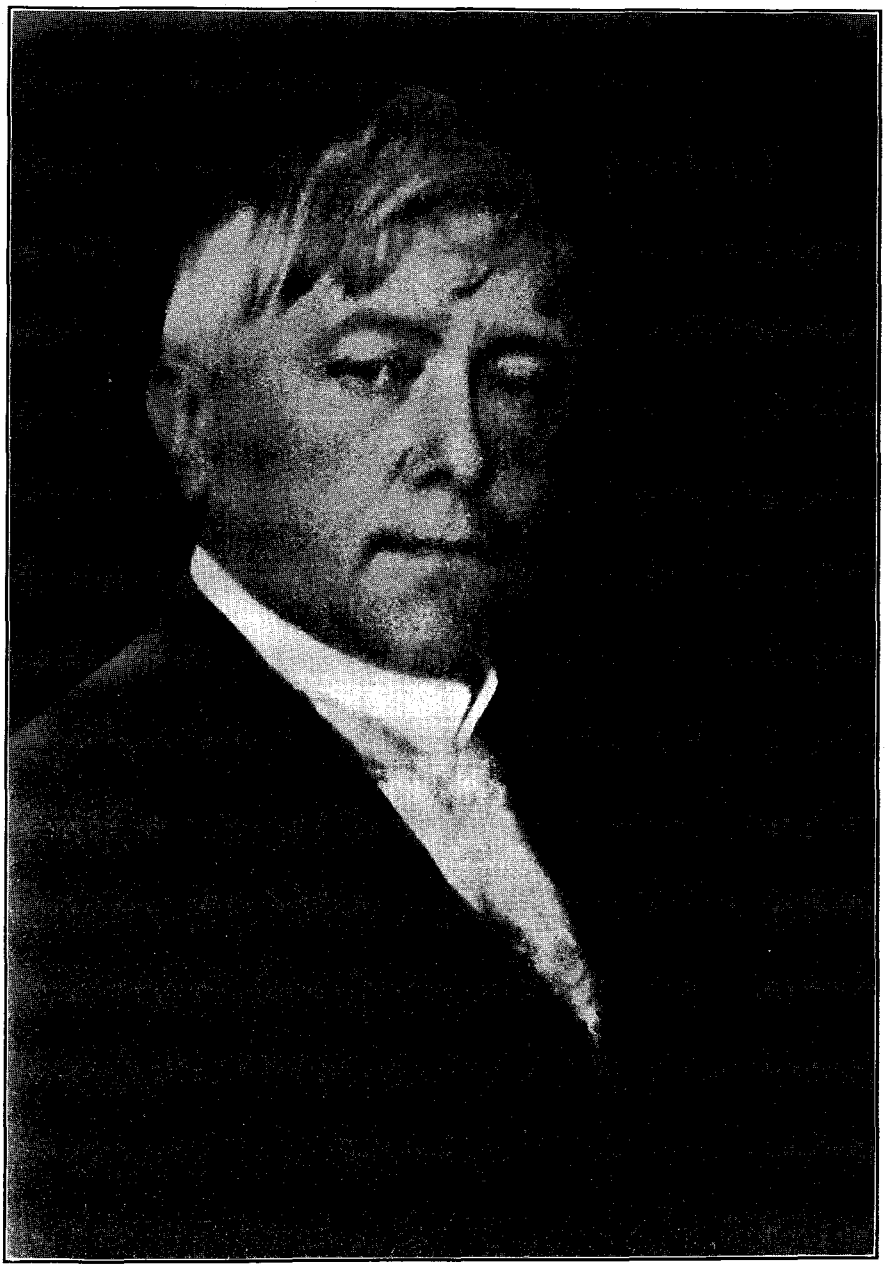
MAURICE MAETERLINCK: AN IMPRESSIONISTIC PHOTOGRAPH

BY E. O. HOPPE

By degrees I am beginning to find out some of the secrets of a Craft—for I do not pretend that it is an Art, in the sense in which we speak of the great recognised Arts—a Craft that is still, I hold, but crossing the threshold of its possibilities. No sensible person claims that photography can ever become a freely creative art, since it cannot give form to the mind's imaginings but can only copy and reproduce the visible world. Nevertheless, it may in the highest degree be made expressive not only of the personality of its subject, but of the man who handles the tools. Whether or not anything of the personality of the sitter is lured into the portrait depends entirely on the skill and temperament of the photographer. Any one can secure a slavish, lifeless sun-picture; only the man who is himself an artist can study, watch for and get into his work those subtle, illuminating touches of life and character that give it a certain artistic quality. All true art is fundamentally a matter of feeling, and, each using the same vehicle of expression, the man who brings feeling, sensitiveness, some imaginative insight to what he is doing is always bound to do better work than the man who is nothing more than an impassive, technically expert operator.

I think it is just this: that whatever you intensely love will reveal to you its secret inner powers in a way that is never opened to you if you treat your medium solely as the mechanism of expression. Of course, the camera is a purely mechanical device, but in the hands of the artist it becomes a means of accomplishing what is, within its limits, true art. In Munich I had my training as a painter from Lenbach and Kaulbach, and I had gained much valuable experience in drawing and painting before I ever touched the camera. The little black box has been to me simply the tool with which I have found out how to express my ideas and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MAURICE MAETERLINCK. A STUDY BY E. O. HOPPE

convey to others the impression I have formed of the character and most characteristic appearance of my sitter.

Never did I feel this motive-force more strongly than when I made my first portrait of Maurice Maeterlinck, the man whom I had already grown to reverence, through his works, as one of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

greatest of poets and dramatists, mystic, symbolist, an idealist, a realist—at once a dreamer and a philosopher. For years I had desired to meet the man who had for so long been one of my literary gods. But it was not until 1911 that chance brought about the fulfilment of my wish. Then, on a visit to Paris, I met for the first time Maeterlinck's gifted wife, Georgette Le Blanc—the woman who has revealed the full genius of Maeterlinck to the world, for it is under the fostering promptings of her devotion and the influence of her fine personality that the fire and passionate force of the dramatist's art have been added to the meditative quality and dream fantasy of his earlier work. Because of her pleasure in a series of camera portraits I had made of herself, Madame Le Blanc said she would like her husband to sit to me, assuring me at the time that she thought no existing photograph of him was really satisfactory —that in some way they all lacked the spirit and character of the original. Her suggestion delighted me. Maeterlinck was then staying at his mother's house just outside Ghent. I set off at once to the sleepy little Belgian market-place in an actual fever of excitement and anticipation, Madame Maeterlinck's warning that I should find her husband a most difficult and evasive sitter adding to the keenness of my interest in him and in my undertaking; and as I stepped from the trap that carried me to the poet's house I felt that I was on the eve of a new, a unique experience.

I was on the alert for evidences of his idiosyncrasies and environment. The first sounds that greeted me were the growls of a dog—a bull-dog of an extraordinary ugliness that affected me almost in the same way as would extraordinary beauty; that is, by force of its own intense singularity. Then, I noticed that the room into which I was conducted was in no way distinguished from those ordinarily inhabited by the French bourgeois; the furniture belonged to no marked period and had no speciality of design, nor were the pictures and ornaments of any but the usual conventional and uninspiring order. I confess I was a little taken aback, for I had mentally associated the poet with surroundings more in keeping with what I knew of his temperament. The one vivid impression the room made on me was that it was flooded with light.

But the moment Maeterlinck entered everything seemed to change its aspect; I was no longer conscious of anything commonplace or conventional around me; the accidental setting became in a flash as nothing: the master-spirit filled the place and transfigured it. My immediate impression of the man I held in such reverence was of his extreme simplicity and sincerity. His deep blue eyes, the straight brows, the strongly moulded forehead, all of the typically Flemish type, accentuated this impression, as distinctly as the tall, strong body radiated a suggestion of abounding health. He is of a remarkably shy nature, and his quiet, retiring manner confirmed for me the truth of those rumours that credit him with detesting notoriety. I had heard that he was a mighty smoker, and was delighted to find my proposal that he should fill his pipe met with instant response, since it paved the way to ease of intercourse.

While he smoked I led him into converse, studying every change of his baffling but frank, expressive features, and waiting till the moment came when I might get him in some characteristic pose, with some revealing, characteristic look upon his face. He spoke thoughtfully and with much earnestness of his love and admiration for Carlyle and Ruskin, and was quietly eloquent in his praise of Shakespeare. As our talk grew more intimate he touched on his own tastes and habits of life, his pleasures and everyday employments, and his themes were as numerous as they were extraordinarily varied. Beyond his many-sided interests in literature, he talked familiarly and with evident interest of boxing, motoring, bull-dog breeding, botany, bee-keeping and many other kindred and alien topics. He has the figure of an athlete; there are hints of the open-air in his manner

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and complexion; a curious sense of strength in his modest reticence; his features in repose are somewhat sombre, somewhat heavy, but as he talks and you note the kindling thought, the eager interest and emotion play over them, and the sleeping fire in his eyes flash and glow, he impresses you involuntarily as the high thinker and delicately imaginative poet that we know him to be. Those who have read his books know that the poet is never lost there in the apiarist, the botanist, the dog-lover, but I realised, during that privileged interview, how entirely all these might be lost in the poet they helped to make. Simple, natural, wholly himself in all he said and did, he seemed too great to affect any greatness, perhaps even to be conscious of it; but to me his very presence was an inspiration. My knowledge of his works helped me to understand him; I waited and watched, and listened, prompting him with a question when he was inclined to fall into silence and abstraction, until the psychological instant came—and I think I may say that the portrait I then made of Maeterlinck is one that does most vitally, most revealingly represent him. I shall scarcely be accused of vanity in making this assertion, for when a man knows that his work is good there is no reason why he should hesitate to say so.

EUGENE FIELD AND HIS FIRST PUBLISHER

BY CAROLINE TICKNOR

THE author's attitude toward his first book is singularly like that of the father toward his first baby; it may have many superior successors who are bigger, better, and more beautiful, but there is never another "first." Eugene Field's little volume, entitled *Culture's Garland,* was his first literary baby. He loved it, coddled it, discoursed about it, and dreamed dreams of its future. What mattered it, that a few years later, he came to deplore its faults and shortcomings and sounded an emphatic note for its recall, he had already bestowed upon it that first enthusiasm which never comes but once in the experience of any writer. In 1893 he wrote, when forwarding the then "rare" volume to a friend in Boston:

"I am not ashamed of this little book, but like the boy with the measles, I am sorry for it in spots. You are welcome to what is good in it."

Eugene Field's first communication in regard to bringing out some of his work in book form, was forwarded to Mr. James R. Osgood in 1884, at which time Field had been strongly urged to gather together a collection of his verses.

DAILY NEWS OFFICE,
CHICAGO, Aug. 25, '84.

JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO.

Gentlemen: For the past eight years I have been writing verse for the daily press. Most of this verse has been in the humorous vein, and the favour with which these writings have been received induces me to ask whether there is any liklihood of my being able to make any arrangement with you for the publication of my poems in book form. I take it for granted you know nothing of me or my work, and if you desire, I can send you specimens of the verse with which I would wish such a volume of mine to be filled. I write to you, because I consider your house the best publishing house in the country; I would not have anything to do with the yellow-back goose-liver snaps with which Chicago abounds. My only acquaintance in Boston is Mr. E. L. Perry, of the *Herald,* but I suspect any reputable newspaper man could tell you something of the general character of my humourous work.

Yours very truly,
EUGENE FIELD.

This letter apparently called forth no

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

satisfactory response, and the failure of the house of James R. Osgood and Company following not long after this date, carried with it no great encouragement for Field to enter a further application in this direction. Meanwhile, the "Lakeside Poet" was winning recognition for his delightful verse from appreciative critics in various localities. Edmund Clarence Stedman was one of these, and in his correspondence with his friend, Benjamin H. Ticknor (who with the "Ticknor & Co." imprint, had succeeded the house of Osgood), he called attention to the Chicago poet's work.

In consequence, the spring of 1887 brought Field a letter from Ticknor asking for a collection of his verse and expressing keen interest in his previous work. To this Field replied in the following communication, declining to discuss any poetic proposition, but calling attention to his sketches and short stories, which he declared he now wished to exploit:

DEAR MR. TICKNOR:

I hardly know what I ought to say in answer to your courteous letter of the 23d *ultimo*. I am just enough of a Yankee to be a long time making up my mind when once in doubt. However, it is but fair that you should know what bothers me. I am not troubled about my verse, for I made up my mind long ago that my verse never did and never would amount to a ——! I wrote Mr. Osgood at the earnest solicitation of numerous unwise friends, and the consequence was that the mere suggestion of printing a tome of my alleged poetry precipitated an old and prosperous publisher into bankruptcy! I tell you this because you ought to be warned against inviting the dreadful buffetings of fate which inevitably follows a dalliance with my Muse.

And now let us drop the painful subject of verse. I have written about forty short stories (or shall I call them sketches) in the last two years. I really have a good opinion of them, and this opinion has been encouraged by the favour with which these tales have been received by readers—for you must know that nearly all the stories have appeared in print. I would like to see these tales in book form. I believe they would sell. Of their merit I have no doubt, but whether they would strike you as marketable—why, that is a question. I have spent much time on them, and if you were to indicate a desire to publish them I would want to rewrite them over again—for, just as a mother is anxious to have her little children appear decently and properly, so do I want to have these children of mine to go out into the world apparelled as neatly as my intellectual purse can afford.

I have here, we will say, forty short stories, aggregating one hundred and twenty-five thousand words; do you think that it would pay you to publish them? They are stories for young and old; perhaps I should say that they are (most of them) child's stories so written as to interest the old folk. I have made them as simple as I could, and in many of them the fairy element predominates. In two of them are a number of lyrics, humourous and serious. A book of this kind could be illustrated with great effect—but I would want to suggest the illustrations. Now I can send you a part of or all these tales, if you think that you would care to print a work of this character. But, as I have said, I would like to rewrite all, even though in their present shape they might be acceptable to you. I send you a schedule which may assist you in making up your mind as to whether you care about reading the tales, and although it may be rather hazardous, I enclose a copy of a letter written by Mr. Hawthorne. Let me thank you for your kind note, and believe me, dear sir,

Very truly yours,

EUGENE FIELD.

Accompanying this letter was Mr. Field's diagram of the forty stories, made out in truly decorative form, consisting of four columns set down in different coloured inks; the first, in blue ink, contained the names of stories; the second, in red, the number of words in each; the third, in green, offered the sub-titles of the tales, while the fourth, in blue again, defined the motive of each story, as "pathetic," "gay," "lively," and so forth.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The result of this letter was the forwarding to Mr. Ticknor of a large collection of clippings, from which the publisher purposed to select enough material to make up a humourous little volume characteristic of the author's wit, and including both sketches and verses; this little book to be but a forerunner of more serious work to come.

With the final batch of copy sent, Field forwarded the following letter decorated in his own inimitable penmanship with a caricature of himself as the "Chicago Dante" wearing a wreath of sausages about his head.

CHICAGO, May 22, 1887.

DEAR MR. TICKNOR:

I send to-day the last batch of clippings, and amongst them you will find two handsome engravings, which I have executed for your special (private) edification. The portrait of myself I made from a photograph taken in 1880; I look more like Dante now than I did then. In this packet I enclose one little story which should be put with the other stories I sent you. I had forgotten all about it, and found it in an old file. In this lot of stuff you will find a criticism of the Wagner opera, *Die Walküre;* when it appeared it made quite a stir among folk here. But I am heartily sick of this whole scheme. Why not print the genteel stories and let this flubdub remain undiscovered until I am in heaven with Mr. Stedman and you? Then your grandson (Eugene Field Ticknor) can announce the discovery of genuine old Field manuscripts—the critics will dispute, the public will go wild——fifty editions of the great work will be struck off—the demand will increase in volume and ferocity, etc. Ought we not to make this sacrifice for posterity?

Field having learned of Stedman's interest in the publication of his little volume, at once forwarded the suggestion to his publisher that Stedman should be invited to write a preface for the forthcoming book. This suggestion struck Stedman as truly incongruous, and he declined in such peremptory terms that his friend Ticknor was forced to soften the refusal into more complimentary form before imparting the substance of it to Field. The latter was keenly disappointed, and continued to refer to the matter in various amusing references, which, however, concealed some little chagrin.

In the meantime, his friendly relations with his publisher strengthened into a warm friendship, which Field expressed his appreciation of by warm protestations and by sending numerous tokens in the form of beautifully decorative ballads, and pen-and-ink drawings executed with painstaking nicety. The monetary side of the transaction had no interest for him, as is evinced by the next communication.

DEAR MR. TICKNOR:

So far as the business part of our joint book is concerned, I feel no interest at all. I do not look upon my heaven-given talents with the sordid eyes of the average Chicago litterateur. If Mr. Stedman and you think that from the mass of erudition I have wafted Boston-ward you can expiscate enough desirable matter for a tome —why, I am going to let you have your own way, and I'm not going to worry about the business part of the scheme. I hope you will let me know when the book is likely to appear, as I shall be hunting a cyclone hole about that time. Perhaps you may remember what that humourous old Aristophanes once said to Critobolus, his Athenian publisher:

(*Here Field inserts four humourous semi-Greek and English lines, which when translated read:*)

It's fun for Ticknor and for Stedman;
But if that book appears out West
It's 10 to 1 that I'm a dead man
Before the next spring robins nest.

I am strongly of the impression that you ought to inveigle Mr. Stedman into writing an introduction to that book. I have a posi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Dante Sale!"

COAT of Arms-

Chicago, June the 14th, 1887.

Dear Mr. Ticknor - The cuts for which you call have been destroyed but I will try to have fac similes made at once. If I had ever imagined that an edition de luxy of my work would be demanded, I most certainly would have preserved the original plates. It is true of all great geniuses*, I begin to see, that they do not know when they do a really good thing. I am very anxious to know what Mr. Stedman has decided to do in the way of a preface, or proem. I suspect that his regard for me is simply the cold, mercenary, sordid passion which the crocodile conceives for a succulent yellow dog; I have discovered that he does not mention me among his Victorious Poets.

Sincerely Yours,

Eugene Field.

* Or should I say "genii"? The Chicago falsetto for "opus" is "opi".

tive conviction that his apology for the affair would be the most humourous thing between the covers.

Sincerely yours,

EUGENE FIELD.

June the 9th, 1887.

CHICAGO, June the 14th, 1887.

DEAR MR. TICKNOR:

The cuts for which you call have been destroyed, but I will try to have facsimiles made at once. If I had ever imagined that an edition de luxy of my work would be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EUGENE FIELD

demanded, I most certainly would have preserved the original plates. It is true of all great geniuses,* I begin to see, that they do not know when they do a really good thing. I am very anxious to know what Mr. Stedman has decided to do in the way of a preface or proem. I suspect that his regard for me is simply the cold, mercenary, sordid passion which the crocodile conceives for a succulent yellow dog; I have discovered that he does not mention me among his Victorious Poets.

Sincerely yours,

EUGENE FIELD.

*Or should I say "geni"? The Chicago plural for "opus" is "opi."

Stedman remaining inflexible, it was suggested that Julian Hawthorne be asked to furnish the preface; in regard to this Field writes:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

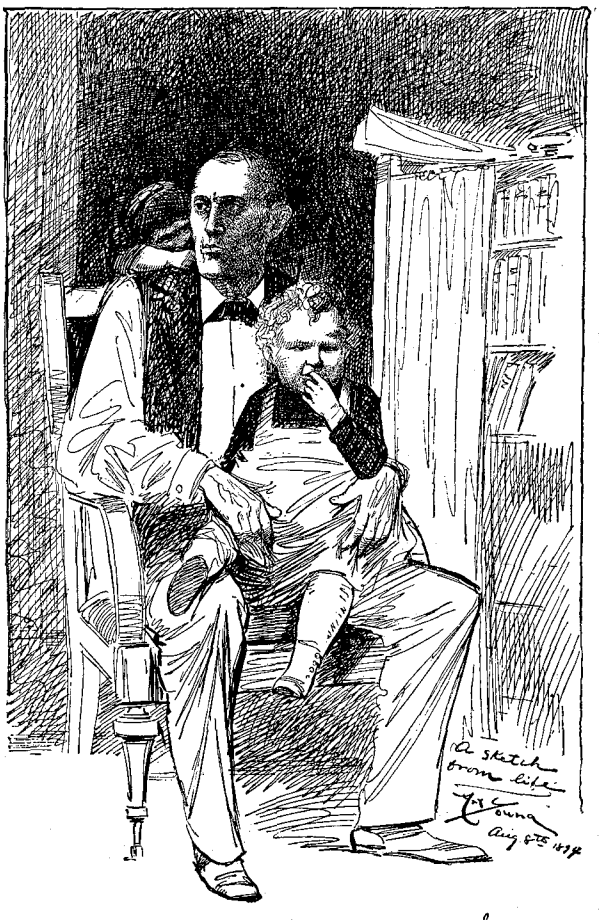
BENJAMIN HOLT TICKNOR—1842-1914

COOL CHICAGO, June 18, 1887.

DEAR MR. TICKNOR:

I have dispatched a letter to Hawthorne upon the subject of the preface. It was not at all Christianly of Mr. Stedman to inveigle me into this circus and then leave me to the mercy of the multitude. I would not treat him likewise. If he were to ask me to write a preface for any of his books, I would do it, and it would be the boss preface in English literature, too. The plea that he hasn't the time to devote to it is a feeble one; if I can write an able preface for his book in fifteen minutes, he ought to be able to write a fairly good one for mine in half an hour. By the way, do you know this man Fiske, who has written a book on fairy mythology; the work is dedicated to "my dear friend Howells"? I would like you to get from him a list of the books he consulted in his compilation of the work. I see that he refers to the "Grettis saga" and I fancy that he means Grettir saga. If Fiske is not a moss-back—that is to say, if he is one of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



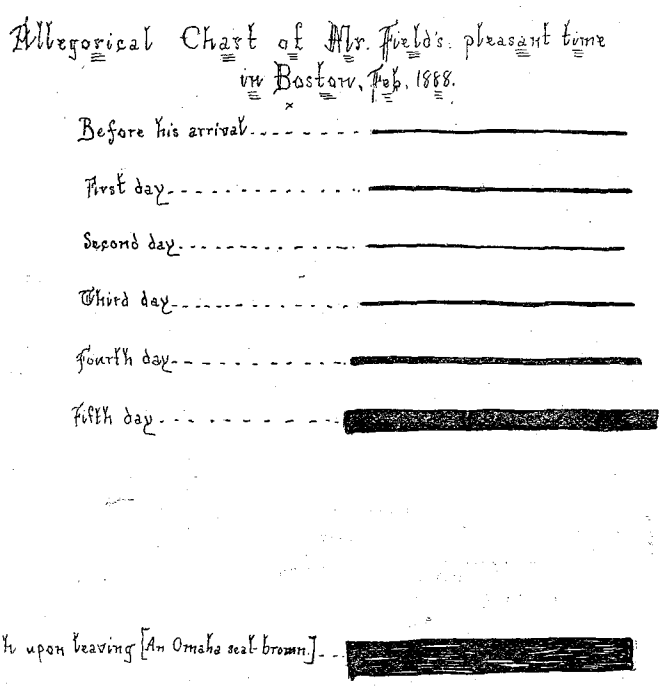
Yet here's this youngster on my knee
Knows all the things I used to know;
To think! I once was wise as he!
But that was very long ago!

— Eugene Field.

us who are now on earth, I should like to write to him for some information; I am deeply interested in fairy mythology and I have never yet been able to find a satisfactory work upon the subject. Grimm, Clouston, Thorpe and Fiske I have, but none fills the bill. I am just now having a beautiful time over the Percy Folio. Why don't some of your opulent publishers form a pool and hire me to travel over the country, getting together old manuscript verse? There are thousands of fine old poems, songs, etc., locked up in the private libraries of your New England villages.

And the rich old Southerners must have written a power of good verse that has never seen printer's ink. Daniel Webster wrote verse, of course; Rufus Choate, too, and Washington Irving, and John C. Calhoun, and Charles Sumner, and—why, if we could only get a whack at the musty papers which the heirs of your great intellects have com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



mitted to the depths of old trunks and cedar chests!

Yours truly,
EUGENE FIELD.

(NOTE.—*At head of this letter is drawn in red and black ink a thermometer which registers* 110°. *The letter is done in green ink.*)

June 20, 1887.

Letter continues on page two—

You may have some difficulty in reading my Greek, but I think it best to let you know every now and then that you are dealing with a very scholarly person. The trouble with most Eastern publishers is that they imagine that Western litterateurs can't do anything but weigh and kill hogs. It may be a fortnight before I shall be able to send you the cuts. I am hunting up the original drawings now and will have new plates made by the genial idiot who rapes and debauches art in this office. Mr. Stedman need not be ashamed to write a preface for me. I'd have him know that a biographical sketch of myself appeared last winter in A. T. Andreas & Co.'s *Pictorial Chicago,* Vol. 3. It would have had my portrait, too, if I'd been willing to pay $50 for the boon. If Mr. Stedman is smart, he will make himself solid with the brain and brawn of the West. A lot of us young litterateurs will write the obituaries by and by. Or, if he prefers, I will write the preface and sign his name to it. I fancy that I could say more pleasant things of myself than he could.

FIELD.

DEAR MR. TICKNOR:

Hawthorne writes me that he will undertake the preface, and I think it will be well to send him duplicate proofs, so that he may get some idea of what he is expected to say. I got two proof sheets yesterday morning and returned them last evening. I shall send you copies of the *Daily News* from time to time; perhaps you may light upon some new material for the Garland. When you see Mr. Stedman, you can tell him (unless you think it would entirely crush him) that I have expunged his name from the tablets

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of my memory. I inclose an allegorical tableau. I had an awful time with the arms, but the verdure on Bunker Hill more than requites the beholder.

Truly Yours,
EUGENE FIELD.

Chicago, June the 22, 1887.

(NOTE.—*Accompanying this letter is a drawing of man standing beside pile of books, Bunker Hill in the background. Under sketch is written: "Allegorical tableau representing Ticknor & Co. standing on the shore of the blue Atlantic and pointing with pride to 'Culture's Garland,' saying: 'These are our Jewells!' To the right appears Bunker Hill covered with soft verdure; near its summit is the famous Tree of Liberty." Picture measures six by five inches and is done in black, blue and green inks.*)

One of the amusing features connected with the publication of *Culture's Garland* was the collection of humourous advertisements composed by Field and forwarded to his publisher with instructions to have them inserted at the back of the book. This request was complied with; the publishers furnishing an explanatory note to the effect that though it was foreign to their custom to accept advertising for their books, they were making an exception to their rule because of the high literary character of the special advertisements inserted.

The following note from Field accompanied his advertising creations:

CHICAGO, June the 26, 1887.

DEAR SIR:

I am informed that one of the leading litterateurs of this city is about to produce a book under your auspices. Representing as I do the prominent advertising bureau of the West, I desire to contribute one page of advertisements to this work and I am prepared to pay therefore living cash rates. I inclose copy and would like to have the advertisements printed on the fly-leaf which will face the finis of the book in question.

Yours in the cause of literature,
FELIX J. LONESOMEBOTTOM,
for
Lonesomebottom & Co.

The following is a sample of the advertising material forwarded:

W. H. DEVINE
(Indorsed by Theodore Thomas)
Wholesale Dealer in Cream, Milk, etc.
CHICAGO, ILL.
Parties, Clubs, Societies and Festivals furnished with suppers or lunches at living rates. Has provided Refreshments for the Thomas Concerts for three seasons.

DEVINE'S PINK LEMONADE

A Noble Beverage, which cheers but does not intoxicate. Whets the appetite for Classic Music, and will remove grease-spots from the finest fabric.

Field was a faithful student of Chaucer and delighted to produce numerous imitations and paraphrases of his style, and he was never so happy as when making some friend a present of one of these exquisitely illuminated "old English Ballads."

The following note accompanied one of these poems entitled "Ye divell & ye miller hys wiffe;" and the succeeding one brought with it a second ballad, entitled "Madge ye hoyden;" the latter was beautifully executed on parchment done in many coloured inks, and decorated with characteristic marginal notes.

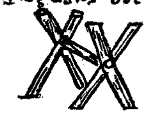
DEAR MR. TICKNOR:

I hope that you will not print the old ballad in "that book." I have a lot of verse which you may want to put between covers after a while. I have just finished another "Proper" ballad entitled "Ye divell & ye miller hys wiffe." Dr. Bill Poole, our public librarian, is examining it just now, to determine whether it be genuine or not. I think I shall have to get up a folio (like Percy's) of Old Chicago ballads. I am having the parchment "coffed" at McClurg & Co.'s and shall begin copying at once. Running parchment through coffee will (I am told) add about 200 years to the age of a poem. Hot? Well I should—

Hastily,
CHICAGO, July 13, 1887. FIELD.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Pegasus out West



Δεαρ Μρ. Τϊκνορ — Ι 'οπε θατ Μρ Στεδμαν 'ας κονσεντεδ το δο θη πρεφασε φορ ουρ Βοοκ. Ιτ μυστ συρελy οκκυρ το 'ιμ θατ θις ις θη βιγγεστ λιτεραρί δεαλ θη μαρκετ 'ας κνονε. Ιτ μιτε βε α γοοδ ιδεα φορ μη το πεν 'ιμ ονε οφ μι σκολ=αρλι λεττερς, φυλλ οφ ρεκονδιτε 'υμορ (οφ θη Ρυσσελλολε κινδ) ανδ ρεδολεντ οφ αν αρωμα οφ λατιν, γρεεκ ανδ σανσκριτ ποησι! Ι καν γετ ιν σομε οφ 'ις σαν ποετσιε, φορ νοτ λονγ αγο Ι βουγ'τ α βοοκ οφ 'ις εαρλιερ ποεμς ανδ Ι 'αφ κομμιττεδ α νυμβερ το μεμορίε. Ι θινκ Ι μα σα θατ Ι αμ ιν γοοδ φικς το τακ-λε Μρ. Στεδμαν φορ α φριενδλιε βοοστ. Βυτ ας θη λατιν ποετ 'ας ιτ:

"Pausoque vobiscum,
Cujus huic amare aut tulisse
Delenda est!"

Βι θη δογ, θις ις αν οφφυλ 'οτ σπελλ!

Αδιευ,

Ευγενε Φιελδ.

(Over)

(NOTE.—*Portrait of Field by himself in coloured inks at foot of note he has written beside picture, the following:*)

"This is one of the best portraits of the renowned old English ffields extant."

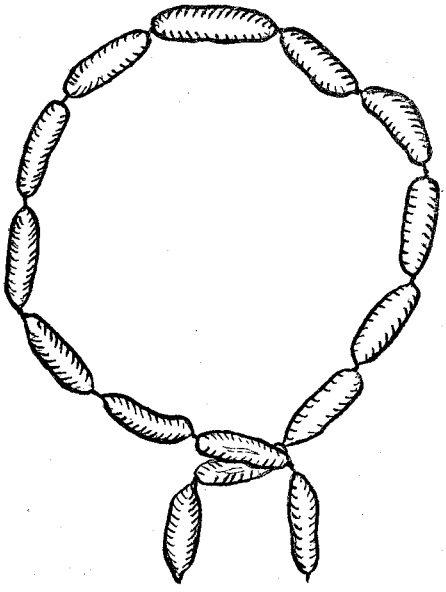
Slason Thompson.

July 13, 1887.

I have come upon quite a literary curiosity and I will send it to you. It is an old English ballad entitled "Madge; ye hoyden." It was discovered by an eminent Chicago archæologist and excavator in a hair trunk in the cellar of a frame house at the north-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

west corner of Indiana and Rush Streets, this city. For many years it has been believed by our best literati that there used to be genuine old English balladists in Chicago before the fire; the ballad just discovered and restored (by Prof. J. Pharaoh Bottsford) clinches this story. The Chicago literary club (by a vote of 37 to 4) has decided that this is a bona fide old ballad belonging to the seventeenth century A. D. Dr. W. F. Poole, the distinguished authority on Salem witches, says that the ballad is spurious, but none of the rest of our litterateurs go much on what Poole says. I would like



A CHICAGO LITERARY CIRCLE; IN THE SIMILITUDE OF A LAUREL WREATH

to have Mr. Stedman see this relic, and Mr. Aldrich, too. But it is yours to do with as you like.

It was evident soon after the publication of *Culture's Garland,* that it was not likely to prove a financial success; and the following communication, penned in many coloured inks, voices the author's characteristic indifference to "royalties":

DEAR MR. TICKNOR:

In the prospect of reaping a golden harvest in the field of literature, I have bought a large supply of coloured inks. I am now prepared to spread ophthalmia all over the continent. The book looks better than it reads. We should have had a bit of tissue paper over the frontispiece—the kind that is put over fine engravings. Again, the frontispiece should have had under it the words "By himself." But I am very well pleased. At McClurg's the impression is that the book will have a good sale. I don't care a picayune, so long as you get your money back. At the same time, I shall keep a black list of my friends who do not buy at least one copy, cloth and net. I would really like to have you get out a book of my stories. Just now I have in hand a fairy story for which Theodore Thomas has arranged the music and for which Modjeska is making the illustrations. Isn't that a clever scheme?

I have been elected secretary of the Chicago François Villon Society for the publication of Old English local ballads and such other literature as may be out of print. We have a barrel of money and heaps of sand. At the last meeting of the society I was instructed to write to Prof. Lowell, Dr. Holmes and other famous Eastern litterateurs, asking them to put us on to some rare old poems and stories (smutty preferred) that would be likely to satisfy the cravings of Chicago culture. In the matter of going East just now, I find that I have been overtaken by the bitter pill of adversity. The baseball club has gone East without me and is being walloped at every point. I can't visit Boston until next winter. Then I shall go there surely. I shall stop at the hôtel Von Doam and you must eat with me until I go broke. Then I shall skate home by way of the Lakes. Now let me thank you, Mr. Ticknor, for the kindly services you have done me in the affair of this book. I feel very grateful to you, and I have a good memory.

Very truly yours,
EUGENE FIELD.

CHICAGO, August 19, 1887.

(NOTE.—*This letter extends over three pages. The first is written in red ink, the second in green and the third in blue.*)

The final letter in the correspondence relative to the production of Field's first book is penned in November, 1887. In

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it, he expresses his warm affection for Ticknor, in whom he had discovered many qualities which appealed strongly to his own temperament. He admired scholarly culture, when it was allied to extreme simplicity and unpretentiousness, he loved to meet a wit as keen and flashing as his own, and he turned with a kind of boyish enthusiasm to those embodying the staid traditions of the academic East, as well as those who like himself placed friendship's claims above those of the almighty dollar; these traits he discovered in his Boston publisher, and having made this discovery at once repudiated everything else Bostonian as quite superfluous. He would appear at the Tremont Street office with the remark: "I have come to Boston to see you, and I won't see anybody else!"

Then he would call for pens and little bottles of coloured ink, and seating himself near his publisher's desk would while away the hours in pursuit of his favourite pastime, the production of ballads and quaint bits of verse exquisitely illuminated with curious scrolls and many coloured capitals.

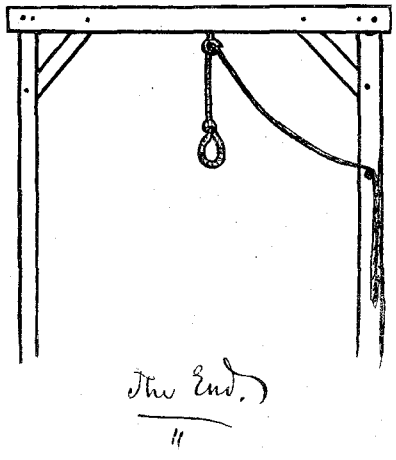
Vainly would Ticknor try to make plans for introducing Field to certain club functions, or to assemblages of Boston's literati. He refused absolutely to be lionised or entertained, save in his own whimsical manner.

Eugene Field's delight at the appearance of his first little volume was that of an enthusiastic schoolboy, but after the publication of his subsequent books he recalled *Culture's Garland,* and exercised his ingenuity in endeavouring to destroy all available copies of the "literary baby," whose advent had given him such joy. But he held fast to the warm friendship which its publication had brought him, and to the end of his career made good his own assurance "I am grateful," and "I have a good memory."

CHICAGO, Nov. the 28, 1887.

DEAR MR. TICKNOR:

I have suggested to Mr. Lawson the propriety of taking *Culture's Garland* for a gift book and I shall talk with him further on the subject. You need not feel any sorrow in any report that you may have to make, for from the very beginning I have known that the book could not meet with a large sale. It will continue to sell for some time here in Chicago, but it is rather too delicate satire to satisfy the average palate. It is fair to presume that any book which pleases Mr. Stedman, Mr. Stoddard and men of that class would not be to the taste of people who subsist on boiled cabbage and ham rinds. I really *do not care a damn* whether I ever get a penny from *Culture's Garland;* but *I* do want *you* to come out square, at least. I should hate to think that you lost money on my maiden effort. I am not a millionaire, and, on the other hand,



I am not a pauper. I have just enough horse-sense to know that there is no wealth in books. If ever I am rich, 'twill be either by inheritance, or by fire or by a felony. I was telling McClurg's people the other day that I didn't care a rush whether *Culture's Garland* brought me a cent or not, and they expressed the conviction that I was "a —— of an author." This is an opinion of myself which I've had for a long time. I am tickled to death to hear that you are going to bring out Opie Read's story. Here's a man who is all gold—crude, but gold! I think it likely that I shall be in Boston in February. But I don't want any Pap!* No, I want a nice, quiet visit with you. I do not want to meet anybody else. All I go to

*This refers to the Papyrus Club.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Boston for is to see you and Bunker Hill and the Corner bookstore. I am hard at work on my folio of Old English Chicago ballads. Here's the last verse of "Ye Texas Steere":

So let us synge long live ye kynge—
Long live ye queene, her grace;
Long live ye Iack and all ye packe
Ffrom ten-spott down to ace!

Now don't you worry about me! You just let me do the worrying; then we'll both be happy. God bless ye!

As ever,
EUGENE FIELD.

AMERICAN AUTHORS AND THEIR PUBLISHERS

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

PART IV—WHEN BOSTON WAS ATHENS

WHEN S. G. Goodrich moved from Hartford to Boston in 1826, he took in deep draughts of its pure serene, which seemed to him a livelier essence of his *native air*. To be sure, the Hartford wits had long ceased from their labouring periods, but still, for him, the scent of the roses clung to the shattered vase. Not so with Whittier, who gave up the town and the editorship of the *New England Review* on New Year's Day, 1832. "Hartford is by no means a literary place," he wrote back to Mrs. Sigourney in 1833, "and it has been remarked that were it not for yourself it would be only known as the place where a certain Convention once assembled." When her fleeting dream of literary pre-eminence was over (though Queen Mab again tickled her nose with it fifty years later) Hartford stood poised between the rival orbits of Boston and New York. Having failed to generate enough energy for her own motion, she was forced to yield to the centripetal pull of one or the other of the neighbouring suns. For better or for worse she chose Boston and proceeded to revolve on the northern circuit. Little she foresaw that the pride of Boston, rising shortly to a greater height than that of any other American city, was, after a little longer sway, to vanish like her own.

But the transplanted Goodrich, following the new lead of his adopted city, underwent immediately that auto-intoxication which was just beginning to make *the Bostonian, as Longfellow confided to* his journal a quarter of a century later, commonly speak as if he were the pope. Goodrich imbibed at once the Boston scorn. "Society here is thoroughly impressed with literary tastes," he wrote, "and a man who has achieved literary fame is at least equal to a president of a bank. Books with a Boston imprint have a prestige equal to a certificate of good paper, good print, good binding, and good matter"—while in New York, said he, the Harpers were still mere printers, and other shining lights in the trade twenty years later—the Appletons, Putnam, Derby, the Masons—were either unborn or in the nursery. He lived to write in 1857: "What a change! In thirty years the sceptre has departed from Judah. New York is now the acknowledged metropolis of American literature." This was perhaps a little early to ring the knell of Boston, but the handwriting on the wall could be read by aliens who used opera-glasses. What would he have said had he lived to hear that exaltation produced in him by the rarefied atmosphere of Boston pronounced by barbarian tongues the sleeping-sickness? Or to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hear an editor who had entered the sacred portals of the Atlantic aver with Judas treachery the best thing in Boston to be the train for New York. These are the tears of things! Yet that same editor wrote also: "New York publishes, criticises, and circulates our literature—it does not much read or care for it. I doubt if anywhere in the world there was ever so much taste and feeling for literature as there was in that Boston."

THE ATHENIAN TRAITS

When Goodrich came to Boston, Edward Everett was just leaving the editorial chair of the *North American Review,* founded in 1815; and R. H. Dana, Channing, Sparks, and Bancroft were the coming men in literature. But the greater glory was to dawn before his eyes. Two years later emerged the very nub of the Hub—the Old Corner Bookstore.

Nothing in Boston, however, is so crude as to be entirely new, and even the new Bookstore was old when it started. It had been the Brimmer mansion and was built in 1712. "I remember it well," writes Curtis Guild in *Chats About Celebrities,* "with its two big bulging front bay windows with the panes of glass but little larger than a sheet of letter paper. I have seen Edward Everett making purchases there and President Pierce having a good-natured chat with his friend Ticknor over the counter; and George Bancroft, who had just come over from Little Brown's with a roll of the proof sheets of his *History of the United States* under his arm." And G. W. Curtis wrote of a decade or so later. "There had been Bryant and Irving and Cooper and Halleck and Paulding and Willis in New York, but there had been nothing like the New England circle. It was that circle which compelled the world to acknowledge that there was an American literature. Of most of these authors the house at the Corner came to be the publisher."

The poets of the country were for the most part spokesmen of the Hub. It is possible that the reason for this was not merely climatic or even atmospheric, but commercial. (Take notice, publishers who bewail the commercialisation of literature!) Boston men had been for years quietly and systematically promulgating the trade in poetry. "The men for all printing poets," wrote Curtis in later years to one who was lisping in numbers, "are Ticknor and Fields, of Boston, whose books of poetry sell well because they are theirs and because they have such facilities for that peculiar sale. You had better not publish with any New York men, because they will not interest themselves enough to circulate the volume. Only Ticknor and Company do that. Poetry in New York never does well. Within a month I have spoken with the Harpers and Putnam about it, and although I had no proposals to make, they both said that they invariably declined everything."

In another way the Boston publishers were industriously raising the level of native taste. And this was entirely a labour of love. Little Brown and Company—founded in 1837 and the oldest firm of publishers now doing business in Boston—was creating a market for the best English editions by arranging with London firms for five hundred copies of a work for disposal in Boston at a little over cost price, enough to pay the expenses of distribution. To foster the desire for good literature was considered a citizen's business, even when it might endanger his own interests. Miss Peabody kept a foreign bookstore and, Doctor Hale tells us, if a man couldn't afford to buy a book he wanted she let him borrow it for a week for nothing.

Boston publishers were constantly effecting new combinations among themselves, and were apparently on terms of greater amity than their New York rivals. In fact their tendency to group themselves in a friendly community was as marked as the tendency of their authors to do the same. Perhaps this communal spirit in both branches of the trade should be set down as another distinguishing feature of the diviner light and air of the modern Athens. Lee became the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

junior partner of Phillips, Sampson and Company in 1848, records Derby, and in 1862 he and Shepard established a firm. Houghton established in 1849 a printing office and made his first important connection with Little Brown and Company. This firm was then making a specialty of law books, and it was natural that when Houghton became a publisher on his own account he should first engage actively in this branch of publication; but he was also, under Little Brown, getting acquainted with bookmaking in general literature. Then he allied himself with Ticknor and Fields, just coming to the front as the publishers of the leading American authors. Under him, "Printed at the Riverside Press" became a distinguished trade-mark. In 1872 Mr. Mifflin and Horace Scudder joined the firm. In 1873 the house bought the *Atlantic Monthly,* and six years later consolidated with James R. Osgood and Company, the successors to Ticknor and Fields. Osgood, who in 1855 had become the confidential clerk of that firm, became a partner in 1864, and in 1868 the firm name was changed to Fields, Osgood and Company. Two years later Fields retired; for a brief period the rest of the title remained the same; and then Houghton took Fields's place as the first member in the combination. This title lasted until 1870-80, when Osgood withdrew and formed another James R. Osgood and Company. This firm failed in five years, and he became London representative for Harpers. Meanwhile, Little and Brown—who had encouraged Houghton to start the Riverside Press, in accordance with their traditions of good book-making—had pursued their successful way, and in 1898 took over the business and the list of another firm identified with some of Boston's best interests, the Roberts Brothers.

The relations existing between both groups, of publishers and authors, had an Arcadian simplicity and fragrance. There was not in Boston the spirit of vehement mutual criticism which bristled in New York and Philadelphia. Though Poe was making most young men think that the best way to win their spurs was to impale somebody else on them, Boston might in all literary matters have been called the city of Brotherly Love. The financial dealings of all concerned often smacked of the cross-roads store presided over by the village patriarch. When Emerson wanted any copyright money, says Derby, he would come into the private office of Phillips and Sampson and say, "Mrs. Emerson says she would like some change to-day, so I told her I would go in and ask the Barons of Winter Street for a cheque." (He had learned what to do with a cheque by this time!) When Phillips asked Emerson to allow him to get out a new edition of the essays, he declined on the ground that he wanted to make some alterations. "Why don't you get at them, then?" expostulated the publisher mildly. "You have been saying that for many months." Said Emerson in his peculiar drawl: "Mr. Phillips, I am waiting for the inspiration. I can't do much without the *inspiration.*"

The correspondence of Bayard Taylor about a book of his affords a good illustration of the easy kindliness of the Boston spirit. Taylor wrote to G. H. Boker in 1851: "Ticknor and Company (silly souls!) have agreed to bring out a volume of poems for me next fall at their own risk. They think my book will sell, and I hope it may; nevertheless, I was a little astonished at their ready acceptance." To Fields: "I shall go to work and arrange you a volume which, I trust, will be no discredit to your house or to me. As to the terms, I expected no more. I never write poems for pay, and I am not anxious to make money by them. If the book finds appreciative readers and the publishers are satisfied, I am content. As the volume I am now preparing will be infinitely better than my *Rhymes of Travel,* which have made some small returns to Putnam and to myself, I think it ought to have a little sale. However, if a volume of poems can be sold at all in this country, it is with your imprint." To Fields in '54 on his return from the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

East: "I am afraid my *Romances* have been an unfortunate investment for you. Now, James, I want to know the exact truth. If you remember rightly, I promised to make up whatever deficiency there might be. I do not intend that you should lose a penny." "It has sold," returned Fields, "to that extent which leaves the author thereof uncalled upon to pay. Do let us publish another." Answered Bayard: "What you say, my dear James, is not wholly calculated to satisfy me. I believe you to be wicked enough to equivocate in such matters, for the purpose of sparing your friends." To Boker he wrote: "Fields writes me that the other volume *paid expenses,* but between ourselves I doubt it. Fields would rather lose something out of his pocket than acknowledge to me that the book was a failure."

Doctor Hale tells a story which sums up rather roguishly the communal spirit of Boston. The Mutual Admiration Society was composed of the men who wrote the *North American Review,* of which Palfrey was the editor. They called themselves "The Five of Clubs," but their chief activity under this swaggering title was making epigrams at the Old Corner Bookstore.

It must be to Fields, I think, that we owe the preservation of the epigram which the club made upon "In Memoriam." The story belongs to the year 1850. The firm, Ticknor and Fields, were Tennyson's American publishers. They had just brought out "In Memoriam." One of the five gentlemen looked in as he went down town, took up the book, and said, "Tennyson has done for friendship what Petrarch did for love, Mr. Fields," to which Mr. Fields assented; and his friend—say Mr. Hilliard—went his way. Not displeased with his own remark, when he came to his office—if it were Hilliard—he repeated it to Sumner, who in turn repeated it to Cleveland, perhaps when he looked in. Going home to lunch, Sumner goes in at the shop, takes up the new book, and says, "Your Tennyson is out, Mr. Fields. What Petrarch did for love, Tennyson has done for friendship." Mr. Fields again assents, and it is half an hour before Mr. Cleveland enters. He also is led to say that Tennyson has done for friendship what Petrarch has done for love; and before the sun sets Mr. Fields receives the same suggestion from Longfellow, and then from Felton, who have fallen in with their accustomed friends, and look in to see the new book, on their way out to Cambridge.

The neighbourliness of the New England metropolis was noteworthy. This quality existing side by side with her Athenian pretensions strikes one at first sight as peculiar. While the contempt of New York for Brooklyn became early apparent and her scorn for Yonkers is overwhelming, Boston clucks her suburbs together like chickens under her wing. But the secret of her tutelage is clear. Boston owes her proudest boast to Cambridge and Concord. "The sunny street that holds the sifted few," as Holmes called Beacon Street, nurtured few of the literary Brahmins. The children of Alice called Concord and Cambridge father—towns so thick with authors, said Bret Harte, that you could not fire a revolver from your front door without bringing down a two-volumer. It was largely by its suburbs that literary Boston existed, and who shall say that this secret canker at Boston's heart did not breed that scorn for the more distant world by which she saves her face! It is as if she had grimly said to herself, "So far *must* thou go, but no farther." "If you don't know where Washington Street is," said Holmes gaily to a young man who asked the way, "you don't know anything." But for all its conspiracy of silence, literary Boston knows well enough—and the concealment feeds like a worm upon her damask cheek, that when the world breathes Boston in letters it thinks, not of Washington Street or Beacon Hill, but of the Cambridge group and the Concord circle. "There will never be any American Literature," said young Fisher Ames, of Boston City in 1807, sweeping an eager gaze around his native walls; yet even at that moment in the outlying hamlets there were embibbed farmers whose shots were soon to be heard around the world. "The lit-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

erary epochs of New England may be said to have been three," summed up Colonel Higginson—"the first issue of the *North American Review* in 1815, that of *The Dial* in 1840, and that of the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1857." And the first and second were distinctly extra-Boston productions. There is a Greater Boston in letters for the same reason that there is a Greater New York in politics —that the big chief may have more wampum.

In 1826 Boston had not yet begun to assert herself as a literary rival of New York. Indeed, she had been feeling her way with typical New England caution. Like her Grecian prototype, she fledged her wings with the spoken word. Not until Webster and Channing had thus focussed upon her the attention of the new world, did she seek to challenge comparison in literature. And even then she passed into the Elysian fields by the bridge of oratory. Her voice, long trained in sonorous periods, limbered down to the greater flexibility of "pure literature" by means of history, wherein the cadence of the orator still echoed.

The material success of her historians, in so specialised a field and for a new country where readers of any kind were infrequent, proved simply phenomenal. When Longfellow had asked in 1824 for a graduate year at Harvard, his father wrote him, "There is not wealth enough in this country to afford encouragement and patronage to merely literary men." It was extraordinary that so large a public should have been found for a sort of work which demands so much maturity. Indeed, the raw public of America signally distinguished itself in comparison with an English one whose historical taste had been trained by a series of brilliant successes. While Motley, after ten years of labour, found the Dutch Republic declined by Murray in London and finally published by Chapman only at author's expense, the American edition —brought out by Harpers at the same time—met with immediate response. It is certainly amazing that a little town like Boston should have educated and nurtured such a group of historians in the years 1810-50; and Boston had reason to feel herself unusual. She surrendered gladly to the feeling, and began to live up to her historians. Forthwith she developed her astonishing ability to make everything a burning question. She started in professionally, as it were, to write history herself. "I despair of making any person appreciate," writes E. E. Hale of Boston in the Forties, "the ferment in which any young person moved who came into the daily life of Boston in the days when Lowell left college. I have tried more than once, and without the slightest success. Nobody was indifferent to anything, and everything was attempted on a generous scale. There was not an issue but had its shrine, nor a cause but had its prophet."

This was Boston's first distinction from the New York situation, and the second was like unto it. Literature had from the first received the accolade of her inner circle. "Elsewhere we literary folk are apt to be such a common lot," wrote Mr. Howells, "we arrive from all sorts of unexpected holes and corners of the earth; but at Boston we were of ascertained and noted origin, and good part of us dropped from the skies—we were good society from the beginning. To say Prescott, Motley, Parkman, Lowell, Norton, Higginson, Dana, Emerson, Channing, was to say patrician; and Holmes and Longfellow were allied to the patriciate of Boston by the most intimate ties of life."

But noteworthy as were all these ways by which Boston hedged herself from the barbarians and read her title clear to the Violet Crown, there was one which even more incontestably proved the intensity of her literary purpose and the hardiness of her devotees. This was the Eight O'Clock Breakfast, which was for years the innermost gathering of her elect. Could any one imagine such a function in New York? Mrs. Fields in her charming book, *Authors and Friends,* gives us the origin of this curious tribal practice.

Soon after Dr. Holmes removed to Charles

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Street and Fields and he became near neighbours, began a long series of early morning breakfasts at his publisher's house—feasts of the simplest kind. Many strangers came to Boston in those days on literary and historical errands—men of tastes which brought them sooner or later to the Old Corner, where the *Atlantic Monthly* was already a power. Most of them wanted to meet Dr. Holmes, and thus it came about quite naturally that Fields should provide a chance for them to meet him. The eight o'clock breakfast hour was chosen as being the only one the busy hosts and guests could call readily their own. Occasionally, these breakfasts would take place as frequently as two or three times a week. There were few men, except Poe, famous in American or English literature of the era who did not appear once at least. For a brief period Boston enjoyed a sense of cosmopolitanism, and found it possible—as it is really possible only in London—to bring together busy guests with full and eager brains, who are not too familiar with one another's thought to make conversation an excitement and a source of development.

This last remark has pertinence, for, even among the gods, familiarity sometimes breeds emptiness. One may pay dearly for exclusiveness; and Fields told Higginson on inviting him to dine with the Saturday Club not to expect too much. "We are sometimes stupid," he said. The Eight O'Clock Breakfast was but the vestibule to the inner sanctuary of the Saturday Club. This was established in '57 and met monthly. While attendance demanded less austerity on the part of its members, the hour of meeting was seemingly not so much a concession to Sybara as Suburbia. Its feasts were placed early in the afternoon for the accommodation of out-of-town members like Emerson and Judge Hoar. "It came into existence," says Holmes, "in a very quiet sort of way at about the same time as the *Atlantic Monthly,* and although entirely unconnected with the magazine, included as members some of its chief contributors. At its monthly gatherings in its earlier days were Emerson, Hawthorne, Lowell, Motley, Whipple, Whittier, Professors Agassiz and Peirce, John Dwight, Governor Andrew, R. H. Dana, Charles Sumner." Each of the small membership had the right to bring one guest. Mrs. Fields recounts that it was once proposed to recognise three Scotch professors who were their guests by honouring Walter Scott. Agassiz presided and, although he had not Irving's habit of falling asleep, he often (which is far more disconcerting) wandered quite away from the subject in hand. Fields recalled it to him. "Thank you," said Agassiz cordially, "I had completely forgotten it. I ought to confess to this company that I have read only one of the novels of Walter Scott, that is *Ivanhoe;* but if God please, before my death I will read two more." In November, 1873, Fields wrote in his diary: "Agassiz is very ill—probably dying. What a different world it will be to *us* without him. Such a rich, expansive, loving nature! The Saturday Club will feel this to be their severest loss." Here is a letter to Fields which will be worth its area in gold pieces some day.

DEAR SIR:

The Saturday Club propose to hold their April meeting on the 23d inst., and to invite several friends of Shakespeare to dine with them on that day. In their behalf we request the honour of your company at dinner, at the Revere House, at 4 o'clock P. M. With great regard,

Your obedient Servants,
R. W. EMERSON,
of Concord, Mass.
J. R. LOWELL,
O. W. HOLMES,
Committee.

Out of all the glamour of the London life of his day, and in a sphere which few men have more adorned, Lowell could still write home, "I have never seen society, on the whole, so good as I used to meet at our Saturday Club."

EARLY TRADE CONDITIONS

Edward Everett Hale in *Lowell and His Friends* thus sums up the publishing world in Boston prior to 1843.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Boston had inherited its position as one of the publishing centres of America without earning it. Such men as Bancroft, Prescott, Hildreth, Sparks, the Everetts, Hawthorne, Emerson, and now Lowell, came forward with books which had to be published; and so the importers of English books became in a languid way the publishers of books. But they did not want to publish them. They did not expect to make money by publishing them. They did not know anything about them. Alexander Everett used to say that a bookseller was the only tradesman who knew nothing about the wares he sold. Of the Boston trade in those prehistoric days this was substantially true. But in truth there was not much publishing, excepting the issue of some law books and a few medical books. Hilliard and Gray, and Crocker and Brewster attended to these affairs and cared very little for any others. Any one of the old firms regarded an author with a manuscript much as a dealer in Russian sail-cloth might regard a lady who should come into his counting rooms and ask him to make her a linen handkerchief. If a man wanted one of these firms to publish a book for him, why, they would have told him that he must pay for his plates and his printing. Thus, Mr. Bancroft, fortunately for himself, owned the plates and the printed copies of his *History* from 1833 until he died.

So it was with all the rest. In publishing his volumes of poetry up to 1849, Scudder says that Lowell seems to have been largely if not entirely at the expense of manufacture—and, furthermore, in the imperfectly organised condition of the book market at the time, he had himself to supervise arrangements for selling them in New York. Whittier published his first volume with some difficulty in the Hartford office, where he was editing the *New England Review* (later in life, he bought it up to burn at $5 a copy!). The first edition of his poems was published in 1837 without his consent and he got nothing from it; nor did any book of his pay him a royalty worth mentioning until *Lays From Home,* published by W. D. Ticknor in 1843. When a half a dozen years later, B. B. Mussey and Company offered to publish his first comprehensive edition and proposed $500 for the copyrights and a percentage on the sales, Whittier was very much surprised. The volume met with an unexpectedly large sale and Mussey handsomely paid the poet more than he had bargained for. Longfellow in 1839 wrote to his publisher, "In compliance with your wishes, I have ordered two thousand two hundred copies of *Hyperion* to be printed. I do it with the understanding that you will give your notes for $250 each, instead of the sums mentioned in the agreement; and that I shall be allowed fifty copies instead of twenty-five for distribution. This will leave you one hundred and fifty, which strikes me as a very large number." That was at a time, says Higginson, when it was quite needful that American authors should be business-like (when paying for their work), since American publishers sometimes were not (with other people's money). The very man to whom this letter was addressed, Samuel Colman, became bankrupt six months later, and half the edition of *Hyperion* was seized by creditors and locked up, so that the work was out of the market for four months. "Emerson told me in 1849," notes Hale, "that he had never then received a dollar from the sale of any of his published works. He said that he owned a great many copies of his own books, but that these were all the returns which he had received from his publisher, James Monroe. Authors took it for granted that there was no other way to do business, and it never seemed to occur to publishers that by different methods of distribution their sales might be increased. The success of *Voices of the Night* was considered phenomenal because the publisher had got rid of eight hundred and fifty copies in three weeks.

Meanwhile authors were picking up what money they could from the periodicals. Higginson wrote in his diary in 1842: "Ellery [Channing] has just been telling me about Hawthorne, who he thinks is the only man in this country

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who supports himself by writing. He is enabled to do this, as his expenses are very small. Ellery says he might live for $300, as he does, at Concord. There his farm gives apples enough to pay his rent, $75. His magazine articles are paid higher than any one's except Willis, who gets $5 a page. He could get what he chooses, probably $30, $40, or $50 an article. He is to be a regular contributor to three magazines—*The Pioneer, Sargent's* and the *Democratic Review*. This, of course, would give him $1,000 to $1,500 a year. He writes very slowly and elaborately. Willis probably can get $50 for an article." Willis once boasted to Longfellow of making ten thousand a year, at a time when Longfellow wished he himself had made ten hundred. Lowell wrote in 1842: "I think I may safely reckon on earning $400 by my pen the next year, which will support me. I am to have $15 a poem from the *Miscellany,* $10 from *Graham's,* and I have made an arrangement with the editor of the *Democratic Review* by which I shall probably get $10 or $15 more." The New York *Literary World* in 1847 said in an article on the pay of authors: "The *North American Review,* we believe, pays its contributors $1 or $1.50 a page; the late *New York Review* paid $3 at its opening, which was considered magnanimous, but the publishers broke down with the first number. The *Whig Review* and the *Democratic* pay $2 a page, about equal to the *North American's* $1. The enterprise and competition of Graham and Godey have raised the rates in special instances to $50 for a tale of Willis, Poe, or Mrs. Kirkland, a chapter by Cooper, or a poem by Bryant. These are splendid exceptions. The daily press pays better in the end but not to contributors." Furthermore, authors had often to wait an unconscionable time for their money. In 1839 the *Knickerbocker* had gone three years without paying its contributors a cent.

But better times for letters as an independent profession were on their way. By 1850 *Graham's* and *Godeys* had achieved what was then called a very large circulation, and by 1855 Bonner was splurging with the *Ledger;* and book publication, in Boston, began to look up. Returns from both were rising. Within the decade '40-50 Lowell quintupled his price for a poem in *Graham's*. Envious of the Philadelphia successes in the magazine line, Boston determined to make a similar bid for popularity. Bradbury and Soden, two young publishers, attempted to appeal to the supposed literary class and also to the women of New England whether they read or not. They spread their twin sails in a craft christened *The Boston Miscellany of Literature and Fashion*. "My brother was responsible for the literature," wrote E. E. Hale, "and somebody in New York for the fashion, with which the former had nothing to do. I remember he had to explain this to Mrs. Stowe, who had declined to contribute because she had been shocked by a decolleté figure on one of the plates. My brother was very stiff about concessions to the fashion side. Two pages might be fashion and as bad fashion as the publishers wanted, but his forty-six pages were to be the best which he could command."

But the chief emulation of outside methods was on the publishing side. Mrs. Stowe could scarcely have been more shocked at the revelation of the human figure than were the staid old Boston publishers at an upstart firm which did not want to import books but was eager to make them, intended to make money on selling them, to sell them not at retail but at wholesale to dealers, and to extend their territory out into the nation at large. It made the little retail bookshops gasp with the indecorum of the thing.

PHILLIPS AND SAMPSON

Moses Phillips had been brought up in the retail trade in Worcester in the shop of the successor of old Isaiah Thomas. But Charles Sampson was unhallowed by any such associations. He had peddled molasses candy when a boy and was unabashed. Phillips, however, in spite of his eminently respectable upbringing, had large business energy and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the temerity to feel that a Boston bookshop might establish wider connections than a merely local trade with the suburbs. These two young men formed a publishing firm in 1843. Though Sampson died within a few years, he demonstrated that he had not peddled molasses candy in vain. Lowell characterised Phillips as a man of great force and pluck. "The little Eden of Boston bookselling," wrote Hale, "was disturbed in its somnolence to a sudden new departure. It was the movement, as of a stork among a world of frogs, instituted by Phillips and Sampson, a new firm among booksellers."

It can hardly be said that the old houses waked from their decorous sleep of many years, but they felt the wave of their impetuosity. This new house, with manners and customs wholly unknown before, suddenly appeared, to the dumb amazement of the old stand-bys and to the delight and amusement of all young America in the East. Sampson and Phillips taught the drowsy chiefs of the little Boston bookshop that in a nation which had taught thirty million people to read, there were more than five hundred people who wanted to read Emerson's essays. They made an admirable combination, and the early death of both of them made a break in the book business of Boston which it did not easily recover from. These young men were not satisfied with the gilt-edged retail trade of Boston and Cambridge. Mr. Phillips used to tell with glee the story of their first orders from San Francisco in the '49 days. "So many hundred packs of Highland Cards, so many of True Thomas cards, and so on until the box was nearly full; and then one dozen Bibles." In 1852 they were answering immense orders from California. Democrats, because they believed in the People, they were regarded as unorthodox by the trade of that day. Their great onslaught on decorous publishing was made when they sold Macaulay's *History* for fifty cents a volume at retail. Such a firm as this had won its way from selling books at auction on winter evenings to publishing large editions and placing them everywhere in America. "None of you," said Phillips to the dinner of great names which inaugurated the *Atlantic*, "knows the American people as well as I do."

Mrs. Phillips was Emerson's cousin; and when the new firm was well established in business, Phillips persuaded Emerson to leave James Monroe and give him his new book, *English Traits*. In the first six months the book paid for its plates and earned a balance for the author. Emerson did not understand so novel an experience. He went to the office and explained to Phillips that he meant to hold the property in his own stereotyped plates. Mr. Phillips said he had difficulty in persuading him that he had already paid for them and did own them. He said that he also had to show Emerson how to endorse a cheque, so that he could place it to his own bank account.

Phillips, Sampson and Company declined *Uncle Tom's Cabin* because they had at the time a very large Southern trade, and Mr. Lee, says Derby, argued that if they published an anti-slavery novel it would disturb their business relations with the South. The first publishers of the novel were John P. Jewett and Company, whose store was on Cornhill. "*Thalatta* is at a stand still," Higginson wrote in 1850, "because Mrs. Stowe exhausts all the paper mills." Carter Guild remembers visiting Jewett's in 1852 and seeing hundreds of boxes and packages of the book, and an increased force was continually hard at work to supply the orders. These were mounting up so every day that it was a difficult matter, even with several sets of stereotype plates and an increased number of eight-power presses running night and day, to keep pace with the demand. Lee doubtless regretted that he had not counselled to let the Southern trade go hang. At any rate, Phillips did not let *Dred* escape, and Mrs. Stowe did not feel in honour bound to the publisher who had made her fortune.

Mrs. Stowe came into the office once—Derby tells the story—and said she had just finished *Dred*, and declared herself exhausted. Lee got a bottle of cham-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pagne from the Tremont House, and she drank two glasses. She said to him: "Creating a story is like bearing a child, and it leaves me in as weak and helpless a state as when my baby was born." This impressive incident Boston quaffed as eagerly as Mrs. Stowe her reviving draught, for Boston had ever liked to feel with Milton that in a good book she was getting the life blood of a master spirit. But one recalls that Fields had the temerity to say (whispered over the buttonhole no doubt) that inside of every author was an actor. Life itself, among our New England immortals, was an attitude. No one but Whittier had the humour (or the recklessness) to say, "After all, Fields, let us own the truth: writing folk are bores. How few of us—let them say what they will of our genius!—have any common sense!"

HAWTHORNE AND HIS PUBLISHERS

Hawthorne's first book, *Fanshawe,* he published himself for one hundred dollars, and destroyed all the copies he could get hold of later. "I especially enjoin on you, my dear friend," he wrote to Fields after he had made his reputation, "not to read any unacknowledged page that you may suppose to be mine." Even when he became successful his prices were small, but in the dozen years of his early struggle he did a great deal of work for next to nothing. Of this period and the final publication of *Twice Told Tales,* let Goodrich tell the story.

I had seen some anonymous publications which seemed to me to indicate extraordinary powers. I inquired of the publishers whose they were, and through them a correspondence ensued between me and "N. Hawthorne." This name I considered a disguise, and it was not until after many letters had passed that I met the author and found it to be a true title. At this period he considered himself to have met with a total rebuff from the reading world. I combatted his despondence and assured him of triumph if he would persevere in a literary career. He wrote numerous articles which appeared in *The Token* [the Annual edited by Goodrich], but in general they passed without notice. I felt annoyed, almost angry indeed, at this. I wrote several articles in the paper, directing attention to these productions, and finding no echo of my views, I asked John Pickering to read and give me his opinion of them. His answer was that they displayed a wonderful beauty of style with a kind of double vision. In 1837 I recommended Mr. Hawthorne to publish a volume comprising his various pieces which had appeared in *The Token* and elsewhere. He consented, but as I had ceased to be a publisher it was difficult to find any one to consent to bring out the work. I applied to the agent of the Stationer's Company, but he refused until at last I relinquished my copyright on such of the tales as I had published, to Mr. Hawthorne and joined a friend of his in a bond to indemnify them against loss. And thus the work was published by the Stationer's Company, under the title *Twice Told Tales,* and for the author's benefit. It was deemed a failure for more than a year, when a breeze seemed to rise and fill its sails and with it the author was carried on to fame and fortune.

Not quite to fortune, however, for even when he was successful he was unable to support by his pen his household of four persons. In certain publications of later date, says Derby, Hawthorne is said to have complained that he was underpaid, half-paid, sometimes unpaid, but Goodrich's statement of the case is borne out by a letter from Hawthorne's classmate and life-long friend, Commodore Horatio Bridge, to Goodrich's son.

From Fields's *Yesterdays with Authors* and Mrs. Fields's reminiscences is gathered the second part of the story. "When I first saw Hawthorne," Fields says, "he was about thirty-five years old and his first volume (Fields is speaking of *Twice Told Tales*) had made little impression on the public mind. I came to know him very intimately after the Whigs removed him from the Boston Custom House. I called in his behalf on several influential politicians of the day, and well remember the rebuffs I received in my

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enthusiasm for the author of *Twice Told Tales*. 'Yes, yes,' one of them sarcastically croaked down his public-and-turtle-fed throat, 'this Hawthorne is one of them ere visionists and we don't want no such men as him round.'" In 1849 Fields heard that Hawthorne was ailing and about to be again ejected from his political job in the Customs. He went to Salem to try to get him to publish something or to set to work to write something, in order to keep his name before the public.

"Who would risk publishing a book for me?" said Hawthorne despondently, "the most unpopular author in America."

"I would. And would start with an edition of two thousand copies of anything you would write."

"What madness!" he exclaimed. "Your friendship for me gets the better of your judgment."

I pressed him to reveal what he had been writing. He shook his head and gave me to understand he had produced nothing. At that moment I caught sight of a bureau near where we were sitting; and immediately it occurred to me that hidden away somewhere in that article of furniture was a story or stories by the author of *Twice Told Tales*. I became so positive of it that I charged him vehemently with the fact. He seemed surprised, I thought, but shook his head again. I was hurrying down the stairs for my train when he called after me asking me to stop a moment. Then, quickly stepping into the entry with a roll of manuscript in his hands, he said, "How in heaven's name did you know this thing was there? Tell me if it is good for anything. It is either very good or very bad, I don't know which."

On my way up to Boston I read the germ of *The Scarlet Letter*. Before I slept that night I wrote him a note all aglow with admiration. It was his intention to make it one of several short stories, but I persuaded him to elaborate it and publish it as a separate story.

Mrs. Hawthorne told Colonel Higginson that the day after Fields took the manuscript, he appeared early at the door, caught up her boy in his arms, and said: "You splendid little fellow! Do you know what a father you have?" His advice to publish the story alone, says Mrs. Fields, had much to do with the book's success. Five thousand copies were sold in the first ten days, and introduced the author at last to the large public of America and England. He loved and trusted his publishers, while they in turn were generous to him. He knew he made no appeal to the popular mind and that it was the devotion and advertising of his publishers which had created the popularity he had received. "I care more for your good opinion," ran a letter to Fields, "than for that of a host of critics, and have an excellent reason for doing so, inasmuch as my literary success, whatever it has been or may be, is the result of my connection with you. I think no other author can ever have had a publisher that he valued as much as I do mine." From the Wayside he wrote in 1863, "I am delighted with Smith and Elder (the London firm who were bringing out *Our Old Home* on the same day of its publication in Boston) or rather with you; for it is you that squeeze the English sovereigns out of the poor devils. On my own behalf I never could have thought of asking more than £50 and should hardly have expected to get £10; I look upon the £180 as the only trustworthy funds I have, our own money being of such a gaseous consistency." Fields on his part more than returned Hawthorne's devotion. "He was unlike any other author I ever met," he writes in *Yesterdays*. "It was a privilege and one that I can never sufficiently estimate to have known him personally through so many years. Our lodgings in London were not far apart, and we were frequently together; we sailed together. I have sailed many a weary watery mile since, but Hawthorne was not on board." After the author's final return to Concord from the journey on which Ticknor died, Mrs. Hawthorne (who was Putnam's favourite cousin) wrote constantly to Fields of her great anxiety. She asked him to get Dr. Holmes to come,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Fields went down to see Hawthorne off on his last journey.

But it was rather to the senior member of the firm that the author turned for the thousand little services without which it is difficult to see how he could have survived in the material world, so singularly helpless was his nature and his universe so peopled with his phantom puppets. "No matter how earnestly Hawthorne desired to withdraw into his world of shadow and imagination," says Miss Caroline Ticknor, "he was constantly recalled to the sphere of material mediocrity by the demand of commonplace dollars," and he generally demanded them of Ticknor. "What Hawthorne needed," wrote Ticknor's eldest son, "was a friend stronger and more practical than himself, and this he found in the publisher."

From Miss Ticknor's interesting book *Hawthorne and His Publisher,* we may complete the story. It is doubtful, she says, if among all the notable friendships between authors and publishers—Scott and Constable, Tom Moore and Longman, Browning and George Murray Smith—any can rival that of Hawthorne and Ticknor. If Hawthorne proposed to take a trip to Washington, he dreaded it until Ticknor had consented to accompany him; when he was appointed to the Liverpool consulship, he would not embark unless Ticknor would go with him and start him on his new enterprise; after his return from Europe, he took all his journeys with Ticknor and registered as his "friend" at the hotels. Of their trip to Washington in 1862 Ticknor wrote: "He leaves the entire business part to me. If he wants a pair of gloves, I pay for them, as I do all bills for joint accounts. He says this is the only way to travel with comfort, and it is no trouble to me." During his stay abroad he was constantly asking favours of Ticknor and thanking him for gifts. He left to Ticknor the burden of communicating with the relatives and friends of impecunious tourists whom he had unwisely helped back to America. He was forever remembering errands to be done at home. One of the most amazing things he did was to use the firm's imprint without permission. He had met Delia Bacon, and on the slightest of acquaintance and without feeling any sympathy for her Baconian theory, he deliberately proceeded to back her book—an expense he could ill afford. He wrote to Ticknor: "I want you to help me through a business which very likely you will think me a fool for engaging in. One thousand copies will be printed; and of these I shall send you five hundred with your name on the title-page. You must excuse the liberty, as there is no time to consult you beforehand. You must put the book at such a price as will best suit our market. I think the book will sell to a certain extent in America." Ticknor apparently answered him with the usual good-natured indulgence, and made the best he could of the matter.

Miss Ticknor's rich collection of letters show that Hawthorne never hesitated to ask services, large and small, which would fill the modern publisher with wonder.

Thank you for getting the cigars.—Ask Healy what day it will be convenient for me to sit.—Tell Driscoll to put another suit on the stocks for me, a black dress-coat and pantaloons, and he may select the cloth.—Deliver this letter in person to President Pierce.—Are you diplomatist enough to find out from the General whether he means to remove young Cass from the Roman chargéship?—Please pay a draft of £30, which has come upon me.—Take a convenient opportunity to go to Concord with Fields or Whipple, take a look at my place and charge the expenses to me. First, read over the lease which I gave to Mr. Bull, a copy of which is in your keeping, and see whether he is complying with the terms of it. I am nearly out of postage stamps, please to send me some more.—I want you to pay when presented a bill for a new pump at the Wayside. What do you think of selling the place?—If you happen to hear of a puppy dog of a large good breed, I should like to get such a one.—Would you be kind enough to inquire for a young gentleman of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Liverpool if any of the Boston papers would like a correspondent here? [Back at Wayside again, he was constantly writing Boston for money, in spite of the credit account of $500 his publishers at once started for him at Concord.]—I am in need of $50, and the case being urgent, I wish you would send it by the Concord expressman.—We bought a carpet, price $32.50. The bill will probably be sent to you; and if the amount is as above stated you would oblige me by paying it. I enclose a bill for marble fireplaces; and shall take the liberty to tell the dealer to call on you for payment. If ever I can repay you for all this trouble by taking charge of your business, you may command me; but I doubt whether you would be quite as well satisfied with my administration as I am with yours.—I find that my cash balance at the bank is getting very low, and I wish you would give me another credit for $500. I told some marble manufacturers, whose names I have forgotten, to send you their bill for fireplaces.—My building expenses will amount to about $550 more than I have hitherto paid; and I shall have to draw upon your inexhaustible resources for that amount. This will make the cost of my additions somewhat more than $2,000, the original estimate having been only $500. Well, I suppose I am fortunate in getting off cheap; but if I had known how much it was to cost me, I think I should have sold the old house and bought a better one. I shall want some money soon for other expenses; so you may as well send me a cheque for $600 or $700 if convenient.—If I escape absolute beggary I shall thank Heaven and you. What will be the use of having a house, if it cost me all my means of living in it. Please not to forget I have a payment to make.—I enclose a tailor's bill, which at your leisure I should like to have you pay. It grieves me to have to impose trouble of this sort upon you, but it is the penalty of your own kindness, and kind people will always be bothered by idle and incompetent ones.—I know that nobody but you could have sent me that cider, and it tastes all the more deliciously for that knowledge. —I thank you for the excellent lot of cigars. Their fragrance would be much improved if you would come and smoke in company.—Buy me a lady's watch. I shall feel as if my last friend were leaving me when you go abroad. Mrs. Hawthorne and the children will not excuse you if you do not spend two or three days here before sailing.

Their last journey together was taken because, feeble in health, he would not go unless Ticknor went with him; but on this journey it was Ticknor who died. "They stopped at the Continental Hotel," wrote George W. Childs from Philadelphia, "and came down to the *Ledger* office to call upon me. It was agreed that they should attend a party the next day, but they did not come. As no explanation was sent me, I called the next morning at the hotel. Ticknor had died that morning; and I could make nothing out of Hawthorne, who seemed bewildered. I implored him to keep quiet, and at last succeeded somewhat in calming him. Then I went to the undertakers and telegraphed to his partner, my old friend, James T. Fields." It seems that that evening, during a chilly drive, where both men had been greatly exposed, Ticknor had taken off his coat and wrapped it about the frailer Hawthorne. Congestion of the lungs struck him down on their arrival at the hotel; and Hawthorne, ill himself, constantly reiterated that there must be some mistake. After the funeral of his life-long friend at Auburn, Hawthorne brooded at Concord and poisoned what little vitality remained to him. To see if he could get back his health, he and his friend Pierce set out on a journey to Plymouth, New Hampshire, where he passed away quietly in his sleep.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW STEVENSON DISCOVERED AMERICA

BY BAILEY MILLARD

RUDYARD KIPLING discovered America in 1889 when he landed from a Pacific steamer at the spot where the new San Francisco now stands and proceeded to view us natives "with the critic's eye, nor passed their imperfections by." Of this discovery and the strange incidents that followed upon it the writer has already told the readers of THE BOOKMAN. But now we have to deal with another and more appreciative explorer of the western wilds, whose discovery antedated Kipling's by just ten years, and who, like every properly inspired Columbus, came from the East and not from the West.

Urbanity and glee characterised the first impressions of Robert Louis Stevenson from the time he sighted "the low shores outside New York harbour" until he had crossed the continent, and stood beside the blue Pacific, and all along the way he had such boyish heart-leapings and gave such boyish cries of delight as no visitor of anywhere near equal fame has ever recorded in his notes of travel. If Kipling did not like our western country and had the temerity to tell us so, Stevenson, who saw it under a cruder light, proved capable of vast appreciation, and no man of his day or ours has so clearly and so sympathetically interpreted its life.

For years America had been to the British-born Stevenson a sort of promised land. He regarded us as a people free from restraint and tradition, and his vagabond nature fell in with and responded to this idea. To him it seemed "as if out West the war of life was still conducted in the open air and on free, barbaric terms, as if it had not yet been narrowed into parlours nor begun to be conducted like some unjust and dreary arbitration, by compromise, custom, forms of procedure and sad, senseless self-denial."

But as the steamer *Devonia,* in which he sailed from England as a second-class passenger, drew near New York, he was warned by Europeans of the pitfalls of Manhattan. "You would have thought," he says, "that we were to land upon a cannibal island." He was cautioned to speak to no one in the streets, as they would not leave him until he was rooked and beaten. He must enter a hotel with military precautions, for the least that he would have to apprehend was to awake next morning without money or baggage or necessary clothing, "a lone forked radish in a bed."

It was raining pitchforks when the steamer docked and Stevenson went ashore in company with one Jones whose acquaintance he had made on the voyage. Jones had volunteered to conduct him to a cheap hotel on the city front. Hotels and everything else had to be cheap in that period of Stevenson's life. He was twenty-eight years old, in poor health, sunk in penury, estranged from his father, from whom he had just refused an allowance, and unable to sell his manuscripts. It was six o'clock of a mid-August evening when Stevenson and Jones left the dock and, throwing their bags into an open express wagon, clambered into the vehicle and were driven along West Street, sitting on some sodden straw. The clouds hung low and dark, the rain came down "miraculously." From that moment till on the following night he left New York there was, he declares, "no cessation of the downpour." He could see but little of the city, and its sounds were drowned by the strident noise of falling water which filled the air.

He and Jones were soon rattled along to the Reunion House, at 10 West Street, where board and lodging were one dollar a day, and a meal cost but a quarter. Jones was well known at the Reunion and they were warmly received. Steven-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

son had not been in the place two minutes before the barkeeper offered him a drink, which he politely refused, and he was going on in his plain European fashion to refuse a cigar when the proprietor sternly interposed. He explained that whenever an American barkeeper proposes anything of that sort it must be borne in mind that he is offering to treat, and if Stevenson did not want to drink he must at least take the cigar. He took it bashfully and with the feeling, so he confessed, of having begun his American career on the wrong foot. "I did not enjoy that cigar," he owns, "but even the best cigar often fails to please if you smoke three-quarters of it in a drenching rain."

He went out with the cigar in his mouth, spying about for things foreign, but discovered New York to be "only another sort of Liverpool." This was, of course, before the advance of the skyscraper. New York City's present resemblance to Liverpool would be in these days about as close as Liverpool's resemblance to Constantinople. He and Jones went to a French restaurant and had a big dinner and some wonderful coffee.

Stevenson was in New York but twenty-four hours before he took train for the West. There were other than economical reasons for his brief stay in the city. He was a man in love and terribly in love, though the object of his affections was a married woman, with two children. The Mrs. Osbourne he had met in the forest of Fontainebleau had become endeared to him as Fanny, the

> Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
> With eyes of gold and bramble-dew.

She lived in California and he was going out to her as his heart had been going to her across the world. There were certain matters to be adjusted before the divorce from Osbourne could be granted, and Stevenson was as wildly impatient that these should be done and out of the way as he was again to see his "dusky" inamorata. Stevenson wrote many stories and some of love, but never such a romance as his own, which came so near being the death of him. For he was in no condition to undertake such a journey in such a way—alone and, for the most part, by the meanest methods of conveyance.

Of his headlong, nightmare wanderings about New York during that pluvial twenty-four hours he makes little record save to say that he found New Yorkers, like all Americans, "surprisingly rude and surprisingly kind." On starting for the train he left his wet shoes, socks and trousers behind at the Reunion House, and said farewell to them as they lay a pulp in the middle of a pool on the kitchen floor. No fire could have dried them and to have packed them in his bags would have been to spread ruin among their contents.

Better weather and better spirits accompanied him across the Alleghanies. All along the way he was still spying out foreign things, particularly foreign designations. He loved the name of Philadelphia and his heart gave a leap when he asked what a certain river was called and was told that it was the Susquehanna. The name of Omaha sang to him, too. It was there that he transferred to the overland emigrant train, which, because of the parsimony of the Union Pacific, was at that time the vilest and the most deliberate means of railroad transportation in the country. Shabby old rattletrap arks, abandoned years before by the Camden and Amboy Railroad, were attached to the end of a slow-moving freight train that ran from Omaha to Oakland, stopping at every siding and water-tank along the way. These cars were without sleeping arrangements of any sort. You provided your own mattress and blankets and your own boards to stretch from seat to seat. This I know because I made the overland journey in one of these wheeled sties a year before Stevenson. I know how dirty and foul-smelling they were, and how totally lacking in anything that might be called comfort. These "accommodations" were bad enough for a healthy youth like myself, but a broken-down consumptive like Stevenson, almost

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the verge of collapse, must have found them not only torturesome but nauseating. But from the window of one of these cars he discovered the plains of the Platte and pictured them more luminously and conveyed their meaning more clearly than many writers who have lived there for years have done. For a few pen scratches of Stevenson's are often more illuminating than whole books by less discerning travellers. He discovered the Sierras for many of us and certainly he was the first to make that dizzying, scurrying whirl down from the summit to the sea live in literature. His keen appreciation for the skyland beauty of Emigrant Gap, Blue Cañon and Dutch Flat warms the heart of the reader and particularly that of the travelling Californian, to whom these places are shrines.

At last he alighted at Oakland, beside the blue San Francisco Bay. It was early in the morning that Stevenson crossed the bay in a ferryboat, and, though weak and trembling, he stood on the upper deck and saw the first rays of the morning sun tip the summit of Telegraph Hill with a rosy glow, and the metropolis of the Pacific spread out before him. He went ashore and passed through the dingy old ferry building and, with his luggage, was driven to Fourth and Townsend Streets, where he took train for Monterey, where Mrs. Osbourne waited for him. His brief first visit to San Francisco was another nightmare, for he was so dazed by illness as barely to know where he was. That he had the strength of body and will to complete his journey was, indeed, marvellous, for on reaching Monterey he collapsed. Mrs. Osbourne was far from well herself at the time and unable to care for him.

R. L. S. believed, as fully as any man that ever lived, in the normalising power of out-door Nature. As soon as he was able to get upon his feet he determined to go out alone into the mountains. He went to the near-by Santa Lucia Range to camp and lie about under the trees. But this little journey of eighteen miles again overtaxed his strength. After three days, during which he lay about in a sort of stupor, he was found by an old bear hunter named Smith who happened along and offered his friendly services. Smith took him to his ranch house and kept him there for a fortnight, when he was well enough to go back to Monterey. In that quaint old Mexican town he lived in an adobe house belonging to a Dr. J. P. E. Heintz. Stevenson occupied two big airy rooms upstairs. It was one of his vagaries at this time to sleep on the floor, rolled up in his camp blankets, although a comfortable bed was at his disposal.

It was in Monterey that he discovered and made famous Jules Simoneau, the old French restaurateur, who afterward became so attached to him and held his memory so dear after his death in far Samoa that he would not let copies of letters he had received from R. L. S. be published, holding them as a sacred trust.

Here, too, Stevenson discovered the Pacific, which at Monterey makes a brave and wonderful show as a marine picture of impressive grandeur—just such a picture as would appeal to the imagination of the author of *Treasure Island*. He said that he never had enjoyed so much, in all weathers, "such a spectacle of ocean's greatness, such beauty of changing colour and so much thunder in the sound." The weird, wind-bent cypresses touched a mystic chord in him, and so did the crouching live oaks which, he said, "were the kind of woods for murderers to crawl in."

But it was San Francisco after all that most stirred his imagination—the pulsing life of what he describes as "the most interesting city in the Union." He went there after three months of Monterey to spy out the people of that picturesque town and to fill his note-book with odd facts about them. In San Francisco he knew not a soul, nor had he the remotest idea of where he should seek lodgings. Rambling about the bustling city and seeing and enjoying novel sights, he walked along Kearney Street, and near the old *Chronicle* office he saw the word "Bush" on a lamp-post, signifying a cross-street

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that ran up toward the foot of Nob Hill. The name struck his fancy and he walked along the quiet thoroughfare, unmindful of the stares of the natives, for he had become used to them; in fact Henley was right when he said that R. L. S. rather liked to attract attention. Even in such a cosmopolitan town the spectacle of a lank, long-haired man, dressed in a short, rough, brown ulster, buttoned tightly under his chin and with his breeches tucked into high-laced leggings and with an odd, out-of-date dicer on his head, must have raised a gladsome smile. And when he asked the way of passers-by and made queer little Frenchy gestures, he must have appeared fit for a vaudeville act of his own. In this guise he appeared at No. 608 Bush Street, in a window of which he saw a sign "Furnished Rooms To Let." Mrs. Mary Carson answered his ring and stared at him suspiciously.

"I didn't loike the looks of him," says Mrs. Carson, "and as I had lately been sthung by a couple of young min who ran away without paying the two months' rint they owed me, I was all the leerier of him."

But she began to lose her suspicions after he had gone away and returned toward evening with two bags, saying he would take the room she had shown him on the second floor. Indeed it was not long before they were firm friends. Mrs. Carson, who dabbled in mining securities, is to be found in *The Wrecker* as Mrs. Speedy, the woman with "thim stock." Mrs. Carson, the postman who brought him his letters and a few other plain folk were all the acquaintances that Stevenson made during the first few months of his sojourn in San Francisco. He stayed in his room most of the time, writing or lying abed and trying to recuperate by rest. San Francisco in the early "eighties" abounded in cheap eating-houses and Stevenson patronised the cheapest of them. He ate a ten-cent breakfast in a squalid Sixth-street restaurant and for a while subsisted on forty-five cents a day. This was for the very good reason that his finances were at low ebb, so low indeed that when his room rent fell due there was considerable delay in the payment. But Mrs. Carson did not trouble herself about it. She says that she knew instinctively that "the young man was good for it," and good for it he was in the course of time, though his baffling straits and desperate shifts were of a nature to daunt a less valiant soul.

Robert Louis was in those days a frequenter of mean streets and a companion of labouring men. His Sixth-street restaurant was near the sand lots where the new City Hall was in course of construction. On this barren plot of ground thousands of unemployed labourers gathered every day to hear the mouthings of Denis Kearney, who ended every one of his firebrand speeches with a hoarse, bull-toned yawp, "The Chinese *must* go!" This sentiment always was wildly applauded by the unemployed, who laid their lack of labour to the presence in California of the mild-mannered, industrious Mongolians. Stevenson, who took a curious interest in these demonstrations, talked with the agitators, but held himself and his sympathies aloof from their cause.

To keep the pot boiling he went about the newspaper offices and offered manuscripts to the editors. Down in shabby old Clay Street, over an ill-smelling market, two daily papers were published, the *Morning Call* and the *Evening Bulletin*. One day Stevenson, with his breast pocket full of manuscripts, ventured up the rickety, dirty stairway to the *Bulletin* office. Here he found old George K. Fitch, the keen, shrewd, yet benevolent-faced editor, sitting under a skylight, with stacks of exchanges littering the floor about him, getting up copy for his Saturday supplement. Fitch eyed his visitor curiously, as did the reporters and other men of the staff, asked him his business and then invited him into an inner room, also skylighted. This room was very dingy and perfectly bare save for a single cheap little chair. Stevenson was asked to take this chair, which he did, while Fitch stood up, his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

back to the door and one hand upon the knob, ready to make his escape. Evidently the editor had not the slightest idea of permitting Stevenson to become a contributor to his paper, but after a little talk he became mightily interested in the man and agreed to read his manuscripts. When, after a few days, Stevenson paid a second visit to the *Bulletin* office, Fitch told him he would take two of his articles and pay him five dollars a column. Now *Bulletin* columns were nearly a yard long, and when, after a brief calculation, Stevenson found that he was to receive something less than half a cent a word for his work he demurred strenuously and once stretched forth his hand to take back his manuscripts, but when the thought of Mrs. Carson and the week's subsistence smote him, he bowed his head and meekly took Fitch's order on the business office for two essays that easily would have brought him over five hundred dollars a few years later.

The Wrecker faithfully records much of Stevenson's San Francisco wayfaring. He was his own Dodd, a "water-side prowler, a lingerer on wharves." There along old East Street, and Howard and Folsom, he saw many exciting scenes—saw drunken sailormen shanghaied aboard deep-sea craft, saw shots exchanged between quarrelling stevedores and longshoremen, saw dark deeds by dark men from the South Seas. Barks and schooners, such as the *Tropic Bird,* the *Papeete* and the *Honolulu* filled the imagination of the young vagabond, and when over on the sunny slope of Russian Hill he found the quaint study of Charles Warren Stoddard, decorated with beach-combing spoils from the Pacific, and heard Stoddard's enchanting tales of the tropic isles from his own lips, he was for the first time seized with the idea of cruising among the palm-fringed atolls of the South. The whole-souled poetic Stoddard was the first man he met in San Francisco with whom he could talk at his best. Often Stoddard went to see him in his Bush Street lodgings. The author of *South Sea Idylls* told me once of his first visit to Stevenson, whom he found sitting up in bed writing, the counterpane strewn with the works of Henry David Thoreau, of whom R. L. S. was making that generously critical study to be found in his *Memories and Portraits.*

"Such a head as Stevenson's, such a smile and such a winning way," said Stoddard, "I never have met in all my walks. I pity the imagination of any one who could not say to himself at the first glance at R. L. S., 'here is a wonderful man.' "

Stevenson made much the same impression upon Virgil Williams, the most famous art teacher that ever came to California. He became a frequent visitor to Williams's atelier and to his home and always was welcome. With Stoddard he went everywhere—to the Bohemian resorts, to the Cliff House, to the Barbary Coast, to Chinatown, to Rincon Hill. Stoddard greatly enjoyed Stevenson's quaint and luminous comments upon the people and the things he saw.

"Always he presented a person or a thing in a new light," said Stoddard, "discovering even to an old San Franciscan like myself odd points of interest I had failed to see or had seen but faintly. Ah, but he had an eye in his head!"

One night Mrs. Carson's baby fell ill, and Stevenson, eager to help in nursing the child, lost sleep and rest. The child recovered, but Stevenson suffered a relapse. His cough took possession of him. "And pitiful it was to hear," said Mrs. Carson. "It wore him out in no time at all." He seemed on the verge of galloping consumption. Dr. Willey was summoned and did all in his power for the sick man. Of Willey, who probably saved his life, Stevenson said, "His kindness to a stranger it must be as grateful to him as it is touching to me to remember."

Mrs. Osbourne, who by this time had obtained her divorce, came up from Monterey and helped to care for him. She had him removed to her cottage in East Oakland, about ten miles across the bay from San Francisco. There, in a milder climate and purer air, he soon began to mend.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

During his illness he made another discovery—William Penn's *Fruits of Solitude,* which became a very favourite book with him. Mrs. Osbourne read aloud to him upon the veranda, and no matter how badly he felt he took the deepest interest in her reading. It was a very anxious time and he was nearer the "grey ferry" than he had been since boyhood.

He mended slowly, but he hardly would have pulled through financially but for his father, from whom he finally accepted an allowance of a thousand dollars a year. As soon as he was well enough to marry he and his wife and stepson went up to the head of the Napa Valley, where they lived as the "Silverado Squatters." If a man like Stevenson could vegetate anywhere he vegetated at Silverado, as his book, in which there is never a thrill, fully witnesses. Few were the discoveries and few the interesting comments. He went to Silverado to rest and recuperate, and having done so, he bade farewell to this country and sailed for Scotland.

Nor was his second and last visit to America eventfully interesting, for he was naïvely occupied in health-seeking, in writing and in preparing for his cruise among the South Sea Islands. This cruise, however, he probably never would have undertaken had he not on his first visit to California found a man who filled him so full of the lore of those low, dreamy latitudes that all his wanderlust expended itself upon his voyages among those "ultimate islands." So that, it may be set down, without being ascribed altogether to the Californian pride of the writer of these annals, that Stevenson's greatest American discovery was Charles Warren Stoddard.

THE PAP WE HAVE BEEN FED ON

II. The Maleness of Men in the Early Novels

BY EDNA KENTON

Women in the early novels, as we shall see, amount to little more than pale personifications of the female gender. Clarissa and Moll Flanders and Amelia are the few notable exceptions to the eighteenth century generality of milk-and-water, bread-and-butter, wax-and-honey figurines that danced so sweetly to the tune of "Ladies, Watch Your Steps." Thanks to Fielding—thanks first perhaps to Richardson, whose sentimental types of women and men fostered revolt in Fielding's honest heart—men are to be found shut into Fielding and Smollett's books whose humanity has stayed astonishingly alive, and whose faults and virtues are set down in fine frankness and reasonable perspective with the moralistic tear and the sentimental whine firmly stayed. Tom Jones, Amelia's Billy, Major Bath, and Peregrine Pickle are much more than dummies fashioned after a prevalent "Idea" of maleness; there is real kinship between them and men to-day. There is more kinship between them and women, to-day or in their day, than ever existed between the eighteenth century heroines and women. Even Joseph Andrews, begun as a malicious model sewn to Pamela's last, proved in the end a rather fine young fellow, not nearly so much the worse for his technical virginity as Pamela was for hers, and not nearly so much a satire on Sir Galahad as Grandison was—that serious study of male perfectness whom Lady Mary Montagu called "the manly Clarissa."

Yet a rigid "masculine" code prevailed even for the few human heroes; and Fielding recognised it when he made

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Booth apologise abjectly for not following after the fashion of eighteenth century lyings-in, and getting very drunk when his beloved Amelia was brought to childbed, and for making himself of use that day in their home. And to him in turn Major Bath apologised, caught in the degrading act of making posset for his sick sister:

I believe, sir, however my weakness may prevail on me to descend from it, no man can be more conscious of his dignity than I myself. . . . I would not have you think that I am my sister's nurse. I know better what is due the dignity of a man, and I have shown it in a line of battle. I think I have made a figure there, Mr. Booth, and one becoming my character, and by God, I ought not to be despised if my nature is not without its weaknesses. . . . I know how much it is beneath a man to whine and whimper about a trifling girl as well as you or any man, and if my sister had died, I should have behaved like a man on the occasion.

This same masculine code catches even Sir Charles Grandison when the much vaunted "equality of the sexes" that was already sounding in the air of the middle eighteenth century is broached by his saucy sister. Otherwise he is quite effeminate. Said he:

God designed a very apparent difference in the minds of both as well as in the peculiar beauties of their persons. Were it not so, their offices would be confounded and the women would not perhaps so readily submit to those domestic ones in which it is their province to shine, and the men would be allowed the distaff or the needle, and you yourselves, ladies, would be the first to despise such. . . . I would only contend that we men should have the power and right given us to protect and serve your sex; that we should purchase a field for them, work and toil for them; run through, at the call of Providence or our king and country, dangers and difficulties, and at last lay all our trophies, all our acquirements at your feet, well rewarded in the consciousness of duty done, and your favourable acceptance. . . . When sex ceases inequality of souls will cease, and women will certainly be on a foot with men as to intellectuals in heaven.

"We were all of us again," adds his sister Charlotte, "his humble servants."

Hermsprong or Man as He Is Not, by Robert Bage, published in 1796, is filled with bits of talk on the shifting sex values that, among many other things, the French Revolution brought up to the surface. Hermsprong is not so much a hero as a theory, but here is a snatch of talk:

"Now the devil take me," said Sumelin, "if I know what either you or this Mrs. Wollstonecraft would be at. But this I know, that the influence of women is too great; that it has increased; is increasing, and ought to be diminished."

"Well then," Mr. Hermsprong answered, "let it be diminished on the side of charms; and let its future increase be on the side of mind."

"To what purposes?" asked the banker. "To invade the provinces of men? . . . Mr. Hermsprong, . . . this is pretty and sentimental, but it cometh not of knowledge. There are two things co-existent with women and co-eternal: admiration of fineries and of themselves."

The robust hero and the hero-ised theory put aside—there are comparatively few of either type—the rest fall like sheep and goats into Good Men and Very Bad Men, completing the deplorable feminisation of the early novel that the Sensibility and insistent Virginity of its heroines began. For, since a Fielding stripling would laugh affected Sensibility out of court and a Smollett adventurer could never be deceived by a demi-vierge, it followed that the Sentimental novel must have its heroes and its villains made to order, and nothing came more easily to pass. The goodness of Sir Charles Grandison and Miss Burney's Lord Orville were perfectly matched by the ineffable badness of Lovelace, Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, Mrs. Roche's Colonel Belgrave, and Ann Radcliffe's Marquis of Mazzini. Between them all there is no real choice—any more than one might hope to choose between a fairy fruit and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a magic lamp. They simply are not. The Grandisonian "delicacy" is as little to be desired as "the perfidious Belgrave" was to be apprehended. Between the professional adorer of women and the professional raper of women there is no choice, because neither is, except in the novels of sentiment and the minds of some women. Even when *Clarissa's* readers were imploring Richardson to end her sufferings, it was pointed out that Lovelace, after his advertised violation of this high-born lady, went gaily from rout to rout, meeting her relatives and friends, who could have got the lady's body on a court order any day, and could have killed Lovelace with impunity. Indeed Richardson himself, in a letter to Hill at this time, gives the whole game of the romantic villain away:

> I intend (he wrote) to be unamiable, as I hinted. I once read to a young Lady Part of his Character and then his End, and upon her pitying him and wishing he had rather been made a Penitent than to be killed, I made him still more and more odious, by his heightened Arrogance and Triumph, as well as by Villainous Actions, leaving only some Qualities in him laudable to justify his first liking.

Naturally the young heroines of that day were reared to a conviction that Harriet Byron voiced in *Sir Charles Grandison:* "Many, many men are to be looked upon as savage, as wild beasts of the desert, and a single, independent woman they hunt after as their proper prey." This was—and to a certain extent is today—a thoroughly "womanly" view of men, and so the villains of fiction were feminised to an incredible degree of ferocity in order that "the fair" might not be disappointed of their poor thrills; and they stand silent witnesses to the universal sense of men's property rights in women, an idea that still exists, but with its former black-and-whiteness faded to subtler greys.

"The Elopement" is a stock size chapter head for all of these novels. In *Evelina* Sir Clement Willoughby uses in humour what Sir Hargrave Pollexfen and Colonel Belgrave and Sackville use so perfidiously in *Sir Charles Grandison* and *The Children of the Abbey* and *Thaddeus of Warsaw.* It is Miss Harriet Byron's danger when snatched from her friends by Sir Hargrave and his minions, that invited her rescue by Sir Charles. In the sixth volume Sir Hargraves repents on his deathbed, and she learns that if Sir Charles "had not interposed so hellishly as he did on Hounds' Heath, I had been the husband of Miss Byron in two hours, and she would have thought it her duty to reform me, and by the great God of heaven, I swear it was my intention to be reformed, and to make her, if I could have had but her *civility,* not her love, the best of husbands." A chill came over Harriet's heart as she learned this, and she shuddered. For Sir Hargraves Pollexfen is a veritable villain: "He is malicious, ill-natured, and designing, and sticks at nothing to carry a point on which he has set his heart. He has ruined three young creatures already under vows of marriage." When Harriet objects to his morals, he cries:

> What man on earth does not take liberties with the sex! You know women were made for us, and they like us not the worse for loving them. *Want of morals!* And objected to me by a *lady!* Very extraordinary, by my soul! Is it not better to sow all one's wild oats before matrimony than to run riot afterward?

Colonel Belgrave bursts into various pages of *The Children of the Abbey* as unexpectedly as he appears in various of the unsuspecting Amanda's retiring rooms, his face invariably "inflamed with passion," his eyes "darting the most malignant glances" at his predestined victim. "Fear not, Amanada," he says repeatedly, "I shall attempt no action that can offend you, but listen calmly to my proposals." His record of amours outnumbers Sir Hargraves Pollexfen's by a preposterous percentage: "an object he admired, no tie or situation, however sacred, could guard from his pursuit." Amanda he "instantly marked for his prey," and goes to incredibly particular

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inventions to ruin her reputation and gain possession of her. He succumbs (when the tale is sufficiently long) rather suddenly to a false report that the fair Amanda is dying. "Dying, he repeated. "Amanda dying! but she will be happy. Hers will be a pure and ministering spirit in heaven, when mine lies howling." Overcome by this vision of the future he "confesses all," and Amanda's "innocence" is instantly restored.

But if the villains were black with the seeping emanations of their guilt, how pure and white and softly shining are the ladies' heroes! How delicate, how unassuming, how softly tender! The conversation of *Evelina's* Lord Orville "is really delightful. His manners are so elegant, so gentle, so unassuming that they at once engage esteem and diffuse complacence." She held "so steady his honor, so *feminine* his delicacy, and so amiable his nature."

Thaddeus of Warsaw is marked at first sight by Lady Sara Roos as her "prey." She perceived "by his pale countenance and thoughtful air that he was a melancholy character, and above all things she sighed for such a love." Thaddeus's eyes rested on her ladyship, "full of tender commiseration, pregnant with compassion for her, for himself, for all the world," yet he never "encouraged" Lady Sara. As Mr. Constantine, teaching German to the vulgar Euphemia's vulgar family, in the splendid library, "with its plaster casts of the nine muses which stood in nine recesses about the room, draped in blue net looped up with artificial roses, and its fine, cut-steel Grecian stove on each side of which was placed on sandalwood pedestals two five-foot statues of Apollo and Minerva," Thaddeus suffered all the degradation usually set apart for governesses in the homes of the rich! Euphemia made open love to him, but "there was an unreceding something in her liquid blue eyes that displeased him. . . . There was an indelicacy in this absolutely wooing conduct of Miss Euphemia's which, notwithstanding her beauty and the softness which was its vehicle, filled him with deepest disgust. That any woman, instigated by a mere whim, should lay aside the decent reserve of her sex and actually court his regard, surprised while it impelled him to loathe her."

Thaddeus was "an incomparable young man," and Mary Beaufort loved him, oh so modestly! He was "master of every subject and discoursed on all with a grace which corroborated her waking visions that he was some archangel ruined." Said she, "Such manners as Mr. Constatin's are not to be acquired in a cottage." In an unexpected moment "her breast heaved, her cheeks glowed, her hands trembled, a quick sigh escaped her bosom," and by all this she knew that "she cherished for this amiable being 'a something than friendship dearer!' " But so superlative is their mutual "delicacy" that they go through pages of doubt and anguish. One morning in some "copse" or "dell," Mary's foot slips and Thaddeus catches her arm:

> Her heart beat violently, her head became giddy, her feet lost their power, and finding that after a slight attempt to withdraw her hand, he still held it fast, though in a trembling grasp, nearly overcome by an inexpressible distress, she turned her face away to conceal its confusion. Thaddeus saw all this, and with a fluttering hope . . . said, in a hurried voice, while his eloquent eyes poured all their beams upon her averted cheek, "Surely, Miss Beaufort will not deny me the dearest hope I possess, the privilege of being grateful to her?"

Three pages of this sort of thing follow, and they part, torn still with poignant doubt. Then Mary's guardian takes a hand, tells Mary that Thaddeus loves her and, calling Thaddeus, tells him before Mary that Mary has been told. Still Thaddeus's maddening "delicacy" wards off the denouement—indeed, for the reader, it never comes. He does take Mary's hand, and while holding it imparts to her:

> . . . a concise narrative of his relations with Sir Robert. He touched with short, yet ardent, enthusiasm on the virtues of his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mother; he acknowledged the unbounded gratitude that was due that God which had so wonderfully conducted him to find a parent and a home in England, and with renewed pathos of look and manner ratified the proffer which Sir Robert had made of his hand and heart. Mary's eyes overflowed. She gazed with rapture and bliss; his arm fell unconsciously around her waist, and in another moment he found he had pressed her to his bosom. His heart beat violently.

That touch of violence completed Miss Beaufort's demoralisation, and startled her. "She rose instantaneously from her chair," and Thaddeus of course "suffered her to quit the room."

Sir Charles Grandison was slightly more—oh much more personal. He always "seized her hand" when he addressed a lady. Seven ladies were "sick of love for him," and one was mad, poor thing. But through the interminable pages, he goes glibly from one to the other, dropping a soft word here, a smile there, "making all happy," writes Harriet simply, as she takes ten pages of close print, that took fifty of handwriting, to describe "his person, and manners."

Sir Charles was "indifferent to death;" he was "moderate and charitable in speaking of bad people." He could "compliment one lady without depreciating another," says Harriet, and "he is a great friend to the married state, particularly with reference to our sex." One letter of Harriet's begins: "The active, the restless goodness of this Sir Charles Grandison absolutely dazzles me, Lucy."

However, he was human, and so his sisters hint to Harriet when with a frankness that appears uncriticised, she admits to them her love for their brother long before she knows it to be returned. They prayed her to conceal her passion. "The best of them (men) love to have difficulties to conquer. Their brother, generous as he was, was a *man!*"

Sometimes Sir Charles grew angry, as when an intended mistress of his late father is brought by her mother and aunt to plead for justice while hoping for more. When he "discovers these profligate designs" he so vehemently reproves the group that the mother falls in a fit, the aunt is terrified, and the young creature weeps bitterly. All repent.

He owns himself an imperfect spirit, to a soprano chorus of denial. He thinks inexpressibly highly of true, pure love, but he has little use for its tawdry imitations, and of love at first sight he speaks crushingly: "Love at first sight in a man is an indelicate paroxysm, but in a woman who expects protection and instruction from a man much more so," he observes. He is a living reproach to rakes, and denies them delicacy of feeling: he also advises his love-sick chorus against marriage with such, unreformed, and holds out little encouragement for marriage with them, even though reclaimed. "If he reforms," observes Sir Charles, "he will probably, from reflection on his past guilty life, be an unsocial companion, should deep and true contrition have laid hold on him."

And he discourses remarkably and unconsciously on masculine women and effeminate men. But masculine is the last adjective to be applied, in its present meaning, to much outside of Smollett and Fielding and Defoe until the day dawned when Jane Austen, with her delicate satire, destroyed the effeminate hero along with the over-sensitised heroine, and by means of *Northanger Abbey* brought one ridiculous period in the history of English fiction to an end.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RECENT BOOKS ABOUT MEXICO*

BY ARTHUR M. CHASE

BOOKS about Mexico published in this country during the first half of the present year number only half a dozen. Yet during all the hundred years in which the United States and Mexico have been next-door neighbours their relations have but once reached a greater crisis, the future has never looked more ominous, and Mexico and the Mexicans have never been more in our thoughts than during this same half of the present year. A little later, when the war correspondents at Vera Cruz who are now sharpening their pencils, filling their fountain pens, oiling their typewriters or in other ways betraying literary restlessness, have returned; when refugees have rushed into print; when adventurers in the armies of Villa and Huerta have offered the tales of their adventures; when military historians, provided there is any military history to chronicle, have contributed their quota; and political historians have issued ponderous and exhaustive volumes —then books on Mexico will be a drug on the market. The public will be tired of the subject just when a host of writers have written about it. All of which is an enlightening commentary on the untimeliness of books.

The Real Mexico is a brisk, bustling sort of book by Hamilton Fyfe. Since no country in the world is harder to understand, the title of this record of a few months' hurried trip is a bit ambitious. The author dashed across the line from Arizona to Hermosillo, where he interviewed Carranza; dashed back; dashed along the border for a thousand miles seeking a place of entrance; and finally made a dash from Laredo to Mexico City, where he saw Huerta, conversed with Englishmen and Americans, observed Mexicans—and lo, his book. It has a breathless air, like the story of a man who has seen what he describes while running at full speed. But it has, too, a note of sincerity, as if the impressions gathered so rapidly came with remarkable vividness and clearness, and were jotted down without taking time to modify or arrange them, or even to reconcile contradictory statements. Anecdotes abound, some of which—the story of the colonel who stopped a battle because it was time for his dinner; and Carranza's calm statement that Mexicans who disagreed with his political opinions might expect to be shot—have been widely quoted.

One phenomenon discussed by Mr. Fyfe is most enlightening. Genial Britons and Americans expressed to him their approval of the execution of prisoners, on the theory that if the Mexicans would only exterminate one another, Mexico would become a place for decent people to live in. And dainty women talked unconcernedly about peons dangling from telegraph poles and the "funny" way in which soldiers spun around when they were shot. It seems to be the fate of Mexicans to incur the contempt and dislike of foreigners. Perhaps they deserve it. But without sympathy there cannot be understanding. And without understanding how can Mr. Fyfe or any other foreigner describe the real Mexico?

The antithesis in many respects of *The Real Mexico* is W. E. Carson's *Mexico: the Wonderland of the South.* Where

*The Real Mexico. By Hamilton Fyfe. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.

Mexico: The Wonderland of the South. By W. E. Carson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Maximilian in Mexico. By Percy F. Martin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Mexican People: Their Struggle for Freedom. By L. Gutierrez de Lara and Edgcumb Pinchon. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Modern Mexico. By R. J. MacHugh. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Fyfe hurried, Mr. Carson was deliberate; while the former is breathless, the latter is leisurely; while one saw only the horrors of a semi-civilised country in the throes of civil war, the other points to the enlightenment and progress toward civilisation which Mexico attained under Diaz and which it still retains in certain parts of its vast territory. In fact, Mr. Carson's book was written with the purpose of emphasizing the brighter aspects of Mexican life. In his preface the author says:

The reading public has been made unduly familiar with such subjects as the horrors of the peonage system, the corruption of the government and the atrocities of revolutionists. An impression has also been widely given that "greasers," cow-punchers and bandits are typical of Mexican life as a whole. That such an impression is far from accurate, however, is clear to any one who has visited the larger Mexican cities or is familiar with conditions in the quiet rural districts of the central and southern states.

Mexico, it is true, is barbarous in spots. It is equally true that in the capital and elsewhere one finds abundant evidences of culture and the refinements of highly civilised life. Therefore, to judge the country fairly, not only should its undeveloped material be examined, but also the best that it has been able to produce.

Landing at palm-encircled Vera Cruz on a bleak and windy day—imagine shivering among tropical palms—the author journeyed by short stages to Mexico City. After a visit of some weeks' duration, he made short trips to neighbouring resorts—Lake Chapala, and Tehuacan, the Mexican Carlsbad,—and longer journeys to the country along the west coast, and south to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. And at last, stopping at every considerable city on the way, he travelled a thousand miles north from Mexico City to the United States line. He found mountain scenery equal to the Canadian Rockies or the Alps; cities as quaint and picturesque as if they were in Italy or Spain; and a climate throughout the great central plateau, within which most of Mexico lies, as delightful as that of Southern California or the Riviera. In fact, for those people who live in dread of the weather man, there are many places in Mexico, within the tropics, but a mile above sea level, which would prove a paradise in winter. Cool nights, pleasantly warm days, and cloudless skies of deepest blue week after week are the winter characteristics. Before the late unpleasantness American tourists had begun to make this discovery, and train loads of them, for the most part from the Middle West, poured into the country.

Well worth quoting is Mr. Carson's description of the peon, who forms the backbone of the Mexican population, and in whose behalf the United States is ready to arbitrate and perhaps to fight.

He not only cultivates the soil, works in the mines and does all the hard labour, but he also acts as servant. Despite his many faults, he has some wonderfully good qualities. Even if he is not naturally cleanly or naturally honest, there is a charm all his own in the simple, whole-hearted way in which he accepts his subordinate position. Always polite, and incapable of taking a liberty, always with his hat in his hand, the Indian has nothing but respect to show you, if you give him the humble wage he claims, a half holiday now and again, and permission to attend any and every fiesta celebrated in his village. Notwithstanding his dirt, his tattered clothes, his battered sombrero and his filthy blanket, the Mexican Indian is one of nature's gentlemen, if he is only treated properly.

But he has his faults, and they are faults which have seriously checked progress in Mexico. He is essential to agriculture, yet his tropical surroundings and his mental characteristics unfit him for energetic work or the adoption of modern improvements. As a farmer the Indian is a rank failure. He brings no intelligence to his work. His ancestors hundreds of years ago scratched the soil with a wooden hoe, and he is content enough to go on with the same implement. If a society were found for presenting every Indian peon with a modern plough,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it would do no good; he wouldn't care to use it and he wouldn't use it. His ideal of life is to be idle; he does not want to struggle; he does not want to fight; he only desires his little mud-brick hut, his piece of ground, his pig, his tortillas and his frijoles. Furniture he does not need, as his household goods are generally limited to a tin can for boiling water or cooking, a couple of stones for making tortillas, a few picturesque jars made by his native potters and a few old sacks to sleep on. His wants being easily supplied, there is really no incentive for him to be progressive. He cannot read or write, is unable to think, and his mode of life is primeval in its simplicity.

One of the most pitiful and tragic stories of modern history is that of Maximilian, the short-lived Emperor of Mexico. It reads like a transaction in high finance, with its ingenious manipulations, unscrupulous greed and cold indifference to human rights and human happiness. Napoleon III, cleverly enough, seized Mexico, and not only began to build up there a commercial rival to the United States, but placed the brother of the Emperor of Austria upon the throne. Thus he placed himself in a position to check the growing power of our country, and at the same time won an alliance with Austria. The masterly effectiveness of this particular killing of two birds with a single stone was improved by making Mexico pay, very liberally, for all expenses. But he reckoned without the Mexicans, and also without the United States. After a few years of turbulence and strife more bitter even than usual in Mexican history, and the loss of thousands of French lives, a peremptory demand from Washington, coupled with the appearance of a veteran army under Sheridan on the Texas frontier, was the signal for the French forces to leave Maximilian to his fate. That fate soon came to him in the form in which it has appeared to many rulers of Mexico—a wall behind, and a firing squad in front.

History unsentimentally asserts that Maximilian was the dupe of cleverer men; that he was much more interested in playing at Emperor than in the welfare of the Mexican people; and that he carelessly alienated the party which could have helped him to maintain his throne. But Percy F. Martin, in *Maximilian in Mexico,* will have none of this. The picturesqueness of the handsome young couple, Maximilian and his wife, Carlotta, setting forth with high hopes, the pomp and magnificence of their brief power, and the pitiful sequel—Maximilian shot, Carlotta insane—these are the features which have enlisted his sympathy and guided his narrative.

In *The Mexican People: their Struggle for Freedom,* by L. Gutierrez de Lara and Edgcumb Pinchon, we have what would seem to be an unusually favourable opportunity for gaining an insight into Mexican conditions. For one of the authors is a Mexican and the book is thoroughly pro-Mexican and by-a-Mexican in tone. But, alas! the authors are not only Mexican in sympathy, and, one of them, in fact, but they are Socialists; and they are Socialists before they are historians. Their method, therefore, of writing the history of any episode of Mexican history is to state a principle, and then reconcile the facts to that principle—if they can. If they can't, so much the worse for the facts. In pursuance of this historical method we are asked to believe that Santa Ana deliberately lost the battle of Buena Vista, and other battles, because he wanted to sacrifice thousands of his countrymen who might at some time turn against him. This curious explanation does not explain how Santa Ana, who had been defeated and suffered extreme humiliation in Texas, and who, being a Mexican, was a thoroughly vindictive and implacable hater, could adopt such a complaisant course toward the American forces.

This so-called history gives a detailed account of the French intervention without mentioning by so much as a word that ominous army of Civil War veterans in Texas which was the real cause of the French withdrawal. It describes the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American occupation of Mexico City in this lukewarm language:

> The army, under General Scott, had been allowed to break loose from all restraints and had delivered itself up to an orgy of indescribable debauchery. Murder, rape and pillage went unchecked, while to add to the horror of the situation, hordes of raw recruits and volunteers—chiefly gunmen and the social offal of the underworld—poured into the city from the United States, ostensibly to join the army of occupation, but in reality to give full rein to their love of license.

How clever to incorporate gunmen among the soldiers of Scott's army sixty years before the breed was recognised in this country. But what shall we say of such a book? Heatedly partisan and glaringly inaccurate, it is valueless as history; and it presents only in a confused and vague way the Constitutionalist cause which it champions.

A welcome contrast is *Modern Mexico,* by R. J. MacHugh. This is one of those books which the globe-trotting Englishman at his best knows how to produce. Moderate in tone, conservative in statement, one feels after reading it that one has seen Mexico through the steady eyes of a keen, observant, fair-minded spectator. It succeeds better than any of the books which have been mentioned in presenting a definite picture of Mexico as a whole: the physical characteristics of the country; the racial characteristics of the people; the things they have done and the numerous things they have left undone.

Mexico is well worth reading about at the present time. There it lies, our next door neighbour, separated from us only by a shallow river and an imaginary line in the desert for sixteen hundred miles. It is as big as the United States east of the Mississippi, omitting New England. It is so tantalisingly rich that although the amount of foreign capital invested in it grew during the presidency of Diaz from $500,000 to $1,400,000,000, its wealth has hardly been scratched. Invaded by Europeans nearly a century before they began to settle this country, it contains to-day the least infusion of European blood of any country in the western hemisphere. During the century of its independence it has known only one period of tranquillity, and almost without exception its rulers have been elected, in the Mexican sense, by force of arms. A republic in name, only 20,000 of its 15,000,000 inhabitants go to the polls. Truly our next door neighbour offers an abundance of problems, and one wonders, gravely, what fate has in store for Mexico, and for us.

AT NIGHT

BY SARA TEASDALE

We are apart; the city grows quiet between us;
She hushes herself, for midnight makes heavy her eyes,
The tangle of traffic is ended, the cars are empty,
Five streets divide us, and on them the moonlight lies.

Oh are you asleep, or lying awake, my lover?
Open your dreams to my love and your heart to my words,
I send you my thoughts—the air between us is laden,
My thoughts fly in at your window, a flock of untamable birds.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUMMER-TIME FICTION*

The July Instalment

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

"THE SALAMANDER"

The best proof that Mr. Owen Johnson's new volume, *The Salamander,* is a contribution of rather uncommon importance in contemporary American fiction lies in the fact that one feels inclined to quarrel with it rather seriously, in regard, not to its substance, but to its conclusions. Or, to put it more briefly, the chief weakness of the volume lies in what seems likely to prove its biggest commercial asset,—its title. *The Salamander,*—just what is a Salamander? Mr. Johnson gives a lengthy and minute definition in his preface. According to him, she is a type, and a very common one, of the modern young woman who wishes a maximum of pleasure for a minimum of cost. There are, he assures us, thousands of this sisterhood in New York alone. They have little or no money; they may or may not have a vocation, acting, singing, type-writing, some power of earning to which they may recur in case of special stringency; but for the most part they subsist, vampire-like, on the bounty of the men they keep in tow. Money in cold cash, whether gold or greenbacks, is something which, according to Mr. Johnson, the ethics of the Salamander will not let her accept; but opera tickets, champagne by the basket, priceless orchids, laces and furs, are all permissible, and thanks to a confidential understanding with florist, grocer and department store, are readily convertible into currency. And thus, as he shows her, the blithe and care-free little Salamander flaunts her way provocatively through metropolitan life, dancing and dining, flirting and evading, through months and years, promising everything and paying nothing, revelling in the joy of balancing giddily on the brink of sheer precipices, and trusting solely to her steady head and nimble wits to ward off the fatal dizziness that would send her toppling over. So much for the theory, and Mr. Johnson certainly makes it all sound quite plausible. But sober second thought brings a certain amount of doubt and questioning, and recalls the remark of a veteran civil engineer of the old order, who when asked for his definition of a fire-proof building, laconically answered, "There isn't such a thing." Now, theoretically, a Salamander is a fire-proof girl, and for practical purposes, it is here respectfully submitted that the old engineer's answer applies quite aptly. In other words, the real trouble is not with Mr. Johnson's material, his situations or characters, but with his recognition of a type, where at best there is only a phase. If we understand correctly his Doré Baxter and her companions, they are made up of vanity, love of pleasure, an instinctive recoil from masculine aggression and a piratical tendency to take and not repay. And when you have defined her in these terms, you realise that the Salamander is not a type but just a woman, and quite an average woman at that. The Salamander is the product, not of temperament but of circumstances; if born to wealth and position, she would enjoy by right what she otherwise must needs take by strategy; and she would allure and

*The Salamander. By Owen Johnson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.
The Goldfish. Anonymous. New York: The Century Company.
Full Swing. By Frank Danby. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
A Lady and Her Husband. By Amber Reeves. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Ariadne of Allan Water. By Sidney McCall. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.
Loot. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Company.
The Last Shot. By Frederick Palmer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tempt, dazzle and elude, with more impunity to be sure, because it is like teasing a panther from behind the safe shelter of the bars, instead of boldly invading the cage,—but the instinct is the same, the intention to take and not give is the same, whether the offer is a pound of candy or a pearl necklace and the price a hand-clasp or a woman's soul.

And now, having voiced his one strong objection, the present reviewer wishes to express to Mr. Johnson his personal appreciation of the uncommonly able technique and finished workmanship of this vivid, throbbing, tumultuous portrayal of the mad, lawless, passion-driven life of to-day. Type or not, Doré Baxter is a human being, a fierce, dare-devil little paradox, lovable and detestable by turns, teasing, bewildering, kaleidoscopic, a veritable chameleon of moods and manners. What Mr. Johnson makes us feel preeminently is the almost diabolical bravery of her; what he keeps ever before us is her fragility, her girlishness, her isolation; she walks into dangers unguessed or vaguely surmised, upheld by the courage of ignorance in a measure, but still more by her unshaken confidence in her strength of will, and the magic power of her insolent youth and beauty. It is easy for any novelist to tell us that his heroine has a witchery that turns the heads of men old and young, rich and poor, humble and exalted; it is quite another thing for him to portray her to us and force us to admit to ourselves, "she might readily have wrought our downfall, too!" And that is precisely what Mr. Johnson has succeeded in doing. As for the specific story of Doré Baxter's career, up to her twenty-third birthday, the day that she has arbitrarily set as the limit of her Salamander life, there is no object in recapitulating it here. Looking back over it, one seems to vision confusedly a nightmare sequence of dinners, dances, theatres, cabarets, whirlwind dashes in automobiles, a day-long and night-long hunt after pleasure and passion. It is a picture of an unprotected girl perpetually pursued by the hot breath of desire and perpetually saved by a happy combination of circumstances and an innate clean-mindedness. And when finally, Doré fulfils her natural destiny in a happy marriage, and, as the author assures us, "becomes a conventional member of society,—rather extreme in her conservatism," we smile to ourselves a little contented yet ironical smile,—because that is precisely what we might have foreseen she would have become. It is not a transformation, scarcely a radical change. In all her lawlessness, her free, untrammelled Salamander life, she had her conventions and her code,—an elastic code, to be sure, but one that though it gave would not break. In short, as has already been said, she is a real woman, one of the few real women in recent American fiction,—and that in itself is a far bigger achievement than the creation of any number of types.

"THE GOLDFISH"

Another of the really significant volumes of the month is the anonymous "confession of a successful man," entitled *The Goldfish*. The modern man of wealth and social position is herein depicted as being imprisoned, like the captive fish in its globe, perpetually swimming around and around in an unchanging circle, and seeing nothing but distorted aspects of the outside world. The narrator has attained the age of fifty; he is a prosperous corporation lawyer, shrewd and not too scrupulous. His wife is in the forefront of the exclusive social circle; his son and daughters are adepts in the art of spending and idling. And all of a sudden, one day, he sits down and takes account of stock, physical, mental and moral, and asks himself whether it has all been worth while,—and in all solemnity he answers that it has not. He has missed the things that really count; his wife and children are almost strangers to him; he has no real home life, no intimate friends; worn out with the day's work, he comes home only to don his evening clothes wearily and hurry out to a formal dinner, in order to meet people in whom he has no interest and eat far too much food of the sort

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that he does not like. He takes account of his children and realises that their whole training has simply resulted in unfitting them for happiness. His daughters are beautiful, far more so than their mother before them; but their whole education, their habits of life, their ideals make the possibility of marrying for love a most remote contingency. He takes account of his own mind, and is horrified at the vacancies he discovers in it. He is supposably a man of culture and learning, yet the things he does not know are legion. Historical dates, famous personages, mathematical problems, elementary facts in physics and chemistry, a formidable assortment of simple questions which it is taken for granted that any college graduate could answer, he propounds successively to himself and admits that he does not know,—and, what is more, claims that the majority of men of his class do not know. And the conviction steals over the reader that, in the main, he is right; we may possibly have known all these things in the past, but they so soon slip away with the fleeting years. As may be readily surmised, there is little attempt at narrative in this volume. It is simply a retrospect, candid, unsparing, and poignantly tragic. A lifetime of endeavour, of hard, grim, grinding toil, to achieve what, after all, has brought only emptiness and disillusion. And in the end this pitifully poor rich man goes out one Saturday afternoon to the modest little suburban home of his confidential clerk, stays to supper, talks with his clerk's wife, plays with his children, and then in the intimacy engendered by a cosy library and a fragrant cigar, falls to exchanging confidences with him, not as between employer and clerk, but as man to man. And in the course of these revelations he comes to realise that this clerk possesses everything which he, with all his wealth, has missed: a real home, leisure to read, study and cultivate his mind; perfect health, a fondness for walking and golfing, and best of all, no social pretences to keep up, no tedious rounds of formal dinners and card-parties, but instead the real companionship of wife and children. And this lucky man achieves all these miracles easily on three thousand a year, while he himself spends seventy thousand and gets nothing, literally nothing that really counts. He returns home, determined for the first time in his life to make a radical change; and the scene that follows with his wife, in which he reveals to her his own disillusions, his sense of futility and his goading desire for a change is altogether too fine, too wise, too artistically perfect to spoil by a clumsy retelling. It will perhaps suffice to say that if before reading it we had been told that a novelist could effect his climax and convincingly picture the regeneration of a disorganised family by the simple expedient of reading a passage out of *Pilgrim's Progress,* we would most of us have said, "Nonsense, it can't be done!" Yet that is precisely what the author of *The Goldfish* has done triumphantly, and incidentally he has written one of the tenderest and most thoroughly human scenes that is to be met with in the fiction of the current year,—yes, and of some previous years as well. The book is one to be read slowly and pondered over. It is rich in wise comments on current American life and lays a discerning finger on some of the weakest spots in our national manners and customs. It is fiction, but it is many other things besides: philosophy, satire, household economics, all these and more. Best of all, it is a breviary of the saving gospel of contentment.

"FULL SWING"

Contrary to the general verdict of both critical and popular opinion, the present reviewer has persistently held that "Frank Danby" has never since attained or even nearly approached the high-water mark set by *Pigs in Clover.* Crude and rugged it undoubtedly was, even coarse and wantonly outspoken, like a trooper's oaths. But it had, so to speak, real meat in it, even though the meat was somewhat raw; it had a virility little less than astounding, considering that it came from a woman's pen;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and it had, besides, an understanding of a woman's most intimate reserves that was nothing less than the remorseless vivisection of a soul. Criticism, blundering, blind, pharisaical criticism of that book was responsible for the blunting of a rare, exceptional talent; it did not silence the pen that wrote *Pigs in Clover,* but it did what was almost worse, it emasculated it. "Frank Danby" is not of the sort ever to acquire a feminine softness; she could change only by losing her virility,—and the result was a series of impotent, unachieved, unconvincing books like *The Heart of a Child,* which, because it had no offence in it, was hailed as a masterpiece by the same poor, squeamish souls that prudishly averted their faces from *Pigs in Clover.* To a reviewer who set this last-named book on a shelf reserved for the rare gems of fiction, and has ever since kept it there, it is a keen joy at last to hail another "Frank Danby" book as worthy of the early promise of *Dr. Phillips. Full Swing* is the study of a woman whose whole life is a tragedy because, unable to understand herself, she has denied her true nature, starved her passions, hidden all her natural affections, and gone to her death, the victim of her own monumental blunders. If Agatha Wanstead, left an orphan with the heavy burden of a big estate and a proud old name on her young shoulders, had been wise with a woman's wisdom, she would have married Andrew McKay, the faithful, honest Scotch lawyer, who looked after her interests and worshipped the ground she trod on, both then and to the hour of her death. But the virginal instinct of self-preservation was abnormally developed in her. Because the man attracted her, she simply could not yield, but fought desperately against herself, against her desires, against her best interests. And this duel between them endured for years. It was suspended for a time when Andrew, disheartened, married another woman, who soon left him a widower; it blazed forth afresh for a time; and then, caught in the meshes of self-contradiction, dazzled perhaps by a tempestuous wooing, and partly also, glad to put a lasting barrier between herself and the man she secretly loved, Agatha gave herself in marriage to a middle-aged, irresponsible, incredibly foul-mouthed Irishman, a confirmed drunkard and penniless fortune-hunter. One regrets that this portion of the book had not been written by the "Frank Danby" of the *Pigs in Clover* epoch. The hideous disillusion, the frantic revolt, the unspoken agonies of degradation endured by this woman, still at war with herself, still virginal in her instincts, although the prospective mother of the son of a man she abhors, is a theme of epic bigness; yet "Frank Danby," the new "Frank Danby" of *Sebastian* and *The Heart of a Child,* lets us glimpse all this only vaguely between the lines. Raw meat again, you see, and she has been taught the lesson of reticence. But all this is by way of prologue. Agatha does not divorce her wild and lawless husband, Lord Grindelay; but she does insist upon a separation, after her son is born. The boy is to spend half the year with her in England, and the other half in Ireland with the father,—such is the best compromise that Andrew McKay can secure on her behalf. Meanwhile, Agatha's sister has died in India, leaving a baby girl; and this little child comes at an opportune time to heal scars and in a measure fill the woman's empty arms and still emptier heart. Let us skip a few years: The son and the niece are nearing maturity, and they love each other. Andrew McKay's son would gladly make her his wife, and Agatha favours the union. She has not suspected the love of her own son for his cousin, until after the hideous day of her husband's funeral, when Desmond, her son, for the first time in his life, appears before her helplessly intoxicated. She knows what a tragedy her own life has been and determines to save Eunice, her niece. So she sends Desmond to Africa, to fight in the Transvaal war; and, having learned, before he sails, that he has had an intrigue with a hospital nurse, reproaches him so

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bitterly that the boy, out of sheer bitterness and desperation, goes through a marriage ceremony with the unscrupulous young person, who happens to have a husband already, safely stowed away behind prison bars. All these facts come to light during the weary months that Desmond is supposed to be lying in a nameless grave in the Transvaal. But at last he comes home, a hero, the Desmond of world-wide fame, the soldier who will go down in the annals of history as the spokesman of "Surrender be damned!" And his mother yearns for a fond word, a hand-clasp, a kiss; but she has gone through life undemonstrative, and it is too late to learn, too late to claim the precious privileges she has lost. Knowing what she suffered in disillusions in her own marriage, she exacts from her son the reluctant promise never to tell Eunice of his blunder in relation to the hospital nurse, Gabrielle Radlett. But, unfortunately, the latter's illegitimate son is being carefully nurtured by Biddy Malone, the faithful old nurse of Lord Grindelay. And in the fulness of time, just on the eve of Desmond's marriage to Eunice, Biddy unexpectedly appears and bursts upon the young girl with the hideous revelation of her prospective husband's past. Now it happens that poor Agatha's wretched career is nearly at an end. She is slowly dying of cancer and has postponed an operation until it is too late. She knows that she has blundered; her request for secrecy on her son's part has postponed the marriage, driven Eunice from the house, ruined Desmond's happiness, left him facing the same dreadful emptiness that she herself has faced throughout her life. She is dying; she is in agony; her only comfort is a morphine tablet, allowed her at specified intervals. One of these tablets she secretes, and drops into a glass of lemonade, intending to take it later. But suddenly, in the middle of the night, the house is in an uproar: Desmond's illegitimate child, housed temporarily upstairs with Biddy Malone, has been seized with a queer illness; and the old family nurse, unable to rouse Biddy from her intoxication, brings the child down to its grandmother, im[illegible]her to decide what to do. Now [illegible] idea in poor old Agatha's [illegible] this child stands betwe[illegible] heart's desire, so she give[illegible] ade, committing, as she [illegible] and incidentally robbing her[illegible] last respite from frightful agony. shortly Biddy Malone awakes, stricken with a horrible remorse; she now remembers that the doctor left some medicine, atropine, to be put into the child's eyes at intervals of four hours, and that in her drunken stupor she gave the boy the contents of the bottle internally. A doctor, summoned in hot haste, deplores the delay. If he had come a couple of hours sooner, a hypodermic of morphine, the only antidote, would have saved the child. But fancy the doctor's amazement when he finds that his little patient is sleeping normally and apparently as well as ever! It is in a measure an injustice to this book to have had to dwell too extensively on the sheer material facts. The value of it lies entirely in the impulses behind the action, in the starved affections of the mother, and almost as much, in the equally thwarted desires of Andrew McKay, one of the finest male characters that "Frank Danby" has ever drawn.

"A LADY AND HER HUSBAND"

A Lady and Her Husband, by Amber Reeves, is one of the few novels out of the flood of feministic fiction that an impartial outsider can frankly enjoy. Aside from a touch of exaggeration which at times comes perilously close to farce comedy, it is extremely well done and logically convincing. Imagine a conventional Englishwoman, carefully, almost guardedly, reared, and happily married to a husband amply able to gratify her slightest whims. Imagine her placidly arriving at middle age, with her son a member of his father's firm and her elder daughter happily married. Then, suddenly, comes an unexpected wrench. Her second daughter, whom she has learned to depend upon as she

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

never depended upon anything before, announces her engagement and her intention of an early marriage. The news has so obvious and so disastrous an effect that the family privately discuss the situation and decide that "mother" must have a new interest in life. It is the younger daughter, Rosemary, who hits upon the solution: the father's business is the Imperial Refreshments Limited, a series of restaurants stretching all over London. Rosemary's proposition is that her mother shall go out into the world, visit these various restaurants, and find out what, if anything, is wrong with them. The timid little woman is mightily frightened when the idea is first broached; but she has an enormous sense of duty, and no sooner has she started on her rounds than she begins to apply the principles in which she has been nurtured and on which she has brought up her family to the conditions of the restaurant business and the necessities of the young girls employed as waitresses. Incidentally, her interference brings about a deadlock between her and her husband, who has two entirely distinct codes, one for his family and the other for his business; and it is only owing to the fortuitous circumstance that his wife has her money invested in the firm and holds a controlling share, that he is finally compelled to capitulate and agree to an advance of wages, and characteristically flatter himself that it is all a wise and paying business move. The author is obviously, not merely a social reformer, but a satirist with an abundant sense of humour.

"ARIADNE OF ALLAN WATER"

This belongs to the type of book that pardonably makes a reviewer cross. If he were writing an opinion for a publisher, instead of a review for a magazine, he would say with frank brevity, "the opening section is immense and the rest is hopeless." *Ariadne of Allan Water* is written by Sidney McCall, whose *Sidney Dexter* the present reviewer read at the time of its appearance, but is compelled to admit that he does not remember it. But at all events he knows that it was a better, more consistent piece of technique than the present unfortunate hotch-potch. The opening chapters are delicious in their portrayal of the latter-day South. Mrs. Bannister, the old decayed gentlewoman, her granddaughter, "Airie," their old, historic homestead, where every family tradition is religiously preserved, are rendered with the fine, unerring touch of an "old master." And the interest tensifies when the news comes that Ariadne's broken-hearted father, who since the death of his wife is too desolate to live in the old surroundings, has married again and is about to bring his bride home, thus driving his mother-in-law from her home,—for, of course, old Mrs. Bannister would not stay to see her daughter replaced by the faded, painted, coquettish old maid that gossip says has entrapped her inflammable son-in-law. But from this point on the author has chosen to write sheer melodrama. Ariadne's father, in the midst of his honeymoon, succumbs to a sudden illness, and in his dying hour perpetrates two flagrant injustices, willing all his worldly goods to his wife, Donna, and exacting from Ariadne an oath that she will never leave her weak, desolate little step-mother. But within a year after her husband's death Donna has married again, and her second husband is an European adventurer, a man with a questionable title, a cultured air and no money. Ariadne, bound by her oath, is dragged from one end of Europe to the other. When next we see her, she is in Holland, with Randy Carr, her old Virginia sweetheart, hot on her trail. The second husband, Martel, who in reality is a Greek, Patredis by name, and has another wife somewhere in Europe, destined to crop up at an inconvenient moment, has wearied of Donna's mature charms and hungers for Ariadne's fresher bloom. Let your fancy run riot as to the possibilities of unscrupulous pursuit, the desperate dodging and doubling of outraged innocence, and the swift, effective methods of the faithful lover, doggedly following the trail. Altogether, the effect of the whole story is painfully

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reminiscent of the "Desperate Desmond" cartoons; and it does seem too bad that a story which opened with so much promise, a story that contained such delicious character drawings as "Dick Cyarter," the irrepressible youngster who fell into the churn and shed buttermilk all over his grandmother's ancestral rugs, and Anguish, the little darkey who was "an imp of laughter, a brown fibre of restless merriment," should waste its substance and end so cheaply.

"LOOT"

Horace Annesley Vachell, in an outburst of candour, expresses in the preface to his newly published volume of short stories, his surprise that there should be a demand on the part of the public for a collection of this sort. Frankly, we are inclined to share his astonishment. These short stories are simply not in the same class with his novels. Even to mention them in the same category is an insult to his more serious fiction. Many a novelist has eked out a slender exchequer by the aid of a short story or two; but one must go very far before finding so flagrant a case of the deliberate prostitution of talent, to satisfy the cheap demands of second-class magazine requirements. The contents of this volume range from cheap imitations of the Sherlock Holmes type of story to an out-and-out ghost tale, but after a far more careful combing than the volume warranted, just one bit of fiction was discovered worthy of a retelling: namely, "The Hero's Last Engagement." A retired officer, unhappily married, who for many years has striven grimly and without protest to make enough money to come somewhere near satisfying the ever-increasing demands of a vampire wife and, as he supposes, vampire daughters, suddenly inherits, from a distant cousin, an utterly unexpected fortune. To his own surprise, he finds himself unwilling to announce the good news to his wife. He hoards it up, miser-like, brooding over it in secret. And little by little the fact dawns upon him that the real reason why he does not want to tell is that he has been a weakling through all these years and that if he had had the proper courage he would have rebelled years ago. And so, when the crucial hour arrives and some outsider tells his wife the truth, he is able to take his stand, assert himself like a man, and incidentally discover that, at the age of fifty odd years, he not only has a fortune but also a younger daughter who understands him to the full, and that life is pre-eminently worth living.

"THE LAST SHOT"

Although *The Last Shot,* by Frederick Palmer, is the type of book against which the present reviewer has persistently inveighed, it is impossible to withhold an expression of admiration for the skill with which it is done. It is simply,—and the comparison must be made in spite of the desire of the author not to be identified with the class,—with the Jules Verne and H. G. Wells type of fiction, the prophetic fiction, whether false or true. Mr. Palmer has conceived the idea of portraying the cruelties of warfare under modern conditions: he whets our appetites, or wrings our sensibilities, according to our natures, by prophesying that this war of the future utterly dwarfs anything hitherto known. Of course, as a veteran war correspondent, Mr. Palmer has a certain degree of experience. But this very advantage ought to have told him that war, whether under the old or the new conditions, is too hideous ever to be transferred to paper. Stendhal gave us a glimpse of it, seen, as it were, through a prism, reflected in a mirror; Stephen Crane, by an herculean *tour de force,* gave us an epic angle of it, raw and sizzling; Zola and Tolstoy have wrung from conflicts fought out under the now antiquated conditions a satiety of horrors,—and yet none of them has surpassed the naïve brutality of Homer, a millennium or two before the invention of gunpowder. Mr. Palmer has an admirable technique, and the ability with which he individualises a score or more of privates in both armies, and awakens our interest and partisanship for one and all of them is de-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

serving of the frankest praise. But his volume as a whole is hopelessly abortive. And for a very simple reason: in order to drive in his arguments against war, he has deliberately chosen to have this epoch-making warfare take place between two un-named nations, known to us only as the Greys and the Browns. Now, human nature is so constituted that it is impossible to take any vital interest in the joys or sorrows of fellow-men unless they are related to us by some tie of blood or sentiment. Tell us that the Chinese and the Japanese are wiping each other off the surface of the globe, and we will watch the subsequent proceedings with the interest that we might give to a dog-fight if there were no money on it. But let it be a conflict that really concerns us, between England and Germany, let us say, or still more nearly, between Mexico and ourselves, and we should not need the spur of a specially trained pen to rouse us to the proper pitch. Mr. Palmer has done an exceedingly good technical job, but although he has made his separate characters extremely appealing and we shall remember them long afterward, the present writer wants to put himself emphatically on record as protesting against the current tendency in fiction to underrate the wholesome influence of patriotism, and to proclaim that he for one cannot take the slightest interest in the life or death of any human being until he knows with what nation we are dealing. It might be one of those nations whose wholesale obliteration from the globe the present writer would witness with infinite satisfaction.

FOUR BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Professor Guérard's "French Civilisation in the Nineteenth Century"*

France is the lady among nations. Hence her history, her diary, is so fascinating. Any account of the doings of a brilliant, adventurous woman lures one on with her feverish ups and downs. To assist at the levees and couchees of France, to behold her in Lyons silks and then in her torn, mob-bedraggled night laces, has long been the frank privilege of the public. For, without the hypocrisy of some of her rivals, she does everything out in the open. The rude populace as well as the general reader have so often been quite free to kick about among the priceless Gobelins of her royal salons and wade around in her imperial bath rooms of white and gold.

Eternally feminine she embodies the emotional, the sensational, the instinctively superb and generous—and then, debasement crumpled up in tears. She has the dramatic way of making prosy things interesting. The dry subject of education becomes in France a moving story. The solemn, august matters of religion become there a series of lively campaigns and rousing "affairs."

Professor Guérard has provided here a highly convenient and recommendable compendium, as it were, of his "historical" lectures last year at Stanford University, conventionally treating his theme in its substantial and sober aspects. Compact, admirably indexed, the volume is like an attractive set of notes boiled down from large histories and long researches. Net thoughts, well-tested conclusions, tempt one readily on from page to page. One may handily find here the final estimate of Napoleon in the light of contemporary inquest and acquire a bowing acquaintance with Syndicalism, Modernism, Bergsonianism. The lucid pages are blessed with short sentences and

*French Civilisation in the Nineteenth Century. By Albert Léon Guérard. New York: The Century Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

paragraphs in brief breaths in the French fashion, distinguished from the more heavy, solid, *gauche* German and English models.

The author is English by education though French by birth. This gives him the advantage of a dual outlook and widened sympathies. To be thus fitted by experience and training to compare, adds a marked value. If a writer on his own civilisation is confined to his sole national acquaintance and language, he has a narrowed sense of worth, his scales of wisdom lack in the chances of a fair balance. His qualities of comparison and proportion are left uncertain or impaired.

This practical book appears adapted for a practical people like ourselves. Americans are assumed to be chiefly interested in material achievements, in the success of the routine of matter-of-fact living, in the coining of things into dollars. But the strifes between political régimes, between classes and masses, between property rights and human rights, between blood and treasure—have they not scarred alike, in the nineteenth century, the history and development of all nations? *Ab uno. . . .*

When French civilisation is spoken of, however, there flashes before the inward eye the impression of something else than warring potentates, systems of taxation, the everlasting questions of bread and butter, the varying trends of trade and commerce. It is as the adorner, the embellisher, of modern life that France stands characteristically forth. Imagine the nineteenth century without its having been beautified by Parisian art and handicraft with their originality, variety and taste! This would be somewhat like having to contemplate the ancient world without the loveliness of Greece. There is nothing much of practical use to be learned by the average American from the political career and material problems of the French race. But a larger acquaintance with their tasteful arts and artisanship would aid directly in enhancing the beauty, charm and desirableness of our own homes and public existence.

Modern sculpture, for instance, would be slight had there not been Paris. French statuary is an afterglow of that glory of the Hellenes which we go far to idealise and aspire after. And yet sculpture is barely mentioned in Professor Guérard's volume. One finds frequently the name of M. Méline, with his political monœvres in behalf of the agrarian interests—a name unknown in America. But the famous Rodin, a master of the ages, who belongs to us all, is scarcely even noticed. Is not Greek sculpture of more civilising worth, active influence, lasting inspiration to-day than the record of Greek governmental shifts and Athenian revenue policies?

What the French did in the past century in developing the manufacture of porcelains and fine cloths (as examples) is left unnoted by our author. And yet the theme is French *civilisation,* not political civilisation. Moralists and philosophers extol the home as the unit, centre and crown of modern life, but histories conventionally do not concern themselves with it. In their general scope for the every-day reader and homemaker they seem adapted to an imputed desire on his or her part to become fitted for statesmanship rather than to become fitted for a more cultivated and humanised individuality. History used to mean largely wars, military campaigns. In our day it deals tremendously with civic battles, civil strife. Eventually will it not more happily record the progress of arts, of refinements, and of the smaller virtues that concern and constitute the real life of the people?

In Professor Guérard's three hundred pages, then, but twenty-three are devoted to "culture." "Society" and "culture" occupy one-seventh part in this "historical introduction" about a race whose distinctive mission has been to gladden the eye and senses with what is comely, to brighten and beautify existence, to make it appear as a less hard, heavy, ungainly thing. Not that one means to be critical, for this is still the recognised fashion of the historian. To exist, to subsist, requires such an overwhelming part of human attention and energy. Eyes and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

noses must be kept down to the exacting soil. So little time and habitude remain to look up, behold, breathe in and enjoy the flower itself.

Half of the present volume is rightfully devoted to the time of the Third Republic—the great miracle in France since Napoleon. Under the Republic the mode and motto at the close of the century began to be "life"—something to be "acted," not merely dreamed of or felt. This is reported as the new watchword, succeeding the "science" of Zola's day. In Voltaire's time it was "reason," in Napoleon's time, "glory." To-morrow it will be something else in that "fair land of cheerful toil, moderate desires, and smiling common sense."

Stuart Henry.

II

Katharine Fullerton Gerould's "Vain Oblations"*

It would be indeed a temptation to trace the influences which one might assume had gone into the making of Mrs. Gerould's style and general manner of telling a story; but such an indulgence would at best be but critical vanity with little to be gained from it. That she possesses the keen analysis of a Mrs. Wharton, the tropical colouring of a Conrad and the sombre imagination of a Dawson are apparent; yet she brings to this very remarkable collection of short stories a distinct personality which never eludes the reader. Sensitively alive to the ironies of life she records the part which Fate persists in playing, and throughout one detects a feeling of the fundamental futility of much that one calls human endeavour. Over her pages there is a gloss of cynicism which accentuates the general grimness of her outlook; but this is livened and toned with a broad culture which removes it from the easy flippancy of a shallow observer. Indeed Mrs. Gerould knows life, and it is this sense of life which lifts these stories into the realm of art, even if at times the plots upon which they are founded require a stretch of credulity. Exactly what one means by the feminine touch is hard to determine: these stories seem to lack it and had they been published anonymously they would seem to have sprung from a man of the world. There is nothing provincial in any one of them: they are broadly cosmopolitan, both in the characters concerned and in the backgrounds against which her people contend. Some will appeal more than others; but this is a matter of taste. The total impression is undeniable that a strong and vigorous writer is handling the difficult medium of the short-story form with compelling power. *Vain Oblations* is, in fact, the best collection of short stories of the year.

The title story well deserves the general acclaim with which it was received when published serially. It has a tropical background which she also utilises in "The Tortoise" and "The Case of Paramore." In all three there is the influence which environment plays upon character, altering it and bending it to its "fell purpose." It is most subtly accomplished, perhaps, in the first story, which for tragedy is about as gruesome as anyone would wish. The author herself has the trick throughout of emphasising how unusual the situations are in which her characters are placed and in "Vain Oblations" we quite agree. Here we have a missionary girl captured by a savage tribe and forced to be a concubine of the chief, partaking of all the tribal customs. To her comes the white man she has been engaged to and who has searched for her ever since the pillage of the camp. He does not recognise her, though he knows, beneath her savage make-up, she is a white woman. She in turn rather than have him realise to what depths she has fallen, deceives him. In her wild *grotesqueries* one recalls a scene in "The Heart of Darkness," which is its pendant in horror. "The Tortoise," though less terrible in treatment, is founded on the same "sacrifice" motive. Chalmers is a very unusual person, but the author's skill makes plausible his marriage with a girl

*Vain Oblations. By Katharine Fullerton Gerould. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whose lover has died, as she thinks in Africa, and whose body she is morbidly determined to recover. Here the author's dramatic sense is revealed in a vivid scene where the girl finally surrenders herself to Chalmers only to find that the man they have been seeking is in the same house.

"On the Staircase" is the author's only venture into the metaphysical, and here one might detect Henry James even if he hadn't written *The Turn of the Screw*. Mrs. Gerould has given a penetrating study of character which removes it from the ordinary story of its type. But her analysis is best seen in "The Divided Kingdom," which is a sheer study of temperament. In speaking of Dorrien in this, for example, there is an illuminating bit of writing illustrative of her facility.

> He was a scientist of sorts, at least by predilection; but he was also healthy and immensely masculine. He couldn't personify Science and then treat her as if she were really a woman. He knew the difference. I've seen men who didn't. They are the lucky ones. Dorrien was unlucky; he had no end of conflicting desires. He wanted abnormal conditions *plus* a normal life; and he wanted a little fame thrown in. . . . He knew that Science could never, for him, be a mistress, and he wasn't a man to exist on merely Platonic relations. He wanted incompatible goods.

The whole tragedy of their married life is summed up in the sentence:

> They only wanted different things for each other, with the best conscience in the world.

But the story which remains most vivid is the somewhat melodramatic "The Wine of Violence." This is a grim study in hate: the husband going to his death because he has been found guilty of having murdered his wife, who has disappeared; the wife letting him die so that she would forever be rid of him. Despite a certain studied effect the suspense in this story is very ingeniously achieved. In this respect it is the best in a volume of such high excellence that one is even inclined to praise. "The Mango-Seed" and "The Case of Paramore," far less successful stories, but like the others, written with the skill of a born story-teller.

Griffin Mace.

III

Joseph Conrad's "The Nigger of the Narcissus"*

With the commendable desire of bringing out a uniform edition of Conrad his publishers have now purchased the old plates of *The Children of the Sea* and have brought that novel out under its original title, *The Nigger of the Narcissus*. What is of especial interest, however, to the admirers of this foremost novelist, is a foreword recently written by the author as well as a suppressed preface which did not appear when the book was published, but which was appended to the serialisation in the *New Review*. Both are revealatory of the man's art as well as his peculiar regard for this early novel. James Wait, who serves as model for the dynamic character which gives the novel its name, was a real person who was in Conrad's watch when he, too, was on the sea.

> But in the book he is nothing; he is merely the centre of the ship's collective psychology and the pivot of action. Yet he who in the family circle and amongst my friends is familiarly referred to as the Nigger, remains very precious to me. For the book written around him is not the sort of thing that can be attempted more than once in a lifetime. It is the book by which, not as a novelist, perhaps, but as an artist striving for the utmost sincerity of expression, I am willing to stand or fall. Its pages are the tribute of my unalterable and profound affection for the ship, the seamen, the winds and the great sea—the moulders of my youth, the companions of the best years of my life.
>
> After writing the last words of that book, in the revulsion of feeling before the com-

*The Nigger of the Narcissus. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company, Garden City.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pleted task, I understood that I had done with the sea, and that henceforth I had to be a writer. And almost without laying down the pen I wrote the preface, trying to express the spirit in which I was entering on the task of my new life.

Since this preface is reproduced with his approval it may be taken as Conrad's present feeling toward the task he has accomplished with such brilliancy of achievement. After pointing out that the thinker plunges into ideas and the scientist into facts, the artist, who resembles them both in seeking truth, must necessarily go beyond them by descending into himself before the same enigmatical spectacle of life.

His appeal is less loud, more profound, less distinct, more stirring—and sooner forgotten. Yet its effect endures forever. The changing wisdom of successive generations discards ideas, questions facts, demolishes theories. But the artist appeals to that part of our being which is not dependent on wisdom; to that in us which is a gift and not an acquisition—and therefore more permanently enduring. He speaks to our capacity for delight and wonder, to the sense of mystery surrounding our lives: to our sense of pity, and beauty and pain: to the latent feeling of fellowship with all creation—and to the subtle but invincible, conviction of solidarity that knits together the loneliness in innumerable hearts to the solidarity in dreams, in joy, in sorrow, in aspirations, in illusions, in hope, in fear, which binds men to each other, which binds together all humanity—the dead to the living and the living to the unborn.

Conrad admits allegiance to no school of writing; his task is above all to make the reader *see*.

If I succeed, you shall find there according to your deserts: encouragement, consolation, fear, charm—all you demand, and perhaps, also that glimpse of truth for which you have forgotten to ask. . . . To snatch in a moment of courage, from the remorseless rush of time, a passing phase of life, is only the beginning of the task. The task approached in tenderness and faith is to hold up unquestioningly, without choice and without fear, the rescued fragments before all eyes and in the light of a sincere mood. It is to show its vibration, its colour, its form; and through its movement, its form and its colour, reveal the substance of its truth—disclose its inspiring secret: the stress and passion within the core of each convincing moment. In a single-minded attempt of that kind, if one be deserving and fortunate, one may perchance attain to such clearness of sincerity that at last the presented vision of regret or pity, of terror or mirth, shall awaken in the hearts of the beholders that feeling of unavoidable solidarity; of the solidarity in mysterious origin, in toil, in joy, in hope, in uncertain fate, which binds men to each other and all mankind to the visible world.

It is natural to see how this philosophy of life has been drawn from the author's years of contact with the sea, and a rereading of this present novel only accentuates the sources of his inspiration. Conrad has no other doctrine to preach; he is never the propagandist with a mission: he seeks to broaden human sympathies. In *The Nigger of the Narcissus* he is concerned only with the crew on a ship, making a four-month voyage; yet his art is such that one gains a sense that all of life is condensed into the lives of those few men. It is interesting, too, in comparing it with his latest book, for example, to see the continued love of the sea predicated in his preface. But his method has changed. The early book is told in the accepted canons of story-telling: it is direct narrative, at least; while in *Chance,* as in *Lord Jim* and others, he pieces his story out through indirection, which to some readers is a difficult method no matter the verisimilitude gained. No female interest is dragged into this story of a crew: he is concerned with men. Yet his later book reveals him the profound psychologist of femininity. What is interesting is to see that Conrad stepped, like Meredith, immediately into his art: he was born to write, though he delayed till after forty. *The*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nigger of the Narcissus is one of the world's great sea stories, differing from others in that it is psychological as well as external. It is full of unforgettable scenes, such as the death of Wait under the scorn of Donkin ("when something resembling a scarlet thread hung down his chin out of the corner of his lips") and also the subsequent burial when the body refuses to slip over the side of the boat into the sea.

Conrad says that the most gratifying recollections of his life was when W. E. Henley wrote, after seeing two chapters of this novel: "Tell Conrad that if the rest is up to the sample it shall certainly come out in the *New Review*." That it was subsequently published by that editor is high testimonial of how it was held by that discriminating critic.

George Middleton.

IV

Louis Evan Shipman's "The True Adventure of a Play"*

It is no easy task to tell a very intimate "inside" story yet not violate taste and a sense of proportion. Mr. Shipman, in recounting the adventures of his play, *D'Arcy of the Guards,* has not only avoided such pitfalls, but, with his usual grace of expression, he has brought forth a little story which will be of infinite assistance to all playwrights—who are or would be. Indeed it is in a spirit of helpfulness to others that he has approached his idea, and certainly no aspirant for fame on Broadway could fail to see a phase of theatrical conditions illumined by this detailed account of facts which reveal the uncertainties of play producing. It is well to warn the reader, at the start, that the story which Mr. Shipman tells is in no way exceptional. In fact, if there is any criticism at all, one might say that, on the whole, he had a very easy time of it. He at least achieved production for his play by two distinguished artists, and while he suffered somewhat from the usual deceptions handed to playwrights, his main need throughout was patience. As he only set out to tell a simple story of one play any further suggestion as to what he might have done would be ungenerous. There yet remains to be written the detailed story of the chaotic conditions in the theatre as they affect the playwright: this book is the nearest approach to any that we have, and while it is limited intentionally, it is of exceptional interest. The sly humour, and skilful thrusts at several well-known actors and play agents, the large number of personal letters from prominent managers give to the entire story that personal touch so necessary in a book of this sort.

After recounting how the idea came to him to write a play upon a Colonial theme, the author proceeds to give a list of the number of people who read the play and their various reactions. The reason plays are turned down are here partly revealed—at least why this particular play was rejected. One amusing touch is contained in a letter from E. H. Sothern, who wanted a play "with a big part for me." Another actress writes of the leading feminine rôle: "Pamela is not strong enough for me, I see her charm." From these phrases the budding playwright may deduce that one of the first rules in selling a play to a star is that the leading rôle should be a "fat" one. Even when the play was eventually produced by Henry Miller, the letters reveal that many lines were taken from one character and given to him. As this is a perfectly natural procedure it is merely interesting to call attention to it —as a lesson in practical play-writing. A very revealing letter is one written by Mr. Miller to the author when the play had run a short while, begging him "to build it up." Here we see the author and actor working in complete harmony as to changes—which is in itself a phenomenon. Inside views of the mystery of the "booking department" is also shown the reader, who may often have wondered how plays reach the city. In fact, an amusing anecdote is told on Mr. Frohman who, seeing an enthusiastic no-

*The True Adventure of a Play. By Louis Evan Shipman. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tice of the play written in the *Evening Sun,* thought it was by Acton Davies. On the strength of this, Mr. Frohman consented to see the play and it was eventually "booked" in one of his New York theatres. But before it opened it had to be rehearsed under Mr. Frohman's eye with further resulting changes more or less important. From all of which one deduces the truth of Boucicault's remark, "that plays are not written, but rewritten."

It is unnecessary to give in detail the further adventures of *D'Arcy;* although the London complications with three well-known stars seeking it is as amusing to the reader as it must have been tragic to the nervously anxious author. After three years it saw the light. London, New York and all the "stock" cities in the country gave it a hearing, and when all was thought over the author recounts an offer to have it done in motion pictures. All of which shows that a play has a peculiar life if it once gets started with anything like success.

At the end of the volume Mr. Shipman gives several contracts which should serve as models to any playwright approaching a sale for the first time. These are of the usual phraseology, but they are instructive samples to guide the ignorant in the mazes of theatrical business. The book is, therefore, valuable to the playwright; and because of its charm and personal note is not uninteresting reading to the layman who would know of the things on the other side of the proscenium.

John Blakeslee.

THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL BAG

I

HERE is a letter from Mr. Reginald Wright Kauffman provoked by Dr. Ellis P. Oberholtzer's personal reminiscences of Weir Mitchell in the April BOOKMAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE BOOKMAN":

I have read with much interest Ellis P. Oberholtzer's "Personal Reminiscences of Weir Mitchell" in the April BOOKMAN. They are so pleasant—and doubtless, on the whole, so authentic—that I hesitate to question any part of them; yet two of the incidents included in them are so erroneous that I am sure Dr. Oberholtzer will be glad to see them corrected.

In the first place, if Dr. Mitchell, at the bedside of the dying Archbishop Ryan, did indeed say: "An old man's blessing upon another old man should be gratefully received"—he, of course, intended the words to be accepted as the quotation that all the world knows them to be.

Secondly, Dr. Oberholtzer does not spare newspaper-reporters in his reminiscences, and this in spite of the fact that, in *Who's Who in America,* he says that he himself "engaged in newspaper work for a number of years": he declares that Dr. Mitchell "often enjoyed speaking of the distinction that was his of being the only man in America who had never been interviewed." Surely Dr. Oberholtzer's memory is here again at fault. I do not know how often Dr. Mitchell was interviewed, but I know that he was interviewed. I interviewed him.

There was talk of an encroachment upon some historical house in Germantown—a house, I believe, mentioned in *Hugh Wynne.* Mr. Harvey Maitland Watts (then managing-editor of *The Philadelphia Press,* now of *The Public Ledger*) knew Dr. Mitchell in the Pegasus Club, of which we were all three members. Mr. Watts asked me to interview Dr. Mitchell. My recollection is that I wrote Dr. Mitchell for an appointment and that he made one. At any rate, I went to see him and he submitted most courteously to the ordeal of an interview. No only that: I asked him if I should send him a proof of what I should write of that interview. His reply was: "Don't bother. I am bitterly opposed to this destruction of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

historical monuments: you can't quote me as speaking too strongly."

Of course I had not gone to him precisely as a reporter, since I was at that time a member of the editorial staff of my paper. Nevertheless, my work in this instance was interviewing of the common or garden variety. After its publication, Dr. Mitchell even wrote me a note commending its presentation of his sentiments.

I mention this at so much length because Dr. Oberholtzer is not alone in this one of his mistakes. At the time of Dr. Mitchell's death, many obituary notices spoke of Dr. Mitchell as never having been interviewed. These, of course, misled Dr. Oberholtzer, but the statement was one that Dr. Mitchell would have been the first to deny.

Very truly yours,
REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN.

COLUMBIA, PENNA.,
6th May, 1914.

II

Here is a letter which we are glad to print for several reasons. In the first place there come to this office a great many letters telling of experiences with so-called "literary bureaus," and asking for our assistance and advice. Much as we should like to accede to those requests it will be perfectly obvious that we can do so only on rare occasions. There are black sheep masquerading as "literary agents" with no other purpose than to feed upon the vanity and inexperience of authors. On the other hand, both in England and in this country there are agents whose efficiency and integrity are above all doubt. As this letter very soundly points out, if the writer would only realise the importance of finding out the financial and literary standing of the agent before becoming a client, there would be few disappointments and misunderstandings.

May 12, 1914.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE BOOKMAN":

A few weeks ago I attended the meeting of a Writers' Club when one of the subjects under discussion was, "Do you Believe in the Literary Agent?" I was amazed to hear almost all of the members testify to various difficulties they had gotten into through the employment of so-called agents. Out of respect to my own profession I investigated the matter and found that most of these women had employed "bureaus" or "syndicates" which have no standing, and which make a practice of taking a large percentage of the author's earnings.

In view of the fact that the business of the literary agent is a useful and reputable one in England and in America, may I ask you to print in the columns of THE BOOKMAN as much of this letter as you see fit?

I should like to point out to every writer in the country the importance of finding out the financial and literary standing of the agent. We handle an author's money, and it is quite right and proper that we should give satisfactory references. I also think it very necessary that the writer should know something of the literary experience of the agent, as he or she should be able to judge intelligently of the literary as well as the financial worth of a manuscript.

Many authors, especially new ones, know very little of the market value of their work. Some of them think they have written masterpieces of priceless value, while others lean toward too modest an opinion of their own productions. Each class, therefore, makes mistakes when trying to market their goods.

I feel that many of the big and little writers abroad and in this country owe much of their success to the faithful work of their literary agents, and I appeal to all writers to suspend judgment of this profession until they have found out for themselves just what is being done.

I repeat that the unworthy literary agent would soon be run out of business if the author took precautions not to give him any work unless his references are absolutely satisfactory.

Thanking you for any attention that you may give to this letter, I am,

Very sincerely yours,
F. M. HOLLY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SECOND-RATE CLASSICS

BY EDWARD FULLER

DEFINING a classic is as difficult as defining literature or poetry or love, or any subject which appeals to the imagination; for a definition is valuable in proportion to its exactness, and the imagination shrinks from the exact. Perhaps it is sufficient to say that any work which by common critical consent has won an established place in literature is a classic. Whether much read or little read, it cannot be quite forgotten. Too often "the books that no gentleman's library should be without" stand untouched on the shelves. But some of the great figures of history are equally remote. Napoleon is not a better soldier than Hannibal because we talk about him more. We must admit that *Paradise Lost* is a classic, though we may prefer *Obermann*. Yet the success of certain popular collections suggests that the classics on the whole are widely read—or at least bought. Nor is it altogether rash to conclude that the classic which does not maintain a measure of readableness through all the chances and changes of literary fashion is the exception rather than the rule. If it were not so, the verdict of criticism would count for very little. And in a sense the greatest work satisfies the most diverse needs. Thus Shakespeare finds quite as much appreciation in the gallery as in the stalls. A limited audience means that a classic falls short of the universal quality of genius—that it is, in short, a minor classic. *Vathek* is an extreme example of a minor classic.

The double standard in criticism has resulted in as many perplexities as the double standard in morals. We naturally give precedence to the writers whose spirits touch to fine issues all sorts and conditions of men. No one would say that Lovelace is as great a poet as Wordsworth, although two of his poems are quite as good as Wordsworth's best. Nevertheless, the minor classics are classics because they have something of the quality of the major classics. Mrs. Gaskell is not Thackeray, but *Cranford* is as perfect in its kind as *Vanity Fair*. Probably it is also as widely read. No doubt the general judgment is in the main sound; otherwise such masterpieces as *The Odyssey, The Æneid, The Divine Comedy* and *Don Quixote* would be as good as dead. That is not a sane principle of criticism which would make the power to discriminate a possession of the few. Yet this same general judgment has now and then fallen into strange aberrations. The remarkable vogue of the books which we may call second-rate classics shows that. The term is in a sense a misnomer; strictly speaking, a classic cannot be second-rate; if it be it falls short of the classical standard. But if wide and long-continuing acceptance is one of the characteristics of a classic, then indeed such books cannot be dismissed with contempt. They have vitality, if nothing more.

Let us not confound the minor classic with the second-rate classic. The former, to deserve its place, must at least be good of its kind. This test makes books like *Annals of the Parish* or *Our Village* minor, but not second-rate. They have that sincerity which is the saving salt of literature. The list might be easily extended: *Harry Lorrequer, Midshipman Easy, Moby Dick, Two Years Before the Mast, The Tower of London, Who Breaks—Pays*. But there is no need to stretch out the line to the crack of doom. And there are other books which can hardly be called minor classics and yet which are not precisely second-rate: *Quits, The Heir of Redclyffe, Tricotrin, The First Violin*—here, too, a catalogue is unnecessary. Most of these have lost their vogue—at least for the time—but

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they are far better worth while than the vast majority of the novels of the present moment. There are those who will smile at *Tricotrin* and "Ouida," but that moving tale, and *Under Two Flags,* perhaps, are not quite second-rate; and *A Dog of Flanders* and *Two Little Wooden Shoes* may well be reckoned among the minor classics. With all her errors of taste and her lapses into false sentiment, "Ouida" had in her a spark of the divine fire. She may still be counted among the living, for her books are still read. But another woman writer, quite as remarkable, seems to be practically unread. One searches in vain among dictionaries of literature and similar works of reference for the name of Mrs. Charles Jenkin, although a few grudging lines are given to her in *The Dictionary of National Biography,* where her son, Fleeming Jenkin, occupies a much larger space. *Who Breaks—Pays,* however, is a fine novel, despite superficial blemishes. To the modern reader the style may occasionally seem a trifle stilted; but it is not more so than that of Dickens. There is an old-fashioned touch in the apostrophes. "Be grateful, Lill, to Guiliani"—the modern novelist does not thus advise a heroine. But not a little of the easy, touch-and-go dialogue of the present time is quite as artificial. In a story in a current magazine there is a passage which might credibly be labelled early Victorian:

> "Do you believe," she asked, "that souls are created in twos, and that here upon earth each seeks its complement?"
>
> "I do," said he. "Do you?"
>
> "Yes."
>
> A little silence fell between them.
>
> "And do you think one recognises one's other self instinctively?"
>
> "Yes," said he. "Do you?"
>
> "Yes."
>
> Warm colour surged under her clear skin.
>
> Her dark eyes met his, almost shyly.

The early Victorians did this sort of thing much better. They made it seem natural. The author of *Guy Livingston* would have carried through a scene like this and actually moved the reader; in its twentieth century guise it is mere rubbish. Mrs. Jenkin is, of course, a much finer artist than the author of *Guy Livingston.* The people in *Who Breaks—Pays* are very much alive. The time is in the late forties, and the scene opens in Paris, then is shifted to England and to Italy. Lill Tufton is an English girl of the butterfly type so often affected by women writers. But, in spite of her superficial frivolity, she is capable of deep feeling, after the fashion of Miss Rhoda Broughton's heroines. An Italian nobleman, making his living in Paris as a teacher of languages, is attracted to her against his will. But the very strength of his self-control attracts her to him, and at last he is driven to confess his love. Lill's interest in him is not love, however, and finally he renounces her and she marries an English baronet. "Chi rompe—paga." The Italian proverb which gives the book its title is justified by the result of this marriage; for Lill suffers bitterly, though not wholly by her husband's fault. "I don't know how it is," she says on one occasion, "but everything I try to do right turns out wrong." Her story is thus a spectacle of a helpless victim in the hands of fate. It has had many successors—*Strangers and Pilgrims* may be mentioned as one of them—but its poignancy is not easily surpassed. One feature of *Who Breaks—Pays* is the sympathetic understanding of the Italian character and the desire for the freedom of Italy which so many cultivated English people showed at that time. Mrs. Jenkin's book can be found in most of the public libraries, probably. It will be worth the reader's while to ask for a copy.

It might be accounted a strong indictment of public taste that the second-rate classic should so often outlive the minor classic. Mrs. Wood was practically contemporary with Mrs. Jenkin. Yet thousands still read *East Lynne* for one who reads *Who Breaks—Pays.* The fact cannot be explained by simply saying that the liking for trash is eternal. Trash, if it be nothing more, is quickly forgot-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ten. Even a novel of some merit may not outlast the year of its publication. If a book, the faults of which are obvious, not only wins instant popularity, but holds its own for years after, it must have some qualities which deserve respect; it must resemble a classic, at least, in its universal appeal. An examination of the second-rate classics of the last two centuries reveals two significant considerations: these books have either dramatic, perhaps melodramatic, vigour, or what the theatrical managers call "a strong heart interest;" and frequently they have both. One early example, *The Fool of Quality,* is an apparent exception to this rule. But, although Henry Brooke's tale is five volumes long, and seems to us tedious beyond words, full of digressions, dialogues and stories within stories as it is, there is humour in it and a sense of contrast that approaches the dramatic, nor is it devoid of that peculiar sentimentality characteristic of the eighteenth century. "The tear of generosity" interrupts its fist battles and other Londonian episodes. John Wesley was so fond of it that he prepared an abridgment, and the apostle of muscular Christianity praised it highly. But neither Wesley nor Charles Kingsley had much critical acumen.

In three conspicuous early examples of the second-rate classic it is melodrama of the crudest kind which holds the reader's attention. When Horace Walpole wrote (presumably with his tongue in his cheek) *The Castle of Otranto,* he set a fashion long to be popular. It is a little surprising that his use of the supernatural should have been accepted in an age inclined to scepticism. Yet how often have those who disdain religion as superstition exhibited their own credulty! We can understand why Frederic's blood should freeze in his veins when the mysterious figure in a hermit's cowl reveals "the fleshless jaws and empty sockets of a skeleton" and speaks to him "in a hollow voice." But why should the printed account of the occurrence produce gooseflesh? Walpole's imitator, Mrs. Radcliffe, is much more plausible; in *The Mysteries of Udolpho* everything is explained by trap doors and sliding panels. Her use of nature to heighten scenes of horror is in a way justifiable. Mark how she pictures the castle in which her heroine is to undergo so many dreadful experiences:

> Emily gazed with melancholy upon the castle. . . As she gazed the light died away on its walls, leaving a melancholy purple tint, which spread deeper and deeper as the thin vapour crept up the mountain, while the battlements above were still tipped with splendour. From them, too, the rays soon faded, and the whole edifice was invested with the solemn duskiness of evening. Silent, lonely and sublime, it seemed to stand the sovereign of the scene, and to frown defiance on all who dared to invade its solitary reign. As the twilight deepened, its features became more awful in obscurity, and Emily continued to gaze till its clustering towers alone were seen rising over the tops of the woods, beneath whose thick shade the carriages began soon after to ascend.

After this dreadful note of preparation, what may we not expect? No wonder Emily had to sit down now and then and "compose the following lines" to relieve her feelings a little! But the "heart interest" plays a small part in comparison with the melodrama. This is even more true of *The Monk,* the extravagantly supernatural and often nasty effort of Matthew Gregory Lewis to outdo all competitors. Lewis was but twenty when he wrote it; but, although he did much other work, some of it fairly good, he was known always after as "Monk" Lewis. It is curious to remember that Scott, then a young man, was greatly elated when so distinguished an author asked him to dinner and took the trouble to criticise his work. None of these second-rate classics is much read now; but we do not have to go back much further than half a century to find them still admired.

"Heart interest" explains to some extent the vogue of three other books. *The Man of Feeling* made Henry Mackenzie a great literary light in Edinburgh even

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

after Scott showed above the horizon. Mackenzie is an obvious disciple of Sterne, though quite deficient in Sterne's sly and usually coarse humour. His hero is bashful, sensitive and excessively delicate, and even his villain makes an edifying death-bed repentance. The former "apostrophises" everything. When he leaves his aunt's home to go to London he has a moving scene with his servant:

Harley shook him by the hand as he passed, smiling, as if he had said, "I will not weep." He sprang hastily into the chaise that waited for him. Peter folded up the step. "My dear master," said he, shaking the solitary lock that hung on either side of his head, "I have been told as how London is a sad place." He was choked with the thought, and his benediction could not be heard. But it shall be heard, honest Peter! where these tears will add to its energy.

Mrs. Elizabeth Inchbald, the beautiful and ostentatiously virtuous actress, dramatist and novelist, made *A Simple Story* combine "heart interest" with rigid morality. Her aim was to display "the improper education of the unthinking Miss Milner," and to describe the conflict between religion and love. The story was greatly admired by an earlier generation; but, as Mrs. Oliphant reminds us, "there were no *Waverley Novels* in those days, no Jane Austen, no Maria Edgeworth." The modern reader would probably find Mrs. Inchbald's *Nature and Art* more amusing because more absurd. Thus Agnes is condemned to death by the judge who had seduced her, but who does not recognise her, although "in every heavy hour passed with his wife he was sure to think of her!" He does not discover the truth until after Agnes is dead, and then he feels a quite natural surprise at his blindness:

But wonder, astonishment, horror and every other sensation was absorbed by—*remorse.* It wounded, it stabbed, it rent his hard heart as it would do a tender one; it havocked on his firm inflexible mind as it would on a weak and pliant brain! Spirit of Agnes! look down, and behold all your wrongs revenged! William feels—*remorse.*

Thaddeus of Warsaw enjoyed a longer popularity than either of these novels. Perhaps there are young persons who read it still. It is the kind of book that captivates schoolgirls, and the mothers of the present day will recall that in their youth it had not lost that virtue. It was translated into French and German; it pleased Kosciuszko, to whose fame it was an obvious tribute; and it procured for its author, Miss Jane Porter, an honorary office from the King of Würtemberg. The Thaddeus of *The Bohemian Girl,* exiled "when the fair land of Poland was ploughed by the hoof of the ruthless invader," is a pale reflection of its hero. The story reeks with sentimentality, and the tears flow freely on every possible occasion. But its popularity is undeniable. It went through edition after edition while Miss Porter lived, and it is still included in more than one "library" of fiction. Perhaps the action in it has helped to keep it alive. Thaddeus has plenty of adventures, both in fighting for Poland and during his exile in England. Then, too, he is a Sobieski, and the glamour of that name has not quite vanished even yet. He lives in England as Mr. Constantine. He takes lodgings with "a worthy woman," and acts as her good angel, though he has to pawn his belongings to do so. He rescues a lovely lady of title from ruffians, and is thus introduced as a teacher of languages to the highest circles. This is the lofty way in which he "converses" with Lady Tinemouth:

"My family was one of the first in Poland. Even in banishment, the remembrance that its virtues were as well known as its name, affords some alleviation to the conviction that when my country fell, all my property and all my kindred were involved in the ruin. Soon after the dreadful sealing of its fate, I quitted it, and by the command of a dying parent, who expired in my arms, sought refuge in this island from degradations which otherwise I could neither repel nor avoid."

Thaddeus sighed; and the Countess, struck by the graceful modesty with which this

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

simple account was related, laid her hand upon his.

"Mr. Constantine, I am not surprised at what you have said. The melancholy of your air induced me to suspect that you were not happy, and my sole wish in penetrating your reserve was to show you that a woman can be a sincere friend."

Tears of gratitude glistened in the Count's eyes. Incapable of making a suitable reply, he pressed her hand to his lips. She rose; and willing to relieve a sensibility which delighted her, added, "I will not detain you longer; only let me see you soon."

A man of feeling indeed! Nor does his sensibility desert him when he confesses to the beautiful Mary Beaufort, in the presence of her uncle, his love for her. Miss Beaufort had fallen in love with him before he spoke, and had "bedewed" her pillow "with delicious but bitter tears." "Ah, is it come to this?" she cries, "pressing down her saturated eyelids with her hand." Here is his proposal:

"Honoured, dearest Miss Beaufort! may I indulge the idea that I am blessed with your regard?"

She could not reply, but whispered to her uncle, "Pray, sir, desire him to rise! I am overwhelmed."

"My sweet Mary!" returned the baronet, pressing her to his breast, "this is no time for deception on either side. I know both your hearts. Rise, Thaddeus! Take him, Mary!"

The language in *Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model* is not more elegant. But the power of "heart interest" is such that readers of intelligence admired *Thaddeus of Warsaw* as much as *Waverley*. We may laugh at it now all we please, but that fact is one which cannot be explained away.

With few exceptions, the second-rate classics are highly moral. Doubtless this is another explanation of their success. A popular audience is always strong on virtue's side, however often its individual members may have dallied with vice.

When the burglar isn't occupied with burgling,
When the criminal is not intent on crime,
He loves to hear the little brook a-gurgling,
And listen to the merry village chime.

And we all know that the girl whose habits are open to suspicion is invariably "good to her mother," and that the scenes of childhood are dear to the heart of the hard and stern oppressor of the poor. Mary Howitt's *Sowing and Reaping* illustrates this unimpeachable truth. The story is that of a foolish mother who indulges her son Richard and neglects her daughter Elizabeth. Richard goes to the bad, of course, and he and his mother manage so to entangle the estate that an unscrupulous uncle gets possession of it. When Richard has been driven to crime he turns on his mother and blames her. Then the injured daughter attempts to console her:

"Dearest mother! speak to me!" exclaimed she, falling on her knees before her.

"Serpent! viper!" exclaimed Mrs. Durant, catching away her hands, and starting up.

"Mother!" repeated Elizabeth, rising from her knees.

"Go, child!" said she, fixing her eyes on her child with great severity, "go, I say!"

"I will not go," replied Elizabeth, with tenderness and yet with firmness; "not till I know that it is not in a daughter's power to render service to a mother. It is the privilege of the most holy and tender of relationships to perform such a duty, and I demand this privilege from you! Before Heaven, I demand it!" said Elizabeth, again sinking upon her knees before her mother, and kissing her hand.

Such, in more modern language, is the attitude of the heroine of the second-rate classic of our own time.

It is not difficult to discover from these older examples what are the essential merits of a second-rate classic. Characters sharply drawn—the black all black and the white all white—and treated with poetic justice; sentiment of the fundamental kind; pathos just removed from bathos; exaggerated contrasts; a moral

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lesson: by such devices the heart of the great public is touched. Yet the author must not get too far away from life. There must be a semblance of truth, if not the truth itself. For the great public likes to recognise human nature, not precisely as it is, but as it ought to be.

Among all the second-rate classics with which readers are still familiar, there is no doubt as to the supremacy of *East Lynne*. It is still a "best seller" after half a century, and the stage version still draws audiences in the "one-night stands." Nor is the secret hard to fathom. In the first place, *East Lynne* is sincerely written. In the second place, it deals with a genuinely moving situation. The scoundrel who takes Lady Isabel away from her husband is, to be sure, a rather commonplace copy of the bold bad guardsman of "Ouida" and George A. Lawrence. It is hard to believe that any woman, however much circumstances might lead her to suspect a man like Archibald Carlyle—and, indeed, they are only trifles light as air which seem to Lady Isabel confirmation strong as proof of holy writ—could bolt with a man like Sir Francis Levison. But the return of the erring wife and mother, after an accident which has disguised and disfigured her, and in which she was reported killed, to her home, her long agony under the same roof with her children whom she cannot own and her husband's second wife, who has succeeded to the affection she threw away, is finely conceived and well wrought out; and her boy's death, followed by her own, are scenes which bring the tears even to sophisticated eyes. Mrs. Wood also displays much insight and humour in drawing the other characters. It is easy to conceive of a great novelist rewriting *East Lynne* and making it a great novel. That is something which cannot be said of every second-rate classic.

East Lynne thus seems to have much more vitality than such a second-rate classic as *John Halifax, Gentleman.* There was a time when Mrs. Craik had a wider circle of readers than that great artist and woman of genius, Mrs. Oliphant; but it may be permissible to think that *Miss Marjoribanks* and *Kirsteen* will survive long after *John Halifax, Gentleman* is forgotten. It is plain enough why the book made such a furore in its time. Its evangelical morality was unexceptional and its glorification of middle-class ideas was perfect. But it lacked humour. The stories of Mrs. Craik's contemporary, *The Arundel Motto* and *Old Myddleton's Money,* almost equally popular in their time, may be more entirely forgotten, but they would be less tedious to the modern reader. Indeed, Miss Mary Cecil Hay was often a little better than second-rate. Possibly such successors as Mrs. Hungerford—the "Duchess," whom Mr. Tassin recently celebrated in these pages—and Mrs. Alexander will find oblivion quite as speedily, and it may be doubted if Mr. Charles Garvice's novels are remembered longer than the few hours required for perusing them. Yet with all their exaggerations they have a certain quality that distinguishes them honourably from many more pretentious novels. It would be perilous, perhaps, to name well-known writers of contemporary fame who come dangerously near to being second rate.

No doubt the prosperity of the second-rate classic lies to some extent in the attitude of him who reads it. We are apt to consider our fiction too nicely, to insist upon "veritism" just as we insist upon "real" bric-a-brac in a stage setting. But the fundamentals of human nature are independent, after all, of mere accessories. We forget the absurdities in novels that appeal to the primitive love of a good story just as we overlook the bad manners of those we love. And if one finds one's self reading a second-rate classic with a disturbing degree of appreciation, there should be consolation in the fact that many of the finest minds have done the same thing. The mental gulf between a Macaulay and a bagman may not be as great as we are wont to imagine.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE STORY OF AN EMPRESS

Part VII—Bismarck in the Saddle

After the death of Prince Albert, the relations between the Crown Princess and Bismarck become of absorbing interest to the student both of politics and of human nature.

Bismarck seems to have first met Prince Albert in the summer of 1855, when Queen Victoria and the Prince paid their state visit to Paris. In his *Reminiscences,* Bismarck says that in the Prince's manner to him there was a kind of "malevolent curiosity," and he convinced himself—not so much at the time as from subsequent events—that the Prince regarded him as a reactionary party man, who took up sides for Russia in order to further an Absolutist and "Junker" policy. Bismarck goes on to say that it was not to be wondered at that this view of the Prince's and of the then partisans of the Duke of Coburg descended to the Prince's daughter.

"Even soon after her arrival in Germany, in February, 1858, I became convinced, through members of the Royal House and from my own observations, that the Princess was prejudiced against me personally. The fact did not surprise me so much as the form in which her prejudice against me had been expressed in the narrow family circle—'she did not trust me.' I was prepared for antipathy on account of my alleged anti-English feelings and by reason of my refusal to obey English influences; but, from a conversation which I had with the Princess after the war of 1866, while sitting next to her at table, I was obliged to conclude that she had subsequently allowed herself to be influenced in her judgment of my character by further-reaching calumnies.

"I was ambitious, she said, in a half-jesting tone, to be a king or at least president of a republic. I replied in the same semi-jocular tone that I was personally spoilt for a Republican; that I had grown up in the Royalist traditions of the family, and had need of a monarchical institution for my earthly well-being: I thanked God, however, I was not destined to live like a king, constantly on show, but to be until death the king's faithful subject. I added that no guarantee could, however, be given that this conviction of mine would be universally inherited, and this not because Royalists would give out, but because perhaps kings might. 'Pour faire un civet, il faut un lièvre, et pour faire une monarchie, il faut un roi.' I could not answer for it that, for want of such, the next generation might not be Republican. I further remarked that, in thus expressing myself, I was not free from anxiety at the idea of a change in the occupancy of the throne without a transference of the monarchical traditions to the successor. But the Princess avoided every serious turn and kept up the jocular tone, as amiable and entertaining as ever; she rather gave me the impression that she wished to tease a political opponent.

"During the first years of my Ministry, I frequently remarked in the course of similar conversation that the Princess took pleasure in provoking my patriotic susceptibility by playful criticism of persons and matters."

In this passage we have evidently a perfectly frank expression of Bismarck's real feeling, and it gives an extraordinarily vivid picture of these two remarkable personalities, facing one another with watchful, guarded, measuring glance, like two duellists awaiting the signal for combat.

That Bismarck to a great extent misunderstood the Princess is plain enough, and indeed it would have been extraordinary if he had understood her, so different was she from any normal type of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

German lady. But there is abundant evidence that he did not underrate her intellectual ability, though it must have been a perpetual astonishment to him to find such mental powers in a woman, and there were even moments when the aims of the two, generally so wide apart, seemed actually to converge. It is curious to speculate how different the course of history might have been if the Princess had added to her other qualities that tact, prudence, and power of judging human character, which were surely alone wanting to make her one of the most remarkable women who have ever held her exalted rank.

The greatest injustice which Bismarck did the Princess lay in his suspicion—to use a mild term—of her German patriotism. The Prince Consort had consistently pursued the ideal of a union of the German States under the leadership of Prussia as the champion of German Liberalism. Such a new-born Germany might, or might not, have become the ally of England, but the Prince Consort must certainly be acquitted of any Machiavellian designs for the benefit of his adopted country; the supreme end he had in view was undoubtedly the happiness and greatness of Germany, and both his wife and his daughter knew and shared his aims.

From 1858 to 1861 the Prince Consort's influence in Prussian politics may almost be described as paramount; but the happy relations between England and Prussia were broken, partly by the inability of King William to share the liberalism of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, which seemed to him positively anti-monarchical, partly by anti-Prussian feeling in England, and partly by the claim of the Prussian Liberals to dictate to the Crown on the question of army reorganisation.

Prince Albert did not live to see how completely his hopes had been shattered, and his premature death deprived his daughter of his counsel at the very moment when Bismarck came into office in the full tide of Russophil reaction and Anglophobia.

It is difficult to realise, in view of later events, how strong was the distrust which Bismarck inspired at the beginning of his accession to power. It was known that he desired an alliance with Napoleon III, and it was even believed that he would be capable of ceding German territory to France.

The trend of popular opinion was significantly shown on March 17, 1863, when the fiftieth anniversary of the Proclamation "To my People" was celebrated, and the foundation-stone of a memorial to Frederick William III was laid in Berlin.

Nothing that the authorities could do to give distinction to the occasion was omitted. The Crown Prince, who had just been appointed to a high post on the staff, commanded the military parade, and was present with his father at the festivities in honour of the survivors of the War of Liberation and the Knights of the Iron Cross. The citizens of Berlin, however, were conspicuous by their absence, and the popular feeling was expressed by the great writer, Freytag, who said in an article in a Liberal newspaper: "All good Prussians will pass this day quietly, seriously, and will consider the means by which they may best preserve the illustrious House of Hohenzollern for the future welfare of the State."

The first real efforts made by Bismarck to alienate the King from the Crown Prince and Princess date from the year 1863, just when the Princess was beginning to recover her spirits and normal state of mental health.

"Every kind of calumny was spread," wrote Morier, "respecting the persons supposed to be the Prince's friends. Spies were placed over him in the shape of aides-de-camp and chamberlains; conversations were distorted and imagined, till the Dantzig episode brought matters to a climax, and very nearly led to the transfer of the Prince to a fortress."

This episode, a speech delivered by the Crown Prince at Dantzig, possessed all the importance that Morier attributes to it, and it must be admitted that it was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the circumstances a highly imprudent utterance, for it dragged the differences between the Crown Prince and his father into the light of day.

The speech was delivered to the municipality of Dantzig on June 5, 1863. In it the Crown Prince referred to the variance which had occurred between the Government and the people, by which he meant a new ordinance restricting the freedom of the Press. This variance, he said, had occasioned him no small degree of surprise; and he added:

"Of the proceedings which have brought it about I know nothing. I was absent. I have had no part in the deliberations which have produced this result."

Although the Crown Prince went on to pay tribute to the noble and fatherly intentions and magnanimous sentiments of the King, nevertheless the speech naturally created a great sensation, not only in Germany, but in other countries too. A correspondence followed between the Prince and his father, in which the former, while asking pardon for his action, offered to resign all his offices. Bismarck professes to have himself succeeded in making peace between the two, quoting to the King the text, "Deal tenderly with the boy Absalom," and urging that it was not advisable to make his Heir Apparent a martyr.

Bismarck's own account of the circumstances which led up to the speech is significant for its emphasis on the dates. He says that the Royal ordinance on the subject of the Press appeared on June 1st; that on June 2d the Crown Princess followed the Prince to Graudenz; and that on June 4th the Prince wrote to the King expressing disapproval of the decree, complaining that he had not been summoned to the councils in which the step had been discussed, and enlarging on his view of his position as Heir Apparent. This obviously suggests, without exactly saying so in plain words, that the Crown Prince's speech on June 5th was inspired by his wife. But behind both the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess, Bismarck thought that he detected the hand of Morier. And yet it is on record that Morier had not seen the Crown Prince or had any kind of communication with him at the time, before, or after, the Dantzig episode; in fact, it is quite clear, from letters Morier wrote to Ernest von Stockmar, that both he and his German correspondent sincerely regretted the Crown Prince's action.

The Crown Princess, however, seemed doomed to be associated with this unlucky speech. Not long after the affair was apparently settled, a remarkable and obviously inspired statement appeared in the *Times* to the following effect:

"While travelling on military duty, the Prince allowed himself to assume an attitude antagonistic to the policy of the Sovereign, and to call in question his measures. The least that he could do to atone for this grave offence was to retract his statements. This the King demanded of him by letter, adding that, if he refused, he would be deprived of his honours and offices. The Prince, in concert, it is said, with her Royal Highness the Princess, met this demand with a firm answer. He refused to retract anything, offered to resign his honours and commands, and craved leave to withdraw with his wife and family to some place where he would be free from suspicion of the least connection with the affairs of State.

"This letter is described as a remarkable performance, and it is added that the Prince is to be congratulated on having a consort who not only shares his liberal views, but is also able to render him so much assistance in a momentous and critical juncture. It is not easy to conceive a more difficult position than that of the princely pair placed, without a single adviser, between a self-willed Sovereign and a mischievous Cabinet on the one hand, and an incensed people on the other."

Naturally this version of the affair, with its open reference to the influence of the Crown Princess, aroused fresh excitement. Ernest von Stockmar, the private secretary of the Crown Princess,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was said to have communicated the substance of the statement to the *Times*. Who really did so has never been revealed.

The unfortunate Stockmar, in any case, knew nothing of the matter; he would have given much to find out who was responsible. Indeed, this new complication to an already painful and suspicious affair so distressed Stockmar that he fell ill, and had to resign his position as secretary to the Crown Princess. This was for her a real misfortune, as even the most spiteful and prejudiced of her critics could not accuse the old Baron's son and pupil of being anything but a sound and patriotic German.

Bismarck was good enough to accept the Crown Prince's assertion that the statement was inserted in the *Times* entirely without his cognizance, and he thought it was inspired by Geffcken; in fact, he attributed it to the same quarter to which, as he believed, the Crown Prince owed the bent of his political views, namely, the school of writers who extolled the English constitution as a model to be imitated by other nations, without thoroughly comprehending it.

What wonder, then, observed Bismarck, that the Crown Princess and her mother overlooked that peculiar character of the Prussian State which renders its administration by means of shifting Parliamentary groups a sheer impossibility? The party of progress were then daily anticipating victory in their struggle with prerogative, and naturally took every opportunity to place the situation "in the light best calculated to influence female minds."

In the following August, Bismarck says, the Crown Prince visited him at Gastein, and there, "less under the sway of English influences, used the unreserved language of one who sees that he has done wrong and seeks to excuse himself on the score of the influences under which he had lain."

This attitude, however, if it was ever really adopted, was certainly short-lived. A fresh difference broke out between the Crown Prince and the King on the subject of the former's attendance at Cabinet Councils, and on this point the Crown Prince undoubtedly held firm. Bismarck prints his marginal notes on a memorandum sent by the Crown Prince to his father. In these notes the whole constitutional position of the Crown Prince is discussed, but we are here only concerned with the following references to the Crown Princess:

"Especially necessary is it that the intermediary advisers, with whose aid alone his Royal Highness can be authorised to busy himself with the consideration of pending affairs of State, should be adherents, not of the Opposition, but of the Government, or at least impartial critics without intimate relations with the Opposition in the Diet or the Press. The question of discretion is that which presents most difficulty, especially in regard to our foreign relations, and must continue to do so until his Royal Highness, and her Royal Highness the Crown Princess, have fully realised that in ruling Houses the nearest of kin may yet be aliens, and of necessity, and as in duty bound, represent other interests than the Prussian. It is hard that a frontier line should also be the line of demarcation between the interests of mother and daughter, of brother and sister; but to forget the fact is always perilous to the State."

In the autumn of 1863 Queen Victoria was staying at Coburg. She sent for Morier and had a long talk with him on the growing difficulties which seemed to encompass the Crown Prince and Princess. The fact that Morier ventured to hint that any appearance of interference on the part of England would be very prejudicial to the interests of their Royal Highnesses, and that a suspicion that the Crown Prince was being prompted from over the water would materially diminish in the eyes of the Liberal party the value of his opposition, shows that there was something, even then, to be said for the feeling which Bismarck so sedulously fostered.

During the summer of 1863, the Crown Princess accompanied her hus-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

band on a long tour of military inspections in the provinces of Prussia and Pomerania, and her Royal Highness performed the ceremony of naming a warship, the *Vineta,* at Dantzig.

This tour caused a good deal of discomfort to the Crown Prince and Princess, for in most of the towns they visited the municipal authorities ostentatiously refrained from celebrating the occasion; on the other hand, the populace as a rule received the Royal pair with abundant loyalty.

We have a curious glimpse of the sort of impression made in East Prussia by the Crown Princess in a private letter written by a member of the Progressive party, who afterwards became a confidential friend of the Crown Prince. This gentleman says that every one was pleased with the Crown Princess, for she showed that she had a mind of her own. She informed a certain official that she read the *Volkszeitung,* the *Nationalzeitung,* and the *Times* every day, and that she agreed entirely with those newspapers—in the circumstances an amazingly imprudent statement. It was, indeed, such a shock to the official that it reduced him to blank silence.

The breach between the Crown and Parliament was not the only question with which Prussia was troubled at this time. The summer of 1863 was also marked by the attempt of Austria to take the solution of the German question into her own hands by initiating a scheme for reforming the Federal Constitution.

The Emperor Francis Joseph invited the Princes and the free cities of Germany to a conference at Frankfort to discuss the reorganisation of the Germanic Confederation. King William was inclined to accept this proposal, but Bismarck held other views; and a further invitation from the Emperor that the King should send the Crown Prince to the Congress of Princes, was also declined.

Nevertheless the Congress was held, and there was also held a sort of family gathering of what Bismarck would have designated "the Coburgers" at Coburg. Queen Victoria was there, and in August the Crown Princess joined her, quickly followed by the Crown Prince.

Lord Granville, who was a close observer of the complicated intrigues of the Congress, wrote to Lord Stanley of Alderley: "The Princess Royal is very Prussian on this Confederation question."

The Crown Prince's views on the subject were expressed in a letter which he sent to his wife's uncle, Duke Ernest, early in September. From this letter it seems clear that, whereas at first he had been inclined to favour the Austrian move, he altered his views when Austria showed her hand by demanding from the Congress a simple vote of assent or dissent to her project of reform. He mentioned that he had asked the King for permission to be absent from the meetings of the Cabinet, and indeed he paid with his family a long visit to Italy.

From Italy the Crown Prince and Princess proceeded to England, and that, with visits to Brussels and Karlsruhe, took up the rest of the year.

It must not, however, be thought that during this absence from Germany the Crown Prince and Princess ceased to take an interest in politics; on the contrary, they followed with the closest attention what was indeed a serious constitutional crisis in the autumn of 1863.

In October, after they had started for Italy, the Crown Prince wrote to Bismarck:

"I hope that, to use your own words, your efforts in the present difficult position of the constitutional life of our country may be successful, and may accomplish that which you yourself describe as the urgent and essential understanding with the national representatives. I am following the course of events with the deepest interest."

The constitutional crisis turned on the rejection, by the Upper House and the Crown, of the Budget which had been adopted by the Lower House. The King, as advised by Bismarck, was for governing without a constitution, but the Crown Prince, with his strong predis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

position in favour of the English constitutional system, which had by this time been developed by Queen Victoria, could not help regarding his father's attitude as jeopardising the security of the Crown.

The Crown Prince's position was particularly difficult because he was appealed to by all parties—by the Liberals, who looked forward to the day when he would be King of Prussia as perhaps not very far distant; and by the Conservatives, who adjured him to support the Government on dynastic grounds.

Of the two parties, the Liberals appeared to have the best of it, for the prolonged absence of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess was naturally interpreted in Germany as indicating, if not their sympathy with the Liberal party, at any rate their dislike of the existing Government.

But events were shaping themselves in such a way that the Dantzig affair, with all that had led up to it and had followed it, was soon to be forgotten in a crisis of much greater moment, and one which brought to the Crown Prince his baptism of fire.

It was during the visit of the Crown Prince and his family to England that King Frederick VII of Denmark, the last of his dynasty, died, and the question of the succession to the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein immediately became acute.

Palmerston is reported to have said on one occasion, that there had been only three men in Europe who really understood the Schleswig-Holstein question. One of them was himself—and he had forgotten it; the second man was dead; and the third was in a mad-house.

The members of the Royal Houses of England, Prussia, and Denmark, however, considered that, without being either jurists or diplomatists by profession, they understood the question quite well enough to take different sides with ardent enthusiasm. The question came, in fact, like a dividing sword, and not for the first time it brought war in its train between Prussia and Denmark. The British Royal family was placed by its intimate ties with both combatants—the Prince of Wales had married Princess Alexandra of Denmark in March, 1863—in a position of peculiar delicacy, which was not rendered easier by the fact that public opinion in England warmly espoused the cause of Denmark.

If it was not easy for Queen Victoria and her advisers to steer a prudent course, the position of the Crown Princess in Berlin was even more difficult. She met the crisis with her customary courage, and she applied to its solution the teachings of that constitutional liberalism which she had imbibed from her father.

The Princess felt very strongly that the honour as well as the interest of Prussia—or perhaps one should say her interest as well as her honour—required the nation to play an unselfish part, and to seek indemnity in the moral prestige to be derived from the settlement of this ancient racial feud. As future Queen of Prussia, the Princess wished to see the interests of the Crown identified with the constitutional rights of the people; she desired to see the inhabitants of the duchies once more contented, loyal subjects of Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein. It was not her fault, nor was it within her knowledge, that the solution which Bismarck even then contemplated, and which he was ultimately able to carry out, belonged to a wholly different order of ideas.

It is necessary, in a brief retrospect, to show how this question of the duchies had become like an open sore, poisoning the relations between Denmark and Prussia. Perhaps the most fertile cause of trouble lay in the fact that Schleswig and Holstein, though grouped together by historical circumstances, were each very different in the character of its population and their real or supposed rights.

We need not go back further than 1846, when King Christian of Denmark declared the right of the Crown to Schleswig-Holstein. His son and successor, Frederick VII, on his accession in January, 1848, proclaimed a new constitution uniting the duchies more closely with Denmark. This step caused an in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

surrection and the foundation of a provisional government. Prussia thereupon came to the help of the duchies and defeated the Danes near Dannawerke. After a fruitless attempt at intervention by the Powers, hostilities were renewed, and in April, 1849, the Danes were victorious over the Holsteiners and Germans. There was further fighting and further diplomacy, until in July, 1850, the integrity of Denmark was guaranteed by England, France, Prussia, and Sweden. This was quickly followed by the defeat of the Schleswig-Holsteiners by the Danes at the battle of Idstedt. Early in the following year the Stadtholders of Schleswig-Holstein issued a proclamation placing the rights of the country under the protection of the Germanic Confederation.

This led to the Treaty of London of 1852, by which the possession of the duchies was assured to Denmark conditionally on the preservation of their independence and the rights of the German population in them. Now, Holstein belonged to the Germanic Confederation, but the treaty stipulated that Schleswig was not to be separated from Holstein, though it was a point of honour with Denmark not to give up Schleswig.

The natural successor of King Frederick VII in the duchies was his kinsman, Duke Christian of Sonderburg-Augustenburg, who, in May, 1852, resigned his hereditary claim in return for a sum of two and a half million thalers. This settlement might have been excellent but for two facts—first that it had not received the assent of the Germanic Confederation; and secondly, that Duke Christian's two sons violently objected to it—indeed, the elder son, the Hereditary Prince Frederick, made a formal declaration of his rights of succession. Moreover, it must be admitted that Denmark showed a cynical disregard of the conditions in the Treaty of London respecting the independence of the duchies and the rights of their German population. The Schleswig Assembly complained and protested, and even petitioned the Prussian Chamber of Deputies, who actually promised aid to the duchies.

At last the crisis came in March, 1863, when the King of Denmark granted to Holstein a new and independent constitution, but annexed Schleswig, which did not belong to the Germanic Confederation. Thereupon the Confederation invited Denmark to withdraw this constitution. So far from doing so, however, the Danish Parliament proceeded to ratify it only two days before the death of King Frederick VII, whose successor, King Christian IX, was forced on his accession, owing to a menacing uprising of popular feeling in Denmark, to sign the new constitution annexing Schleswig.

The glove was thus thrown down for Germany to pick up; the Hereditary Prince Frederick assumed by proclamation the government of the duchies, and appealed to the Germanic Confederation for the support of his rights. The majority of the German Governments sided with him, especially the Grand Duke Frederick of Baden, brother-in-law of the Crown Prince; while the Lower House in Prussia declared by a large majority that the honour and interest of Germany demanded the recognition and active support of the Hereditary Prince. It will be evident from what has been said above that Prussia had plausible and even sound reasons for her intervention, the chief of which was the popular feeling prevailing in Schleswig.

Now, it so happened that the Crown Prince and Princess had a strong personal as well as political interest in the question of the duchies. The Crown Prince and the Hereditary Prince Frederick were old friends. They had first met as fellow-students at the University of Bonn. The Hereditary Prince had afterward served in the First Regiment of the Prussian Guards, he had been often at the Prussian Court, and the Crown Prince was the godfather of one of his children. Naturally, therefore, the Crown Prince and Princess were favourable to his claims.

There is now no doubt that Bismarck

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had some time before resolved in principle on the annexation of the duchies, but of course he did not show his hand until it suited him, and above all he studiously concealed his plans from the Crown Prince. Indeed, the Crown Prince's personal relations with Bismarck were at this time practically suspended, if only because he happened at the time to be in England, where, however, the prevailing sympathy with Denmark did not influence him or the Crown Princess. In a letter written to Duncker from Windsor in December the Prince says that he has "daily defended the cause of my dear friend Duke Frederick, well backed up by my wife, who exhibits warm and absolutely German feelings in a most moving degree."

The Crown Prince and Princess would certainly have recoiled with horror from Bismarck's secret design of annexing the duchies. How little they understood the Minister's plans is curiously shown in the letter of the Crown Prince just referred to. He took the view that Prussia ought at once to occupy the duchies in order to establish the Hereditary Prince there. Bismarck, he says, hated the Augustenburg family and considered the national aspirations of Germany as revolutionary, desiring on the contrary to maintain the Treaty of London and strengthen Denmark. The Crown Prince in fact thought that Bismarck had been too late, and that his policy was opposed to the proper assertion of Prussia's position.

Events now moved fast. The troops of the Germanic Confederation expelled the Danish troops from Holstein, and the Hereditary Prince was proclaimed throughout the duchy. The Augustenburg party, who were aware of the hostility of Bismarck to their candidate, endeavoured to win over the King of Prussia through the medium of the Crown Prince; but ultimately, aided no doubt by certain imprudences on the part of the Hereditary Prince, Bismarck had his way. Both Austria and Prussia separated from the majority of the Diet, demanding that the King of Denmark should annul the new constitution annexing Schleswig, already mentioned, and announced that they would jointly manage the affairs of the two duchies.

In January, 1864, Austria and Prussia issued an ultimatum to Denmark, and in February began the war, which was somewhat euphemistically described as "undertaken by Austria and Prussia to protect the ancient rights of the German province of Schleswig-Holstein, in danger of extinction from Denmark."

It was considered essential in Berlin that a Prussian officer should be in command of the allied troops, and this could only be effected by calling on the venerable Field-Marshal von Wrangel, as he alone was of superior rank to the officer at the head of the Austrian forces.

Von Wrangel, therefore, although he was much too old and eccentric for such responsibility, took the supreme command in right of his rank, but the Crown Prince was attached to his staff, with the understanding that he was to prevent the aged Field-Marshal from coming to any unfortunate decisions. Events showed that this was extremely necessary—indeed, nothing could have been more useful than the Crown Prince's tact in dealing with the rivalries among the divisional commanders, and also in altering the extraordinary, and sometimes positively insane, orders given by Von Wrangel himself. As a rule the Crown Prince was able to persuade the old man to make the necessary alterations, but there were occasions on which he was compelled on his own responsibility, either to suppress an order altogether, or in some other way to prevent it from being carried out.

The English Royal family were deeply divided in their sympathies in this war, but the Crown Princess, as her husband had written to Duncker, was wholly German in her feelings. She wrote to her uncle in Coburg: "For the first time in my life I regret not being a young man and not to be able to take the field against the Danes," and there is reason to believe that it was her influence which decided Queen Victoria to restrain the bellicose Palmerston, who would have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

liked England to support Denmark by force of arms.

In these circumstances it seems all the more monstrous that Bismarck's friends actually charged the Crown Princess with betraying the secrets of the Prussian Government to the English Ministers. Her complaints to the King only received as answer that the whole thing was nonsense, and that she should not treat it seriously. But the fact that the slanderers were never punished caused these calumnies to be long repeated, and even in part believed.

By the side of the Crown Prince and Princess there stood, in Bismarck's estimation, Queen Augusta, who had ever been the energetic champion of the Coburg doctrine of a liberated and united Germany under the leadership of Prussia. In his profound disbelief in Liberalism, Bismarck played the obvious game of raising the cry of foreign dictation. By means of his instruments in the Press and elsewhere, he set himself to exhibit England as at all times seeking to influence Germany for her own ends and often against German interests, for promoting her own security and the extension of her power, "lately through women, daughters and friends of Queen Victoria."

This campaign was only too successful, and it must soon have become obvious, both to Queen Victoria and to her daughter, that the unification of Germany by means of Prussian Liberalism was not in the range of practical politics. At the same time Bismarck risked a great deal. Nothing would have more completely upset his plans than a war with England over the duchies, and, as we have said, he was saved from that danger largely owing to the fact that Queen Victoria was influenced by the Crown Princess to withstand the chauvinism of her Ministers.

Throughout the campaign of 1864, the Crown Prince won the deep affection of the troops, not only by himself sharing their hardships, but also by his constant kindness and care for their comfort. Though he showed himself a true soldier and even a strategist of no small ability, the Crown Prince had no illusions about the horrors of war, which he now saw for the first time. He was deeply moved by the terrible sights he witnessed on the field of battle and in the hospitals. After the victory at Düppel in April, he would have been glad if an armistice had been concluded, and he wrote to Duncker: "You will understand how heavily my long absence weighs on me, for you know what a happy home I have waiting for me."

He had not long to wait, however, for on May 18th the supreme command was transferred from Field-Marshal von Wrangel to Prince Frederick Charles, the "Red Prince," and so the Crown Prince's mission came to an end. He joined the Crown Princess at Hamburg. She had originally meant to proceed as far as Schleswig in order to do what she could for the wounded in the hospitals, but, in obedience to urgent advice, she did not go further than Hamburg. The Crown Prince's journey thither, covered with all the laurels of successful warfare, was a triumphal progress.

As this campaign was the Crown Prince's baptism of fire, so to the Crown Princess it was a revelation and a call to action. On the occasion of the King of Prussia's birthday in March, the Crown Prince and Princess had presented him with a sum of money as the nucleus of a fund for helping the families of soldiers who had fallen or been disabled in war, and on the eve of the battle of Düppel the Crown Prince drew up an appeal on behalf of this institution, which afterward bore his name.

But the war with Denmark revealed an even greater need than that of the care of the soldiers' wives and families. The Crown Princess saw with surprise and horror that the medical service of the troops in the field was practically non-existent. She remembered the achievements of Florence Nightingale in the Crimean War, and, though she was at the time herself more or less disabled, she undertook the heavy task of organising some sort of an army nursing corps. For

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this work, so appropriate for a soldier's wife, she was admirably fitted. Indeed, the War of the Duchies gave the Princess for the first time real scope for the exercise of her remarkable powers of organisation.

The Crown Princess, however, does not seem to have grown more prudent as time went on. There is a curious revelation in Bernhardi's diary in May, 1864, of her unfortunate habit of praising England to the disadvantage of Prussia. Says Bernhardi:

"After dinner conversation with the Crown Princess. She asked after England; supposed that I had enjoyed England very much; once there, one always longed to go back. I said: 'Yes, life is full in England.' She said with a very peculiar expression: 'Yes, one misses that here.' I thought to myself, however, that only the material interests are greater and more far-reaching than with us; in many ways life is richer here than there."

Fighting, with intervals of diplomatic action, went on after the Crown Prince's return from the front, until peace was signed at Vienna on October 30th. By this instrument the King of Denmark surrendered the duchies to the allies and agreed to a rectification of the frontier and the payment of a considerable war indemnity. It was understood that Schleswig and Holstein were to be made independent, but differences of opinion arose between Austria and Prussia on this point, which led ultimately to the dissolution of the Germanic Confederation and the Austro-Prussian War of 1866.

Delightful glimpses of the family life led in the summer of 1864 by the Crown Prince and Princess, and of her musical, literary, and artistic tastes, are given in letter written by Gustav Putlitz, the dramatist, to his wife. Putlitz was at this time chamberlain to the Crown Princess. His letters are too long and detailed to be quoted in full, but the following extracts will give a good idea of how deeply impressed this distinguished writer was with the vivid, eager personality of the Princess:

June 26.—I passed a most delightful hour yesterday in this way. As I was going through the drawing-room, I found the Crown Princess with Countess Hedwig Brühl, the former looking for the words of a song of Goethe's, which she remembered in part, while Hedwig played the air. I found the song in Goethe for them. Thereupon we had a most interesting conversation about books. The Crown Princess is wonderfully well read; she has absolutely read everything, and knows it all more or less by heart. She showed us a reproduction of a drawing she had done in aid of the Crown Prince's Fund. It is a memorial of the victory at Düppel, and represents four soldiers, each belonging to a different arm of the service. The first is shown before the attack in the morning; the second is waving the flag at noon; the third, wounded, is listening to a hymn in the afternoon; while the fourth, victorious with a laurel wreath, stands in the evening at an open grave. The last is extremely natural and impressive, without any sentimentality. The conception shows real genius, and it is carried out most artistically. This youthful princess is more cultivated than any other woman I know of her age, and she has such charming manners, which put people entirely at their ease in spite of etiquette. She is not allowed to ride, and so she is accustomed to drive out daily for several hours, and practises pistol-shooting. In fact she possesses a wonderful mental and physical energy."

"*June* 27 (after dinner).—This morning the Crown Princess sent for me in the garden. I do not know what she is not devoted to—art, music, literature, the army, the navy, hunting, riding. On leaving she went down the mountain on foot, and I went with her through woods soaked with rain. She took out of her pocket the last issue of the *Grenzboten,* and gave it to me. It is amazing that she remembers everything she reads, and she debates history like a historian, with admirable judgment and firmness. After dinner she sang English and Spanish

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

songs with a charming voice and correct expression."

"*June* 29.—After breakfast we went for a four hours' drive. The Crown Princess wanted every variety of wild flower we could find, and she knew the Latin, English, and German names of each kind. Every time we stopped she got out of the carriage and picked a flower which her sharp eye had detected, and which was not in the bouquet."

The party moved to Stettin, and Putlitz describes how the Crown Princess beguiled the journey with a constant stream of brilliant conversation on politics, literature, and art, as well as on more frivolous subjects.

When they arrived at headquarters and found the Crown Prince, she saw that everything was in disorder, and immediately, with characteristic energy, she began directing the rearrangement of furniture and the hanging of pictures. She herself was going on to Potsdam, but she was determined that her husband should be as comfortable as possible at Stettin. Says Putlitz:

"Furniture was put in its place, pictures were hung, wall-paper was selected —all the things having been brought from Berlin. Afterwards we went all over the house with the architect, and the Crown Princess issued her orders in the most practical and business-like way. Then we drove out and bought more furniture, and the things required for the Prince's washstand and writing-table. All the things were suitable, and chosen with care. We had an interesting conversation about English literature and drama. I am kept in perpetual astonishment by her natural behaviour, so many-sided, and full of judgment and sense."

When they arrived at the New Palace, Putlitz happened to say that he had never seen more of it than the room where people wrote their names in the visitors' book. At once the Princess showed him all over it.

He draws a charming picture of a tea-party at the Palace. The young mistress, wearing a simple black woollen dress, sat at a spinning-wheel, and as she span she sang snatches of all kinds of songs, accompanied by one of her ladies. Not far off, a chamberlain was reading poems by Geibel, or prompting others by Goethe and Heine which were recited by the Princess.

Putlitz cannot help recalling historical memories of the palace which was built by Frederick the Great in ridicule of Austria and France; which had seen the curious entertainments of his successor; had been decorated by Frederick William III in the stiff fashion of his day; had been opened by Frederick William IV to an intellectual and artistic audience at representations of *Antigone* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream;* "and was now the home of modern cultivation freed from formality."

The Princess, indeed, wanted a sort of history of the New Palace to be written, and she consulted Putlitz about it. A few days later they discussed Frederick William III and Queen Louise, how the latter was always idealised, and how the former had become popular in spite of his roughness.

In his delightful book, *My Reminiscences,* Lord Ronald Gower gives a most interesting account of a visit which he paid in this summer of 1864 to the Crown Prince and Princess, "two of the kindest and most amiable of Royalties," as he calls them. They met Lord Ronald and his mother at the station, in defiance of Royal etiquette, and took them off to the New Palace:

"We dined at two P.M. and we had to dress in our evening things for this repast. It took place upstairs in a corner room, with the walls of blue silk, fringed with gold lace. The Princess very smart, in a magenta-coloured gown with pearls and lace. The Crown Prince in his plain uniform, with only a star or two, which he always wears. 'It is a custom,' he said, 'and looks so very officered.' After dinner we went to the Crown Princess's sitting-room; the furniture there is covered with Gobelins tapestry —a gift of the Empress Eugénie."

Here Lord Ronald found some of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Princess's own paintings, including those lately finished, representing Prussian soldiers, his account of which it may be interesting to compare with that of Putlitz:

"One of these paintings was of a warrior holding a flag, inscribed *Es lebe der König.* The second a soldier looking upward. He has been wounded, and he wears a bandage across his brow; a sunset sky for background. This is inscribed *Nun danket alle Gott.* The third is another soldier looking down on a newly made grave. Of these three I thought the second by far the best. There was another painting, also by the Princess, representing the Entombment."

The visitors were taken out driving: "We could judge of the popularity of our hosts, for every one that we passed stopped to bow to them, and those who were in carriages stood up in them to salute as the Prince and Princess passed by."

The arrangements about meals seem extraordinary to modern taste. Lord Ronald says:

"Tea was served at ten in the evening in one of the rooms on the ground floor of the Palace. They call it the Apollo Room, I believe. It was a curious meal, beginning with tea and cake, followed by meat, veal, and jellies, and two plates of sour cream. For this repast one was not expected to don one's evening apparel a second time."

The visitors breakfasted upstairs with the Crown Prince and Princess and their children, in a room lined with pale blue silk framed in silver—not, perhaps, the best possible background for "the Princess in her favourite pink-coloured dress." Then, "the Princess showed us her private garden, and here she picked a clove, which she gave me with her own little hand."

Lord Ronald mentions the children with approval, but Putlitz, whose visit was much longer, got to know them really well:

"*July* 2.—The Royal Children are very charming and well trained. The Crown Princess is strict with them, which is very praiseworthy in so young a mother, who is relieved by her rank of the duty of taking an active part in their education, for which she has not the time. People will indeed be surprised at this talented and cultured nature, when once her will has full scope."

The children on their side seem to have taken to Putlitz with enthusiasm. He gave the boys rides on his head, and he records with pride that "they came running from quite a long way off when they caught sight of me." He also records an accident—little Prince William being thrown from his pony—which must have reminded the mother of that day at Windsor when she was so distressed at a similar though more dangerous mishap to her brother, the Prince of Wales.

One morning after breakfast, says Putlitz, he met the Crown Prince and Princess on the terrace, "both full of almost infantile gaiety." Soon afterward the children appeared. Prince William was riding his pony, when his hat fell off and hit the pony between its ears; the animal reared, and the Prince was thrown off on his back. Both parents remained quite calm, and apparently took no notice; whereupon the Prince mounted again and went on riding. It is not difficult to imagine the mother's pang of terror beneath that outward calmness. Well may Putlitz praise the sensible upbringing of the children, which made them perfectly natural, well-behaved, and obedient.

But it is the remarkable personality of the Crown Princess which chiefly interests this literary man turned courtier. One moment she is instructing him to write to a poet and thank him for a copy of verses; at another she is arranging a picnic party in her own little garden near the Palace. Some one, generally Putlitz himself, reads aloud after tea, and if the poem or story is pathetic the Crown Princess is moved to tears. At other times they have music, generally glees, followed by good talk on literature or on contemporary politics and personages, about whom both the Crown Prince and the Princess speak with a can-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dour which astonishes Putlitz. He cannot praise enough this delightfully informal, unaffected, and yet exquisitely cultivated and intellectual family life:

"Here one feels absolutely secure from intrigue, and only meets with frankness and clear intelligence. All evil designs must necessarily fail in the end before such qualities."

The dramatist felt also the great charm of the Crown Prince's personality. He says that the two natures of husband and wife are each a perfect complement of the other, and each exercises on the other an unmistakably happy influence. It is at the same time significant that, while emphasising the perfect harmony of the marriage, he does not hesitate to say that the Crown Prince, notwithstanding the more brilliant qualities of the Princess, still preserves his simple and natural attitude and his undeniable influence.

And when the time comes to say goodbye, Putlitz sums up his experiences to his wife: "I have been entertained by a most highly dowered Princess and a most marvellous woman, full of intellect, energy, culture, kindness, and benevolence."

On September 11, 1864, a third son was born, Prince Sigismund. This little Prince was destined to have but a brief life. He was born the child of peace, the Emperor Francis Joseph becoming his godfather, but he died almost on the very day that Prussia drew the sword against Austria in the war of 1866.

That same autumn the Crown Princess paid her first visit to Darmstadt, to stay with her best loved sister, Princess Alice. The latter wrote to Queen Victoria a charming account of the visit, in which she said: "I always admire Vicky's understanding and brightness each time I see her again. She is so well, and in such good looks as I have not seen her for long. The baby is a love and is very pretty."

In October the Crown Prince and Princess, with their four children, started for La Farraz, in Switzerland. They left immediately after the birthday of the Crown Prince, which day was also that of the baptism of Prince Sigismund. The Prince wrote just before leaving Potsdam to an intimate friend:

"The older I grow, the more I come to know of human beings, the more I thank God for having given me a wife like mine. What happiness it is to leave behind one all one's anxieties and all the troubles of this life, to be alone with those we love! I trust that God will preserve our peace and domestic happiness. I ask for nothing else."

The successful campaign against Denmark had drawn all German hearts together. Neither the Crown Prince nor the Crown Princess had ever been unpopular with the army, who felt really honoured by that honorary colonelcy which had so much amused the Princess. The Danish War greatly increased their popularity, and the year that followed was probably one of the happiest of their lives. They adored their children, who were being thoroughly well brought up, and, with the one paramount exception of the Prince Consort's death, no great bereavement had cast its shadow over their family circle.

The Crown Princess had early determined in her social life to consider neither party spirit nor high official position; she preferred to gather round her a remarkable society of interesting and distinguished people,—scholars, theologians, archæologists and explorers, artists, and men of letters. She was always passionately fond of music, and many a young performer owed his or her first introduction to the public to the winter concerts which she organised, while no British painter or writer of eminence ever came to Berlin without receiving an invitation to the New Palace.

One of the most striking testimonies to the Crown Princess's intellectual interests is to be found in a letter written to Charles Darwin, in January, 1865, by Sir Charles Lyell. The great geologist says that he had had,

"An animated conversation on Dar-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

winism with the Princess Royal, who is a worthy daughter of her father, in the reading of good books and thinking of what she reads. She was very much *au fait* at the *Origin* and Huxley's book, the *Antiquity,* &c., &c., and with the Pfahlbauten Museums which she lately saw in Switzerland. She said that, after twice reading you, she could not see her way as to the origin of four things; namely, the world, species, man, or the black and white races. Did one of the latter come from the other, or both from some common stock? And she asked me what I was doing, and I explained that, in re-casting the *Principles,* I had to give up the independent creation of each species. She said she fully understood my difficulty, for after your book 'the old opinions had received a shake from which they never would recover.' "

It may seem an intrusion on what should be sacred ground to touch on the religious belief of the Crown Princess, but it is a subject on which there have been a certain number of mis-statements, and it may therefore be well to set forth plainly the material facts.

The present generation perhaps hardly realises what a period of intellectual ferment had set in just at the time when the Princess's mind was most eagerly absorbing all that she could read and hear on the subject of religion and philosophy. She was twenty when *Essays and Reviews* appeared: she was twenty-two when Colenso published his book on the Pentateuch: twenty-three when Renan's *Vie de Jésu* appeared: twenty-four when Strauss's shorter *Leben Jesu* was published: and in one year from the time in her life at which we have now arrived *Ecce Homo* was to appear.

Most important of all, Darwin had published his *Origin of Species* in 1859, when the Princess was nineteen, and it is evident from Sir Charles Lyell's letter that she had not only read but understood that epoch-making book. Of all the giants of those days Darwin alone remains a giant; the lapse of time, as well as the work of other scholars and thinkers, has reduced the intellectual stature of those other writers whose work seemed of such crucial importance when the Princess was a young woman.

It was indeed a period when many thought that the old sound, even impregnable, position of Christianity had been not only undermined but overthrown, Strauss, for example, honestly believed that he had entirely destroyed the historical credibility of the four Gospels. The Princess herself came to Germany at a moment when the Tübingen school were the intellectual leaders, and Strauss was their prophet, and the training she had undergone under the superintendence of her father had prepared her to sympathise rather with the attack than with the defence. It is easy now to see that orthodoxy was not then very fortunate in its champions, and that the overwhelming weight of the scholarship and intellectual strength of the time belonged to the advanced thinkers. Moreover, it must be remembered that much of the religion of that day was mere lip-service, a conventional orthodoxy which, while it resisted investigation and inquiry on the one hand, failed to bear practical fruit in conduct and life.

Only a few months after the Princess had arrived in Prussia as a bride, the then Prince Regent, her father-in-law, made a speech which attracted great attention, not only in Germany but in Europe generally. In it he said it could not be denied that in the Lutheran Church, the established church of Prussia, an orthodoxy had grown up which was not consistent with the basic principles of the church, and the church, in consequence, had dissemblers among its adherents. All hypocrisy, the Prince continued—and he defined hypocrisy as ecclesiastical matters which are utilised for selfish purposes—ought to be exposed wherever possible. It was in the whole conduct of the individual that real religion was exhibited, and that must always be distinguished from external religious appearance and show.

When such language could be used from the very steps of the throne, it may be imagined how great was the intellec-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tual ferment in which every one who thought and read at all was necessarily involved. Naturally the eager, impulsive Princess, with the intellectual courage and sincerity which her father had implanted in her, could not stand aloof. But if, at this time of her life, she seemed to abandon the old orthodox positions, it is not less true to say that, while paying the penalty at the time in unhappiness and spiritual disquiet, she ultimately reaped the reward of an even firmer faith. She came to see, indeed, that the deepest religious convictions are not the fruit of philosophical speculation or of textual criticism, but of experience.

In the years that followed, the Princess was destined to be a near spectator of great events—of the progress and ultimate triumph of Bismarck's policy of blood and iron; while in her own home she suffered the bitter pain of the death of children, of sister, of brother. Even what seemed surely the crowning tragedy of her husband's brief reign and swift end was not all. That cruel malady, the origin of which still defies research, and which often, as in her case, kills slowly with lingering torture, seized upon her in her stricken widowhood.

Yet the successive ordeals through which she passed seemed but to strengthen her grasp upon the realities of life, and the Christian faith took on for her a new meaning and became the rock to which alone she clung. She left a most striking expression of her religious belief, written in the summer of 1884, at a time when she had no prevision of the fiery trials which were still in store for her. Long as the passage is, it is worth quoting in full:

"When people are puzzled with Christianity (or their acceptance of it), I am reminded of a discussion between an Englishman and an advanced radical of the Continent (a politician). The latter said, 'England will become a republic as time advances.' The Englishman answered, 'I do not see why she should. We enjoy all the advantages a republic could give us (and a few more), and none of its disadvantages.' Does not this conversation supply us with a fit comparison when one hears, The days of creeds are gone by, &c.? I say 'No.' You can be a good Christian and a Philosopher and a Sage, &c. The eternal truths on which Christianity rests are true for ever and for all; the forms they take are endless; their modes of expression vary. It is so living a thing that it will grow and expand and unfold its depths to those who know how to seek for them.

"To the thinking, the hoard of traditions, of legends and doctrines, which have gathered around it in the course of centuries remain precious and sacred, to be loved and venerated as garbs in which the vivifying, underlying truths were clad, and beyond which many an eye has never been able to penetrate. It would be wrong, and cruel, and dangerous to disturb them; but meanwhile the number of men who soar above the earth-born smallness of outward things continues to increase, and the words in which they clothe their souls' conception of Christianity are valuable to mankind; they are in advance of the rest of human beings, and can be teachers and leaders by their goodness and their wisdom. So were the Prophets and the Apostles in their day, and so are all great writers, poets, and thinkers. That the Church of England should now possess so many of these men is a blessing for the nation, and the best proof that the mission of the Church on earth has not come to an end."

We must now take up again the thread of the Crown Princess's life, when, unshadowed by any sense of impending doom, she was absorbed in her husband and children and in her intellectual and artistic pursuits.

Prussia was then very backward in the practical application of art to industry, but the Crown Princess, who had seen how much her father had achieved in this direction in England, was determined to do all she could to secure a similar improvement in her adopted country. Early in 1865 she caused a memorandum to be drawn up setting forth the necessity of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

founding a School of Applied Art on the model of similar institutions in England. The movement thus started by the Crown Princess led eventually to the foundation of the Museum of Industrial Art at Berlin, which is connected with the School of Applied Art.

It was largely due to the active support and interest of the Crown Prince and Princess that applied art not only found a home in Prussia, but in the course of time reached so high a pitch of excellence that other countries are now fain to learn from Germany. The Crown Prince and Princess also both suggested and themselves supervised the collection and arrangement of an exhibition of artistic objects in the Royal Armoury at Berlin. This, by showing Prussian craftsmen what had already been done, greatly promoted the development of applied art.

But all was not sunshine during this peaceful, happy year, for during its course the Crown Princess lost the constant support and loyal help of Robert Morier. Although the whole of his diplomatic career had been given up to Germany, although he had devoted himself entirely to the study of the political, social, and commercial conditions, and of the relations between Prussia and England, it was arranged that he should be transferred to Athens.

Morier parted with the Crown Prince and Princess on December 15th, and it is on record that the Princess wept bitterly on saying good-bye to him. Bismarck and his followers were proportionately delighted at getting rid of him. But their joy was premature, for the Athens appointment fell through, and Morier was finally transferred to Darmstadt as Chargé d'Affaires, a change due to the personal intervention of Queen Victoria.

It must be remembered that Bismarck generally looked at things from a personal point of view. He had found by experience the value of secret agents, of whom he made constant use, and so he believed that every one whom he disliked, whom he feared, whom he wished to conciliate, made use of them too. To his mind Robert Morier was a secret agent, and it was his great desire to isolate the Crown Prince and Princess from every one who did not belong directly to his own party.

While at Darmstadt Morier remained in touch with the Crown Prince and Princess, and it was he who advised the selection of Dr. Hinzpeter as tutor to their eldest son, afterwards the Emperor William II. Dr. Hinzpeter, who had been a friend of Morier for some time, was an authority on national economy and social reform, as well as a man of the highest personal character.

(*To be continued*)

The next article in Mr. Tassin's series will deal with the "Atlantic Monthly" and James T. Fields. In this age of magazines, wrote J. T. Trowbridge, it is difficult to imagine the interest excited by the advent of the long-expected "Atlantic." Says Howells in "Literary Friends," "Every ambitious young writer was eager to enter his name with the chosen among its contributors, and in the list of Ticknor and Fields. They were literary publishers in a sense such as the business world has known nowhere else before or since. Their imprint was a warrant of quality to the reader and of immortality to the author." Perhaps no firm ever had a more illustrious contemporary list; and perhaps no publisher was ever more endeared to his authors.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK MART

A list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold by the booksellers throughou the country between the 1st of May and the 1st of June:

FICTION

City	1st on List	2d on List
New York (Uptown)..	What Will People Say?	Wife Out of Egypt
New York(Downtown)	Pidgin Island	The Fortunate Youth
Albany, N. Y.....	The Salamander	What Will People Say?
Atlanta, Ga.....	The Woman's Law	Pollyanna
Baltimore, Md.....	Pollyanna	What Will People Say?
Birmingham, Ala.	Pollyanna	Diane of the Green Van
Boston, Mass.....	Penrod	Ariadne of Allan Water
Buffalo, N. Y.....	What Will People Say?	Overland Red
Chicago, Ill.....	Pollyanna	Diane of the Green Van
Chicago, Ill.....	Diane of the Green Van	Once to Every Man
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	Diane of the Green Van	What Will People Say?
Cleveland, Ohio.....	The Fortunate Youth	What Will People Say?
Dallas, Tex.....	What Will People Say?	Chance
Denver, Colo.....	The Devil's Garden	The Salamander
Des Moines, Iowa	Penrod	What Will People Say?
Indianapolis, Ind.....	Penrod	The Salamander
Kansas City, Mo.....	Pollyanna	The Peacock Feather
Los Angeles, Cal.....	The Fortunate Youth	The Salamander
Louisville, Ky.....	What Will People Say?	The Salamander
Milwaukee, Wis.....	T. Tembarom	Penrod
Minneapolis, Minn.....	The Fortunate Youth	Chance
New Haven, Conn.....	Penrod	The Fortunate Youth
New Orleans, La.....	The Fortunate Youth	What Will People Say?
Norfolk, Va.....	The Salamander	Dark Hollow
Omaha, Neb.....	Pollyanna	Diane of the Green Van
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Diane of the Green Van	Barnabetta
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The World's End	What Will People Say?
Portland, Me.....	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	Diane of the Green Van
Providence, R. I.	The Fortunate Youth	Overland Red
Richmond, Va.....	Diane of the Green Van	Miss Billy Married
Rochester, N. Y.....	The Fortunate Youth	Barnabetta
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Fortunate Youth	Penrod
St. Louis, Mo.....	Pollyanna	The Inside of the Cup
St. Paul, Minn.....	Diane of the Green Van	Sunshine Jane
San Francisco, Cal.....	The Fortunate Youth	T. Tembarom
Seattle, Wash.....	The Salamander	North of '53
Spokane, Wash.....	Overland Red	The Inside of the Cup
Toledo, Ohio.....	World's End	The Inside of the Cup
Toronto, Canada.....	The Inside of the Cup	The Rocks of Valpré
Waco, Tex.....	What Will People Say?	The Woman's Law
Washington, D. C.....	Pollyanna	Full Swing
Worcester, Mass.....	Pollyanna	T. Tembarom

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
World's End	The Fortunate Youth	Unto Cæsar	Once to Every man
World's End	Penrod	The Marryers	Diane of the Green Van
The Price of Love	The Last Shot	Once to Every Man	Peter Piper
Substance of His House	Black is White	Miss Billy Married	What Will People Say?
World's End	The Fortunate Youth	Captivating Mary Carstairs	The Woman's Law
What Will People Say?	Penrod	Ariadne of Allan Water	Overland Red
Sunshine Jane	Overland Red	Sweet Apple Cove	Captivating Mary Carstairs
The Fortunate Youth	Barnabetta	The Inside of the Cup	Chance
The Inside of the Cup	Laddie	The Salamander	What Will People Say?
Ariadne of Allan Water	Black is White	Pollyanna	Daddy-Long-Legs
Full Swing	Once to Every Man	Overland Red	Penrod
The Salamander	Ariadne of Allan Water	The Woman's Law	Peter Piper
Diane of the Green Van	Pollyanna	My Wife's Hidden Lif	The Devil's Garden
Penrod	World's End	The Women We Marry	Overland Red
The Fortunate Youth	Chance	Diane of the Green Van	The Inside of the Cup
The Price of Love	Chance	The Fortunate Youth	Once to Every Man
The Fortunate Youth	Overland Red	Miss Billy Married	T. Tembarom
What Will People Say?	Penrod	The Devil's Garden	Vandover and the Brute
Once to Every Man	The Fortunate Youth	The Price of Love	Full Swing
The Inside of the Cup	The Salamander	Black is White	The Price of Love
Penrod	The Passionate Friends	Light of Western Stars	Overland Red
The Price of Love	The Salamander	Sweet Apple Cove	The Incandescent Lily
The Valley of the Moon	Diane of the Green Van	World's End	The Devil's Garden
What Will People Say?	When Ghost Meets Ghost	Penrod	Witness for the Defense
The Devil's Garden	V. V.'s Eyes	Laddie	Heart's Country
Ariadne of Allan Water	Full Swing	Chance	World's End
The Fortunate Youth	The World Set Free	The Salamander	Full Swing
The Peacock Feather	Chance	Penrod	Miss Billy Married
The Price of Love	Full Swing	North of '53	Wife Out of Egypt
What Will People Say?	Pollyanna	Overland Red	The Last Shot
Cap'n Dan's Daughter	Rung Ho!	The Salamander	World's End
T. Tembarom	Light of Western Stars	Barnabetta	Pollyanna
Peter Piper	The Fortunate Youth	What Will People Say?	The World Set Free
The Fortunate Youth	Chance	T. Tembarom	The Devil's Garden
Penrod	Pollyanna	Peg O' My Heart	The Salamander
Penrod	The Fortunate Youth	Home	Chance
Diane of the Green Van	Light of Western Stars	Pollyanna	Chance
Pollyanna	Once to Every Man	Diane of the Green Van	The Salamander
The Fortunate Youth	T. Tembarom	The Woman Thou Gavest Me	Sunshine Jane
Hagar Revelly	The Devil's Garden	Light of Western Stars	The Salamander
The Man Inside	Sunshine Jane	The Fortunate Youth	The Woman's Law
Once to Every Man	The Boomers	What Will People Say?	Cap'n Dan's Daughter

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SALE OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library, Circulation Department, reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending May 6th:

1. Poems. Tagore.
2. European Dramatists.
3. Plays. Strindberg.
4. The House in Good Taste. de Wolf.
5. Modern Dancing. Castle.
6. Mexico, the Land of Unrest. Baerlin.

For the week ending May 13th:

1. The Near East. Hichens.
2. Paradoxes of Catholicity. Benson.
3. Roman Life in the Days of Cicero. Church.
4. A Traveller at Forty. Dreiser.
5. Dramatic Portraits. Howe.
6. How to Sing. Caruso.

For the week ending May 20th:

1. Socialism: Promise or Menace. Hillquitt and Ryan.
2. The Mexican People: Their Struggle for Freedom. de Lara and Pinchon.
3. They Who Knock at Our Gates. Antin.
4. Ancient Rome and Modern America. Ferrero.
5. The Seen and Unseen at Stratford-on-Avon. Howells.

For the week ending May 27th:

1. Modern Dancing. Castle.
2. Poems. Tagore.
3. Technique of the Photo-Play. Sargent.
4. They Who Knock at Our Gates. Antin.
5. Elements of Accounting. Klein.
6. Across Unknown South America. Landor.

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—IN DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

What Men Live By. Cabot.
Modern Dancing. Castle.
They Who Knock at Our Gates. Antin.
Thinking Black. Crawford.
Social Forces in England and America. Wells.
Misalliance and Other Plays. Shaw.
Bird and Flower Guides. Reed.
Mexico: The Wonderland of the South. Carson.
The Panama Gateway. Bishop.
The Real Mexico. Fyfe.
The Works of Tagore.
The Mexican People. de Lara and Pinchon.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see chart, pages 590 and 591) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

		POINTS
1.	The Fortunate Youth. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35	178
2.	What Will People Say? Hughes. (Harper.) $1.35	152
3.	Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25	127
4.	Penrod. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25 Diane of the Green Van. Dalrymple. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.35	116
5.	The Salamander. Johnson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35	108

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED